Can Mussolini Keep These Royal Lovers Apart?

WEEK
ENDING
APR. 16, 1932

Liberty

5c

A Best Read Weekly

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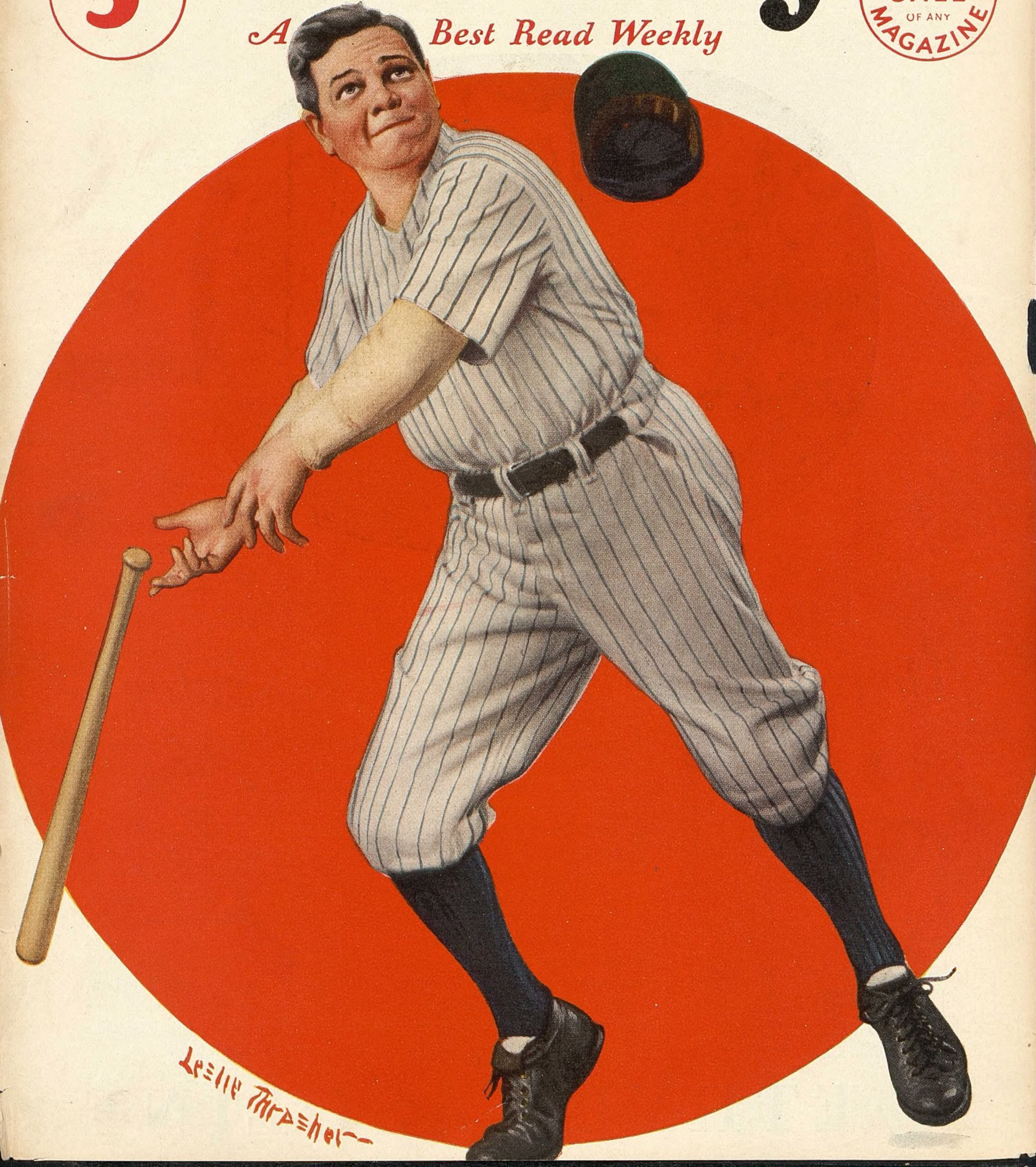
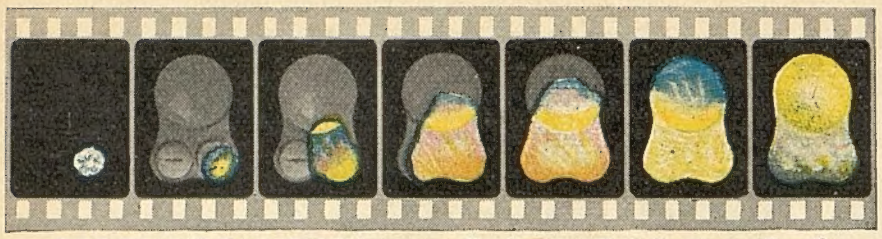
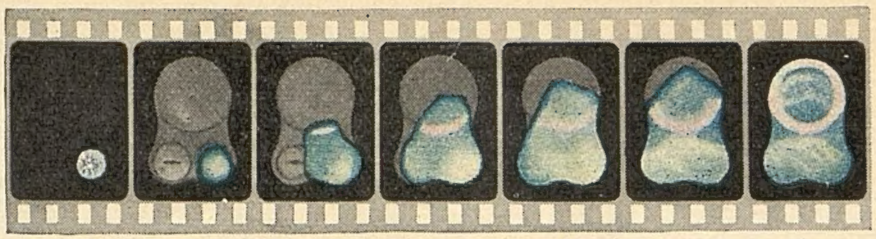
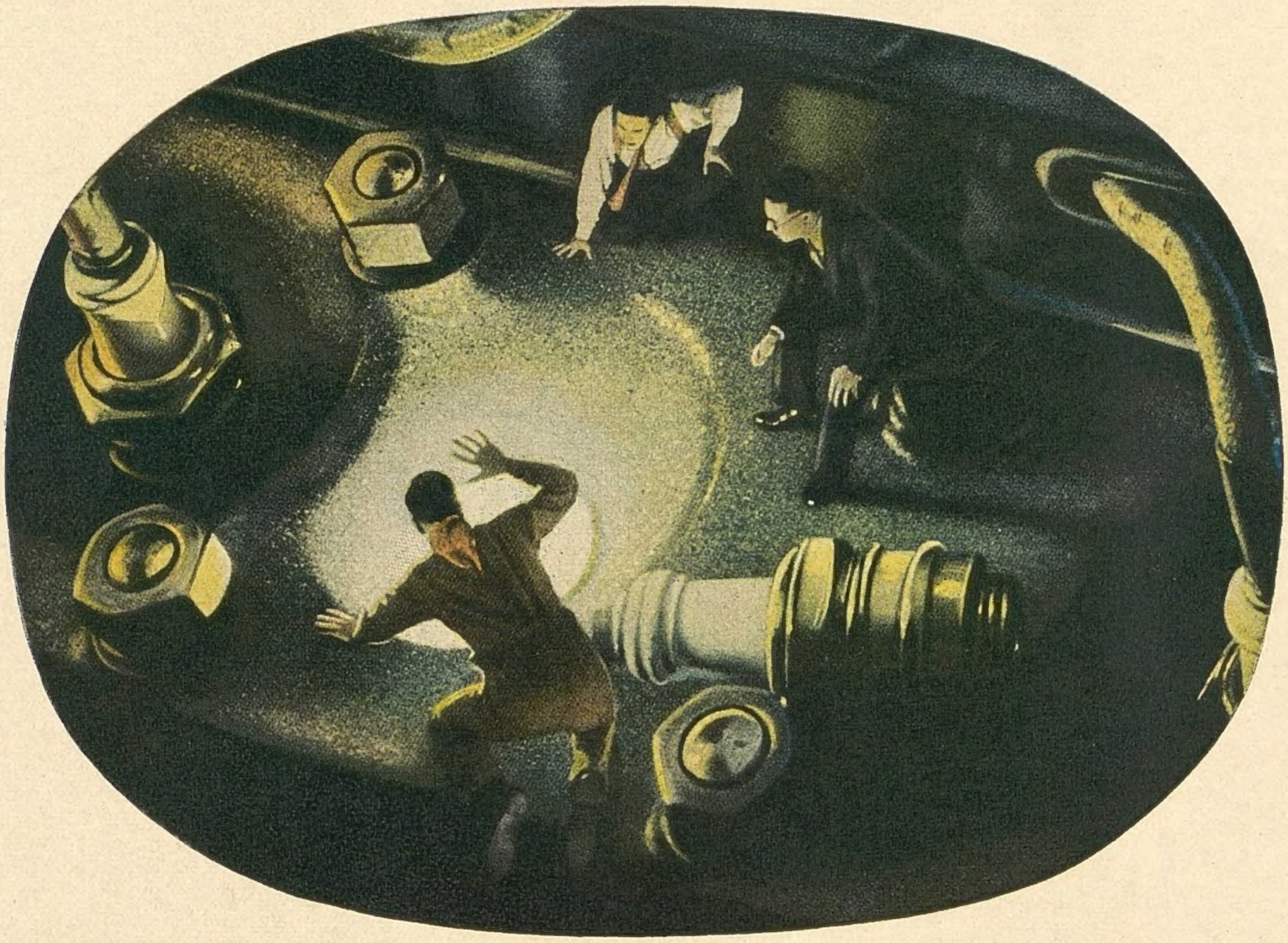

Leslie Thrasher



ORDINARY GASOLINE burns *unevenly*—wastefully. Follow the pictures above from left to right. First the spark. Then the gasoline starts to burn. Its flame spreads farther and farther. Notice the yellow color behind the flame. Engineers call it "*carbon yellow.*" It is caused by glowing particles of free carbon. In the sixth picture you see what is left of the gasoline exploding *all at once*. This is knock. The last picture shows nothing but afterglow and waste.



ETHYL GASOLINE burns *evenly*—completely. Compare these pictures with those of ordinary gasoline. Notice the absence of "*carbon yellow*' even in the first three pictures. As combustion progresses, the difference becomes still greater. Observe, especially, the last two pictures. Ethyl does not knock. It is still burning in the final picture. This means that its greatest power is available when the piston is going *down*—the time when power counts most.



Look *INSIDE* the engine

There's where Ethyl proves its value

SEEING is believing. You can now *see* the difference Ethyl makes in gasoline. By the use of special instruments and high-speed photography, engineers have made pictures of the actual combustion of motor fuels.

Look at the two strips above. They show what happens in that important 1/100th of a second after the spark plug fires. At the left, you see ordinary gasoline wasting its force in a violent burst of heat. You *see* the uneven explosion that causes harmful knock, "carbon yellow," overheating and loss of power when you use ordinary gasoline in your car. At the right you see how Ethyl Gasoline burns smoothly, evenly, powerfully—in the test engine or in any engine—at any load.

That is why car manufacturers now offer high compression engines as either standard or optional equipment. These engines are *designed* to take full advantage of the high quality of Ethyl and its universal distribution by oil companies. Car manufacturers know that the new and improved Ethyl makes *any* car run at its best.

Look for the pump with the Ethyl emblem on it next time you buy—and *feel* the difference Ethyl makes. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

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TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Controls Combustion

GOOD GASOLINE + ETHYL FLUID = ETHYL GASOLINE

The quality of Ethyl Gasoline is maintained by laboratory inspection of samples collected daily. Ethyl fluid contains lead.

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Buy ETHYL GASOLINE

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
25¢

"I'll let you in on a secret"

"I always thought you had to pay a lot for a dentifrice to have white teeth and healthy gums. I believed it so firmly that for years I had been buying one of the most expensive tooth pastes on the market.

"But recently, money hasn't been so plentiful with us. I have had to look for bargains in everything, but I still persisted in paying a lot for tooth paste.

"John pointed out to me that it wasn't necessary any more to pay so much for tooth paste—that I was losing a good chance to economize in that direction. After a lot of persuading, I took his advice.

"I bought Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢. And I'm going to let you in on a secret—*that's enough to pay for a dentifrice of first-rate quality.* John's teeth are as white and gleaming as they ever were. My teeth look fine and my gums feel fine. And even Junior speaks about the clean, sweet after-taste this famous tooth paste leaves in the mouth.

"I've been convinced — you won't catch me paying 50¢ for a tooth paste again."

The Listerine people put this tooth paste on the market, only after 50 years of oral hygiene study showed them what was needed to make a tooth paste really good. Now four million critical men and women have discarded older and costlier favorites for this modern tooth paste at the modern price.

Listerine Tooth Paste owes its remarkable effectiveness to a special polishing agent. This cleans teeth faster and more thoroughly than ordinary dentifrices do. It leaves no trace of tartar, tobacco stains, decay, or any discolorations. Yet it is so scientifically gentle in its action that it cannot possibly damage the most delicate tooth enamel.

Some of the things you can buy with that $3 you save

Stockings
Gloves
Handkerchiefs
A Scarf
A House Dress

These are just a few suggestions for spending the $3 you save yearly by using a 25¢ tube of Listerine Tooth Paste a month instead of dentifrices costing twice that amount.

"This Tooth Paste made me proud of my teeth"

Our Economies Save You Money

We are able to give you this extra-high quality dentifrice at an extra-low price because we use the most efficient manufacturing methods known, and huge demand permits production on a vast, cost-cutting scale. All these economies we pass on to you. *Lambert Pharmacal Co.*

APR. 16, 1932

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

LIFE INSURANCE OR DEATH INSURANCE

Life insurance, as generally understood, is a misnomer. The impression conveyed does not harmonize with the meaning of the words used.

Life insurance, as generally applied, means the payment of a certain amount of money to one's loved ones after death. Your life is not insured; your dependents are insured a certain amount of money to support them while they are adapting themselves to new conditions brought into being by the death of the insured.

If life insurance were to convey the meaning indicated, it would mean that you would be insured length of life—you would be insured against death.

Its true meaning is more in the nature of health insurance. As long as you can retain your health you are reasonably certain of maintaining life up to the time when you die of old age.

But life insurance in these times has a more important significance than during periods of prosperity. The protection that it gives is far more important when money and jobs are scarce. Dependents who are left without support in times like these sometimes have to cope with appalling difficulties. When experienced workers find it impossible to get employment, one can realize the difficulties of those who have not been trained in any phase of industry.

Therefore, if you are carrying insurance you are to be congratulated for your foresight, although you may be paying the premiums with a certain amount of stress and strain. Putting something aside for a rainy day is important at all times, but it is doubly so just now. There is a source of satisfaction that cannot be described in mere words in the thought that you are protecting your loved ones; that regardless of what may happen they will not have to be denied the ordinary comforts of life; that they will not have to join a bread line or beg for the sustenance that is needed to maintain life.

To be sure, there is insurance of all kinds if you have the wherewith to pay for it. You can insure yourself an income for life through a cash payment; this income can be divided into weekly, monthly, quarterly, or yearly payments. You can be insured against the payment of expenses due to accident or illness.

In fact, insurance is now looked upon by financiers as one of the best methods of investing your money.

There are countless thousands who would have been well-to-do financially today if they had invested their money in insurance rather than in stocks before the recent panic. If you invest a certain amount of money in insurance, it does not decrease in value; in fact, some of the plans offered by insurance companies increase the value of your investment year by year.

The writer knows of one instance where a business man bought a large policy about five years ago, and at that time he was considering the advisability of buying a policy five times greater in value. His income was large and he could have easily paid the premiums on the greater amount. But instead of putting his excess earnings into an insurance company he invested in stocks, and, like thousands of others, lost almost the entire amount during the depression. If he had invested this money in the larger policy he was considering at that time, it would not have been swallowed up in the recent panic.

With thousands of our banks failing, we have yet to hear of the failure of a single insurance company. These huge organizations, with capital extending into hundreds of millions, have weathered the financial storm without a tremor.

Regardless of the manner in which we have misconstrued the meaning of life insurance, it is nevertheless a safety factor of incalculable value. For death comes to all of us—there are no exceptions—and if we can leave our loved ones reasonably well protected from hardship and suffering we may consider ourselves well repaid for any sacrifices we may have found it necessary to make.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Detroit's Brilliant Symphony takes the

..."BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS TEST"

and **G-E** *wins again!*

THE last burst of music died away. 81 musicians sat back and mopped their brows.

"Very good, gentlemen," said Victor Kolar, with a wave of his Conductor's baton. "Very good indeed. And now we have a surprise for you."

And so, between rehearsals of the famous Detroit Symphony Orchestra, General Electric staged another of its radio tone-tests. 81 experts on musical tone compared four hidden radios—and gave G-E almost as many votes *as all other radios combined!*

Not one listener knew the name of the set he voted for! The famous radios—hidden behind a screen—were simply known as numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4. G-E won another great victory solely because of its truer tone.

Truer tone! You should value it above everything else in a radio. For, considered apart from its tone, a radio is merely a piece of furniture. Truer tone gives you the true personality of voices and music. It makes great music great.

And G-E's truer tone costs no more. Prices are the lowest in G-E history, ranging from $46.75 for a 7-tube superheterodyne Table Model to $345 for a superb radio-phonograph combination. "BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS"—hear these great G-E sets.

SEND FOR IT! "Believe Your Own Ears"—a fascinating free book about radio. Describes and illustrates all G-E models. Address Section R514, General Electric Co., Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.

- *Of special interest to women—join the G-E Circle—on the air every week-day (except Saturday) at noon E. S. T. For the entire family "Just a Song at Twilight" every Sunday afternoon 5:30 to 6:00 E.S.T. over a nation-wide N. B. C. Network.*
- *When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.*

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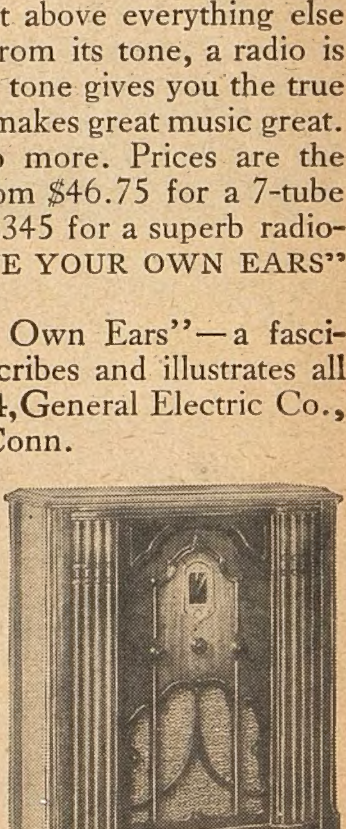
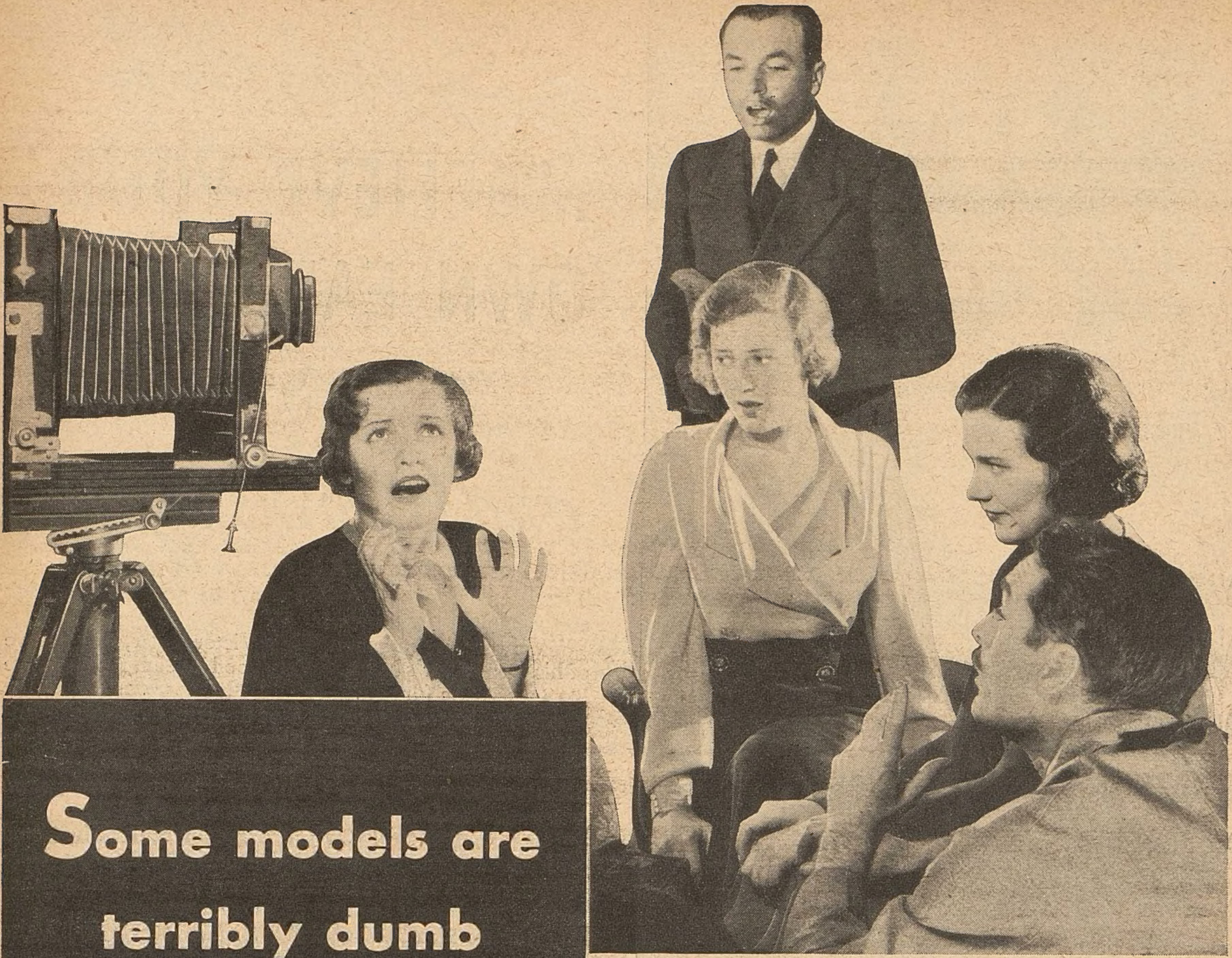


J-85 Console Model NEW! Supremely beautiful 8-tube screen-grid superheterodyne. Super control tubes. Pentode output. 8" dynamic speaker. Automatic Volume Control. Brilliant performance at the low price of $79.50 *tubes included*

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO



Some models are terribly dumb

"WE WERE talking about his beard when he stepped into the room. I'm afraid he overheard us. Anyway an awkward silence followed." This, briefly, was the story told us by a young woman a few days ago. The yarn intrigued us, so we decided to re-enact the scene before the camera and present it to our audience. But it was a really harrowing experience. Just try and get a good photograph of an embarrassed silence! So we decided to show you the picture in the making—and here it is It rather amuses us now—although we certainly went through agonies trying to get the photograph as originally planned.

• • •

Please forgive us if this way of presenting our product seems a trifle informal. But life *is* largely serious and if we can get a little fun out of a truly difficult task, we feel sure you'll overlook it.

The fact is, we're *amazingly* serious about the present Gillette blades. **Emphatically, and without reservation, these are the sharpest, smoothest-shaving blades ever produced.** They make easy and thoroughly comfortable the important duty of keeping clean shaven at all times. We urge you to let the present Gillette prove its worth on our guarantee. Buy a package and use one or two blades. Then if you haven't changed your entire conception of shaving ease, return the package to your dealer and get your money back.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

THE GILLETTE BLUE SUPER-BLADE

The $2 Kroman De Luxe blade has been withdrawn from production and replaced with the sensational Blue Super-Blade — far superior to the Kroman. You pay only a few cents more for the Blue Blade than for the regular blade and get unmatched shaving comfort. **The Blue Blade is of extraordinary quality—positively the finest blade ever produced.** Colored blue for easy identification—it is contained in a blue package, cellophane wrapped, and is made by a distinctly different process. Distribution is not yet complete—so if your dealer hasn't the Blue Blade, ask him to get it for you, which he can, quickly.

Gillette

RAZORS TRADE Gillette MARK BLADES

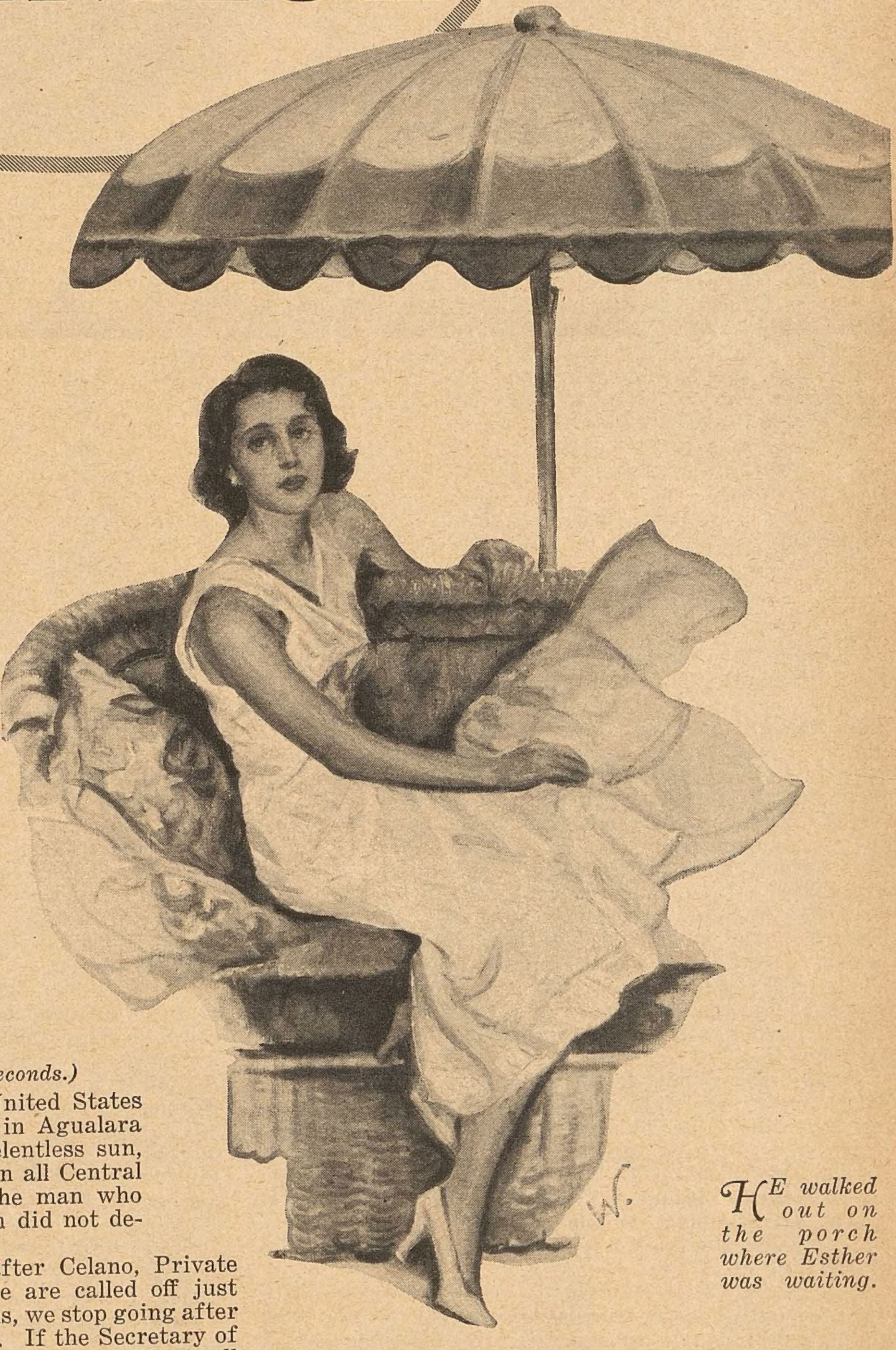
The PINK CHEMISE

Pictures by
MORTIMER WILSON, JR.

The Story of a Caravan of Peril and a Young Hero's Vindication

By

PHILIP WYLIE



He walked out on the porch where Esther was waiting.

(Reading time: 37 minutes 10 seconds.)

LIEUTENANT SMITH of the United States Marine Corps on active duty in Agualara looked reproachfully at the relentless sun, which was that day beating down on all Central America. His gaze returned to the man who stood before him, and the reproach did not depart from it.

"If the government sends us after Celano, Private Reilly, we go after Celano. If we are called off just before we get him, for state's reasons, we stop going after him. If we're sent in again, we go. If the Secretary of State changes his mind a third time, we stop. That's all there is to it. And we don't grouse about it in the ranks. You will take the sentry post in the square, unrelieved, from eight to eight, for ten days."

Private Reilly's bland blue eyes regarded the sun, which had inspired his penalty. He saluted. The six feet and two inches of height which composed him were covered with khaki that had been clean in the morning

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THE PINK CHEMISE
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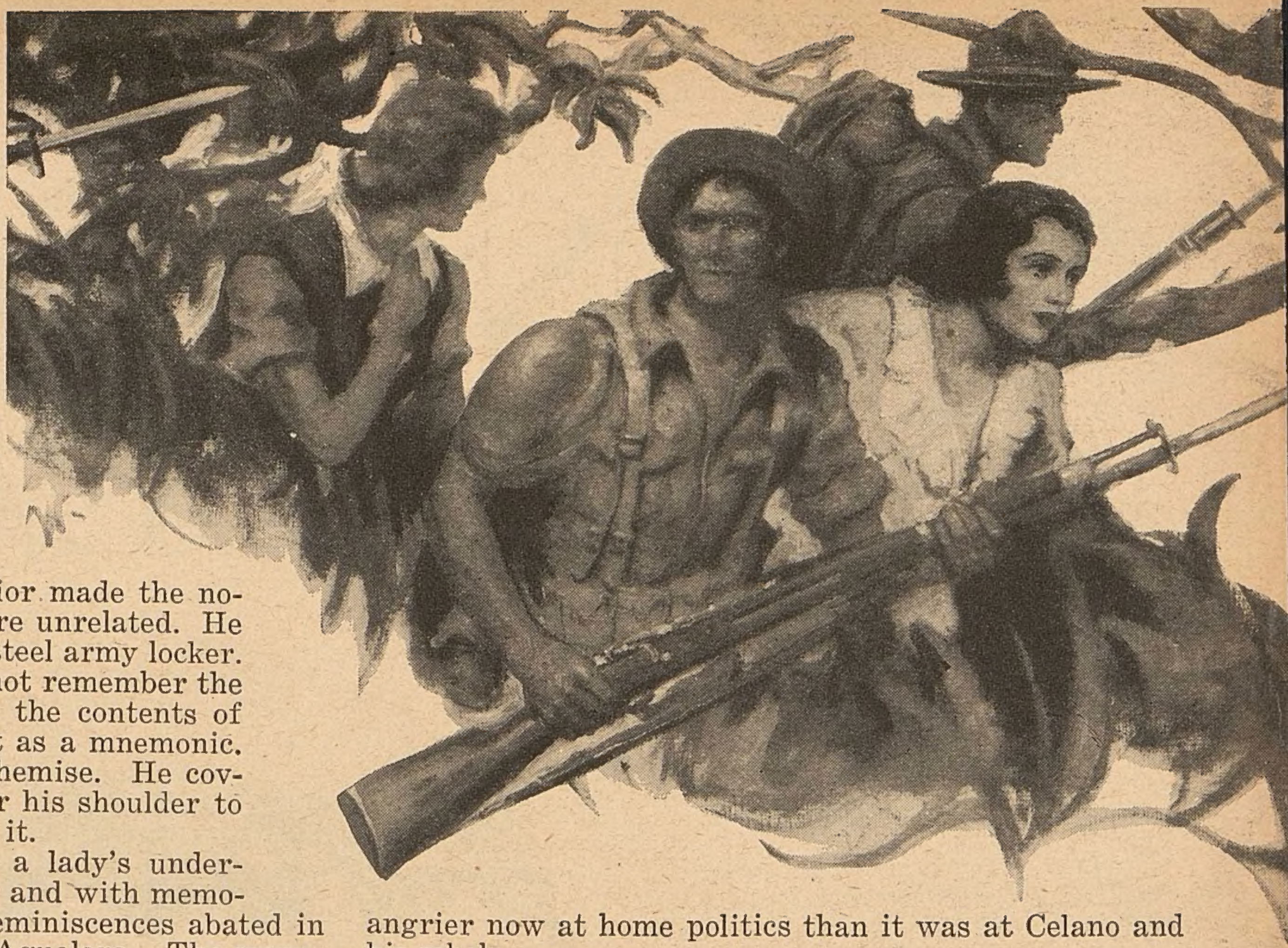


and that was now stained with dust and sweat. He turned and departed.

Sergeant William Rope, in whose custody he had appeared before the lieutenant, also disappeared.

Silence took up its vigil. The sun had faded the blue from the sky so that it was almost white. The street was unpopulated except for a single native, who slept in the shade of an awning which hung in front of one of the adobe buildings.

Lieutenant Smith walked into the wooden building which he inhabited. The heat of its interior made the notions in his head dimmer and more unrelated. He sat down on his cot and opened a steel army locker. When its lid was raised, he could not remember the object of his search. He stirred the contents of the trunk to see if they would act as a mnemonic. In the bottom layer was a pink chemise. He covered it up quickly and looked over his shoulder to be sure that no one else had seen it.

Sight of the silk fragment of a lady's underclothing filled Smith with ferocity and with memories. But the emotion and the reminiscences abated in the face of facts. It was hot in Agualara. The mountains behind the low Mosquito Coast were filled with bandits. The bandits were armed with machine guns, which some people said came from Russia and some said came from Mexico, but which were lethal in either case. There were graves behind the barracks.

Ferocity such as that engendered by the sight of the silk garment might cause one to wish to make one's way into the jungle and chase and kill until none of the ambushing insurrectos was left alive. The lieutenant wondered if he could do it. Twice he had started out, and twice he had been recalled because of the League of Nations, or the Monroe Doctrine, or the external debt of Agualara, or the coffee surplus, or the temper of the Secretary of State, or some other reason, understood perhaps in Washington, D. C., but incomprehensible at the lieutenant's tropical outpost.

HE thought about Reilly. It was bad for the morale of his men to have Reilly, or anyone else, say in words what he felt so keenly. Of course there had been a chattering in the jungle which had put Reilly's corporal in one of the new graves; but, even so, the government was the government.

He turned up the contents of his trunk again and looked at a corner of the chemise. Heat went through his body that was not engendered by the sun. His wide blue eyes narrowed, and his mouth, which would have been well placed in the face of a delicate child, became hard. His left hand clenched and his small body, which fitted almost exquisitely in his uniform, grew tense from head to foot. "Some day," he whispered to himself. Then he slammed the trunk lid.

It was more likely, he thought, that some day in the green morass beyond the village he would kneel down and die under the same invisible staccato that had filled the graves behind the barracks. He did not mind dying; but he had an errand to do before his hour came, and the government had interfered with that errand a good many times. His command of twenty men had grown listless, not so much from the heat as from the eternal indecision at Washington.

Out in the jungle a swarthy native, with fantastic ideas of politics and neither ethics nor morals, was virtually emperor of half of Agualara. He descended where he would, laid waste as he saw fit, took what he desired, and retired unscathed. He laughed at the government of his own country, and he laughed equally at the Americans upon whom he inflicted an occasional casualty. Smith's command had strained at the leash too long, and it was angrier now at home politics than it was at Celano and his rebels.

The lieutenant lit a cigarette—cigarettes were almost the only solace for his stalemate. If Celano's impertinent machine guns did not get him, then perhaps fever, or even the heat itself, would thwart the emotion which weltered in him when he saw the chemise in his trunk.

He yawned, and his yawn stopped because he heard someone running toward the wooden building. Private McConnigy saluted and placed a communication on the lieutenant's table. It was a freshly typewritten copy of the latest radio dispatch from headquarters. For a minute he did not believe what he read. Then gradually his imagination filled the gaps between the terse words.

On the previous night the S. S. Toulon had come to grief off Cape Polaramo. The crew and most of the passengers had been picked up, but the occupants of one lifeboat had made their way to shore—a half dozen sailors and eleven young ladies from the Convent of Our Lady of the Skies, together with the three nuns who chaperoned them.

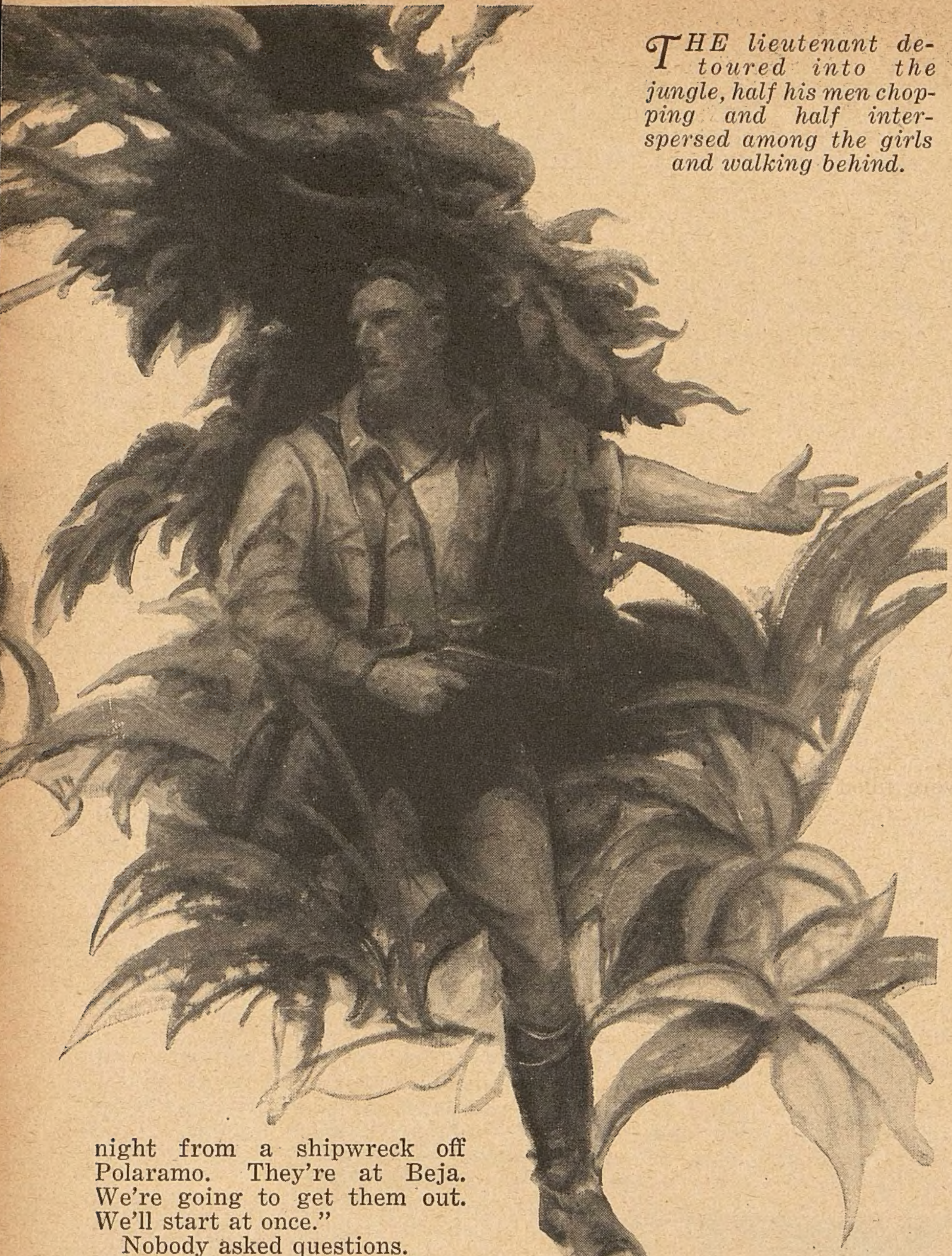
Headquarters knew that much from direct information. The rest was hearsay—partly guesswork and partly the coded report of a spy. The little band had walked inland on the Beja road. One by one the sailors with them had disappeared. The sisters and their young charges had reached the church at Beja, where they were staying. But it was Celano's lieutenants who had removed the sailors, and Celano himself was on his way down from the mountains.

The dispatch identified a few of the girls. Our Lady of the Skies was not far from Paris and its protégées were distinguished. There was the daughter of the American ambassador among them, and the daughter of the minister from Poland. There was the daughter of a French perfume manufacturer, and the niece of the owner of one of France's greatest railways. Celano's object in marching upon Beja might be to take hostages against interference, or it might be an object much more simple and much more sinister. The girls were all over sixteen. They were all under twenty. They were white.

Smith put together the elements of the scene so easily suggested by the dispatch. Boats at sea. Frightened girls. The hot road to Beja. The assembly taking place somewhere in the mountains under the gleeful direction of Celano.

Smith gave orders in his high, sharp voice. Ten seconds later a bugle blew and twenty men stirred somewhat cynically from a long and fetid lethargy.

Lieutenant Smith addressed his sergeant and his two corporals: "Eleven girls and three nuns came ashore last



THE lieutenant detoured into the jungle, half his men chopping and half interspersed among the girls and walking behind.

night from a shipwreck off Polaramo. They're at Beja. We're going to get them out. We'll start at once."

Nobody asked questions.

The men who marched from the adobe village into the jungle were followed by the curious and lazy eyes of the natives on the short stretch of rough road between the last houses and the green wall.

The lieutenant marched his men for an hour and rested them for five minutes. During that brief interval he spent his time poring over a map—a map which was his own handiwork. He had no horses, no guides, and the trail upon which he walked showed on the map as a mere dotted line.

THE silent, simmering vegetation sometimes brushed their faces, and the shade in which they walked held a metallic heat. Sometimes a probing finger of sunlight fell momentarily upon a sweating, sun-tanned face, or flashed on the blade of a bayonet.

The men in the ranks knew what was going to be done. With every step a little of the languor they had experienced for so long in the village departed from them. Lieutenant Smith was not in the lead. Long experience with Celano had taught him that an ambush generally removed the first man to appear, and from a military point of view, which was quite unrelated to heroics, it was better that the first man to appear should not be the officer in command.

At noon they reached three tumble-down shelters in what had once been a clearing. They stopped for twenty minutes to eat and drink sparingly. Then they were on the march again.

The trail was generally upward. Slow, slanting rises, punctuated by short, steep grades and rare declivities. At five o'clock Smith increased the length of the rests. At six a stop was made for a second meal. There was no clearing in the jungle at that point, so that it was necessary to make a careful reconnaissance before the men lay down.

Early in the afternoon they had passed the place where Private Tomelle had been killed. At four o'clock Private Reilly had designated the spot where he had not been killed but where two of Celano's men had met an unexpected and rather nasty death at his hands. Reilly spoke in monosyllables, but the words he used were exceedingly descriptive. They were as powerful a stimulant as his grousing in camp had been a depressive.

"I got my hands on the second man," he grunted. "Right there by that big tree. He was a little fellow, but he had a gat."

WHEN the meal had been consumed, the lieutenant spoke: "We're going to get to Beja by eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

Nobody doubted or denied the statement. Packs and rifles were picked up and the march began again—a march not of rhythmic steps, but a steady, mile-consuming plodding. A march of mumbled profanity and sweat. A march each hour of which took away some vestige of a long endured and much abused inactivity.

At seven o'clock the moon rose. Occasionally they could glimpse it through the foliage. Donnelly, Webb, Dooley, and Ware had flashlights. They also had instructions. If Celano's guns commenced to clatter in the darkness, the lights were to be turned off at once. The men stumbled and muttered and moved on. They lost all sense of time and of direction. The guns and the extra equipment they carried cut into their shoulders. Blisters grew on their feet. The few commands which were given went from mouth to mouth in low syllables.

Some time during the night they stopped. The small portable radio was set up. Sergeant Rope called headquarters and was presently answered. He wrote steadily and the lieutenant read over his shoulder.

He gathered at once that the attention of the world was fixed upon the activities of the twenty marines who were near enough to Beja to be of any use in the crisis which had arisen. France had telephoned Washington demanding instant protection. The Italian government likewise had sent urgent messages on behalf of Princess Donna Armita. Two other governments, however, had taken an opposing view. They had insisted that the government of Celano would soon be recognized by themselves and that there must be no intervention of any sort on the part of the United States. They were governments to which Celano had made offers of concessions.

Lieutenant Smith began to sweat for a new reason as he read the incoming message. It was impossible at Washington to visualize what was taking place in Agualara—impossible to convince the State Department that the insurrectos were cutthroats and villains, even though the constituency of Agualara's president was little better. Dots and dashes continued in the sergeant's ear phones and his fingers wrote steadily.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PINK CHEMISE
Continued from page nine

"Orders for the present are to occupy Beja and to protect foreign citizens and Americans there, but under no circumstances must there be bloodshed, as international controversy would certainly result."

Smith read those words with the same hopeless, frustrated feeling he had had when twice before he had been called off in his pursuit of Celano.

No bloodshed! He wondered what sort of international conflict would arise if Celano reached Beja ahead of himself—if Celano reached Beja and departed with prisoners. He felt once again that his almost inhuman efforts had been futile. The government, which did not understand, was giving orders which were wholly inadequate.

Sergeant Rope stopped writing. "What shall I say?"

Smith thought, and into his thoughts there suddenly came a color. Pink. Pink for a pink chemise. "Don't say anything. Tear up the last page you've written. Our set broke down before headquarters finished sending."

In the darkness a broad smile came on the face of Sergeant Rope. He looked interestedly at his apparatus and stretched out his finger. "I think that little gadget right there must have gone out of order a minute ago, lieutenant," he said.

The lieutenant bent forward. "I believe you're right, sergeant. And I'm afraid we found that we were unable to repair it."

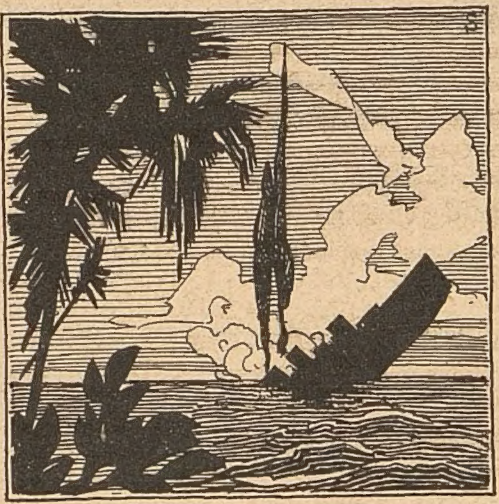
The sergeant's nod was judicious. "It's too bad. And since we're in a devil of a hurry, I suppose we'll have to decide that the thing isn't worth carrying with us."

"No," the lieutenant replied; "it's not worth carrying any farther. It won't work. It's too bad. We didn't get the last part of that message, whatever it was."

The sergeant fumbled briefly with his set. It went out of commission. Then he opened his pack, took out an enormous trench knife, and felt its edge. . . .

The sun that first touched the cross on the white church at Beja also touched the grimy faces of twenty marines who were making their way thither rapidly. They could see the town in the valley below them, for the jungle thinned abruptly into the open growth of highlands. The lieutenant walked at the head of his men. There was no more danger of ambush.

They walked into the town, and the absence of curious natives coming out to greet them was ominous. The lieutenant led his men directly to the church. Its heavy doors were shut. He knocked on them with the butt of his pistol. There was a long pause, during which they were undoubtedly secretly surveyed. Then the doors opened. A priest stood behind them. He spoke in Spanish: "You are welcome, señores, but I fear you are too few."



SMITH glanced at his men, tall, gaunt, tanned, tough, dirty, powerful, fearless. Twenty of them. Not very many, but one remembered their sobriquet: Devil-dogs.

"Are the young ladies safe?" he asked.

The priest stepped aside. Smith entered with his sergeant.

His appearance was greeted by a babble of feminine voices.

"Here are the marines! Isn't he just too darling! I'm so excited I could cry! *Quel beau homme!*"

Smith looked. His trail-sodden senses were jolted. There, in the dresses they had been wearing when their boat foundered, were eleven girls. White girls. To him they all seemed beautiful beyond belief. He had not seen girls like them for many weary, weary months. He had forgotten that such girls existed. Golden hair. Blue eyes. Red hair. Gray eyes. Black eyes. Willowy girls and small dark girls with curves. Bright cheeks. Red lips. They were all around him. One of them spoke. She was perhaps the most beautiful. She had gray eyes and dark hair and a nose that tilted up, and she was not quite as tall as the lieutenant.

"My name is Esther Cabot. My father is ambassador. May I introduce my schoolmates, Lieutenant—"

"Smith."

"This is Eloise Langborne," the girl began, "and Princess Donna Armita, and—" She named the others.

The lieutenant bowed to each one. Two of the girls giggled. Almost all of them whispered. The priest presented the sisters who had accompanied them.

Esther spoke again: "It's been terrifically exciting and dangerous. None of us knows just what happened to the sailors who started out with us. It was the most mysterious thing you ever saw in your life. We had five, and all of a sudden we had three. We went back to look and couldn't find anything, and while we were looking we lost another. We didn't hear anything or see anything."

Smith nodded. He understood the tactics of Celano's men in dealing with a straggling parade of jungle amateurs. Silent feet. Sharp knives. Figures that appeared and carried their victim into the green cover so quickly that even a person who saw it happen could scarcely believe he was witnessing a reality. He remembered the words from headquarters: "No bloodshed." He looked back into the gray eyes of the girl.

"The priest tells us that Celano has surrounded the town. Are we supposed to stay here, or can't we please go with you?"

Smith had not decided. He wanted to talk to the priest about Celano's movements in the vicinity. Twenty marines could not hold Beja indefinitely. Twenty marines might be able to escort a carefully routed caravan through the jungle. That had been his plan. But now, seeing the girls, a new thought had occurred to him.

TO them this was high adventure. The convent and the supervision of the nuns had combined to give them the same sort of confinement that the outpost in Agualara had given his men, and the result was similar: Hunger for romance. Too ready laughter. Eyes that were too bright and too bold.

Smith understood the further lack of scruples engendered by the lush jungle, which whispered forever to the senses of man and woman alike of life and love, of futility and fecundity.

He began to wonder if it would not be better to wait in Beja for reënforcements which were surely on the way. Waiting in Beja meant eternal vigilance at every door and window. It meant ready machine guns. It did not mean—no bloodshed.

Smith's problem was decided for him.

A three-inch shell whistled through the air and burst across the street, blowing one of the adobe buildings to smithereens and raising a scream of native voices. Celano had artillery, and twenty marines could not hold Beja against bombardment.

He would have acted instantly, but he was prohibited before he could speak. Two arms were thrown about his neck and the dark head of one of the French girls was pressed tightly against his own.

"*Sauvez nous!*" she whispered.

He attempted to disentangle himself, only to find that another girl was embracing him.

Esther came to his rescue. She removed both girls by the exertion of gentle force, and spoke to them rapidly in French.

The lieutenant was momentarily stunned. He did not dare look at his sergeant. But presently he summoned his thoughts and spoke in Spanish to the priest:

"Has the church a cellar?"

"Yes, señor."

"Take all these girls down and wait for me."

Smith raced outside. His men were already among the débris caused by the explosion. The lieutenant's voice came in a high staccato:

"Get them all under cover, sergeant! The hell with Red Cross work! Another shell would shoot the whole detachment to pieces. I want Reilly and Webb and Ware to come with me. Rope will take two men in the cellar of the church and keep those girls quiet. We'll get out of here as soon as it's dark. Corporal Taylor will take eight men and barricade the church. I want Celano to think we're fixing it to fight here. Let anybody up on the hill see you, but don't give them time to shoot."

Two-thirds of a plan was already in the mind of the lieutenant. Celano would be in no hurry. He knew that at least forty-eight hours were at his disposal.

No more shells broke in Beja that morning. The marines engaged in fortifying the church occasionally heard the buzz and snap of a rifle bullet as it came down from the hills and hit the façade of the building. All the inhabitants of Beja seemed to have disappeared. The lieutenant himself cared for the single man who had been wounded by the shell. There were three others beyond care.

In the afternoon two airplanes flew over the town. Smith tried to signal them to go away, and the pilots understood only when three shells from Celano's guns fell very close to the church. The planes turned back toward the coast and disappeared, giving the lieutenant time to wonder grimly what new hysteria would occur in Washington when various important men learned that their daughters were being subjected to a cannonading.

At six o'clock a large cloth-covered wagon, drawn by mules, drove out of town along the rough road by which the marines had entered. It was followed by three nuns who walked gravely, and before it had reached the end of the road two girls ran after it, caught up with it, and climbed inside. A second covered wagon started in the darkness some time later.

When the first was ambushed outside the town by two hundred of Celano's insurrectos, what was assumed to be a convoy of girls proved to be a nest of hornets. There was khaki beneath the nuns' black clothes, and the "girls" who had caught up at the last moment sat behind machine guns which spat through a wall of sandbags. The ambush was a brief and bloody failure for Celano's men, and in the meantime the wagon which had departed in the darkness was already in the jungle.

Four mules drew it slowly over the rough ground. On its inside were walls of sandbags, and behind them eleven girls. There was no room for the sisters. Smith had left them, because he knew that they were reasonably safe from the enemy's violence, for the enemy was Catholic by superstition if not by true belief.

The moon rode high. The big wheels of the wagon creaked. The mules stumbled and snorted. At a water hole a few miles from Beja the lieutenant halted the wagon and waited. He had heard the distant fusillade with a vast relief because he knew his deception had succeeded, and with an equal agitation because he could not know the outcome.

THERE was a sound of footsteps and a clatter of gear in the distance. Then a flashlight which winked five times. The sentries relaxed, and eight men straggled up to the wagon. The lieutenant counted them with his heart in his mouth. Eight. All walking. Thank God for that!

Sergeant Rope reported: "They attacked us on the top of the big ridge—a mob of them. When they saw nuns shooting rifles, and men in girls' dresses behind machine guns, they got scared." He chuckled. "The head guy must have realized what was up, because he kept hollering at them. For ten minutes it was pretty hot. Then they vamoosed. There must have been at least thirty of them lying around there. They got both our mules."

"Anybody hit?"

"Reilly. In the shoulder. Come here, Reilly."

Reilly said, "Aw, nuts," and removed his tunic only when ordered to do so. There was a crease on his right shoulder. While the lieutenant was dressing it by the light of a lantern, he perceived that a half dozen of the girls were staring from the rear of the wagon.

"You get in there!" he bellowed.

"Can't we help? I've studied nursing." It was Esther's voice.

He repeated his words more harshly still: "Get in there!"

The procession moved on in the night.

Behind the wagon the lieutenant walked, and wondered, and sweat. He had not slept at all for nearly forty hours. His men had made a tremendous march on the previous day and they had been busy every minute since their arrival at Beja. But his own fatigue, or the fatigue of his men, was a minor problem. He was thinking about the girls.

The road he had chosen was much longer than the trail over which he had come. It ran straight through the jungle which Celano infested. There would be an opportunity for the bandit chief in every mile, at every turn, and every hour. He would come at night, quietly. He would come in the daylight if he chose. Even now his spies were probably watching from the green cover, from the black night, and probably some of the sibilant mutterings of the jungle were of human and not animal origin. Besides that, there might be hunger and thirst. There would certainly be appalling heat.

He walked to the wagon, pulled back the canvas flap which covered it, and leaned inside. "This is the lieutenant. Are you all right in there?"

HE received a chorus of answers: "*Oui. Si.* You're a darling. I never thought I'd live to do anything so exciting. Can't a couple of soldiers come in here? We're lonesome. Where are we?"

Smith answered the last question: "We're in the jungle. We're on our way to the coast. In about three hours we'll stop for the night. I don't want anybody to come out of here at all. I don't want you to make any noise."

He started to close the flap. He felt Esther Cabot's hand on his arm. "Some of the girls have to get out," she said with a determination that overrode her confusion.

The lieutenant's face was scarlet. "I'm a soldier," he said gruffly, "not a nursemaid. My God!" He halted. "All right. Five minutes. And I want you to count everybody before we go on, Miss Cabot. I'll see there aren't any lights on."

He spoke to his sergeant, and presently heard Rope's voice mumbling in the darkness: "Listen, you black-hearted bums . . ."

The lieutenant didn't know whether to laugh or to swear. By and by the party moved forward. When the night was blackest, and in a place where the jungle stepped back a little way from the road, they stopped. Six men took up their appointed vigil. The rest, covering their faces with mosquito netting against the onslaught of insects, slept almost where they stopped marching. The lieutenant lay down across the end of the wagon.

He did not sleep long. When he opened his eyes he heard an undertone of faint talking. He rose to investigate. A thin predawn illumination filtered through the tree tops, and by its light he found one of the sentries sitting on the ground. In his lap was the head of the lovely Princess Armita. The lieutenant swore an oath which did not lack in violence because it was whispered. The startled sentry leaped to attention and the girl tumbled to the ground. It was she who spoke, defining the cause of the situation:

"Eet ees so hot inside. I ask thees man to seet down for me."

She mistook the mounting fury in the lieutenant's face. "You theenk I'm young girl, yes?" She laughed. "I'm not afraid of thees beautiful men you have brought. Already many times I have affairs of the heart. I could make thees man love me, too."

The marine's jaw dropped and his eyes bulged. By his very astonishment the lieutenant perceived his innocence. He addressed a few words to his sentry which the limitation of the princess' vocabulary did not allow her to understand. Then roughly he escorted her to the wagon.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PINK CHEMISE
Continued from page eleven

"You get inside," he said. "If you come out again before we reach the coast, I'll spank you."

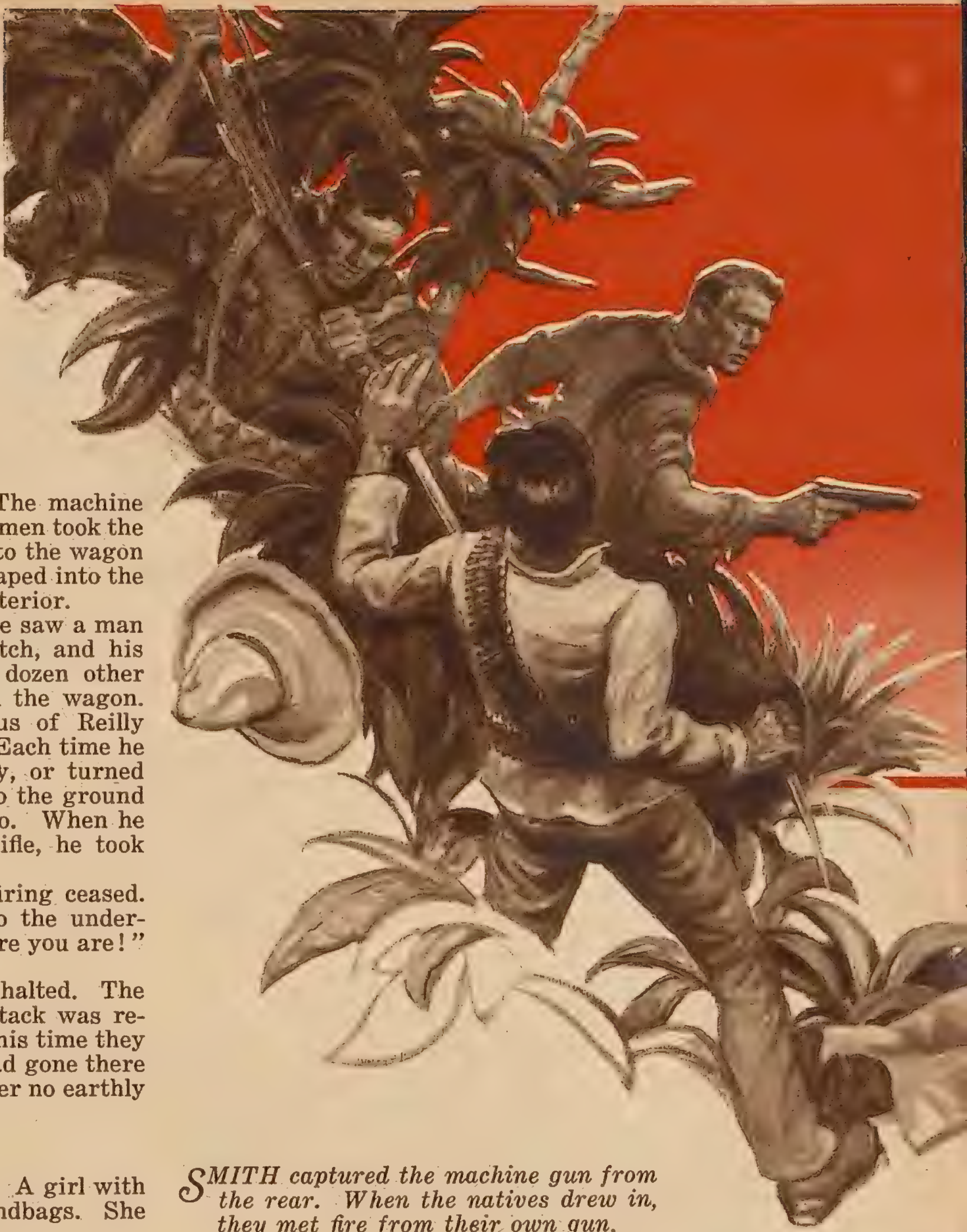
A few minutes later he heard laughter in the wagon.

It was ten o'clock. Progress was slow. On the driver's seat one soldier held the reins and one squatted behind a machine gun. Three men walked ahead of the procession and investigated every turn before it was made. Beside and behind the wagon the remainder of the marines went forward with their rifles ready and their eyes on the impervious green wall.

Smith knew what to expect. When it came he was fairly well prepared. They let the three men through and began to fire directly upon the main party. The mules snorted and stuck in their tracks. The machine gun on the front seat burst into action. The men took the best cover they could find, with their backs to the wagon and their faces to the fire. Three of them leaped into the wagon, and presently bullets spat from its interior.

Smith himself stood behind a boulder. He saw a man sitting in a tree with his rifle over a crotch, and his pistol removed that man. He saw a half dozen other men rush into the road a few rods behind the wagon. His pistol spoke again. He was conscious of Reilly standing beside him, coolly firing his rifle. Each time he fired, one of the bandits grabbed his belly, or turned slowly on his feet, or settled meticulously to the ground and grew stiff. Reilly was chewing tobacco. When he crouched behind the stone to reload his rifle, he took time to spit.

Almost as rapidly as it had begun, the firing ceased. The voices of wounded men retreated into the undergrowth. Smith lifted his voice: "Stay where you are!"



SMITH captured the machine gun from the rear. When the natives drew in, they met fire from their own gun.

ATTEMPTS to reorganize the party were halted. The men waited. In a few minutes the attack was repeated. This time it was more desperate. This time they came closer to the wagon. And when they had gone there were two marines on the road who were under no earthly compunction to go farther.

In the jungle there was silence.

Smith's face was impassive.

The rear canvas of the wagon was raised. A girl with red hair and starry eyes looked over the sandbags. She said, "Gosh! Did you beat them?"

Smith looked at her. The ecstasy disappeared from her face. Her eyes fell to the road and she saw the motionless khaki forms.

Smith said, "Get back there."

"Oh," she murmured.

Afterward he heard her crying.

The march was resumed.

In the middle of the afternoon, while he was following close behind the wagon, Smith saw Esther's face appear there. "I'm sorry," she began apologetically, "but we want some water."

The corners of Smith's mouth turned down. "You had water—enough to last you all day, if you drank it the way you were told to."

The girl looked at him gravely. "I tried to keep them from it, but they were so thirsty."

Smith's eyes were dull. He passed his canteen to her, and then took the canteens from those of his men who were marching behind the wagon. He saw tears come in the girl's eyes and he heard conversation inside the van. Then another face appeared.

"Officer, this is outrageous. If you think we're going to drink out of these dirty things—"

"Shut up," he said. "And get back there!"

Then finally it was evening. They came to a clearing in the center of which was a house. The mules turned wearily into the yard. The girls were disembarked. They stretched and rubbed themselves where the floor boards had made them stiff. They greedily drank the water which was brought to them. Inside the house a fire was built. There was no need to try to hide their whereabouts from the bandits.

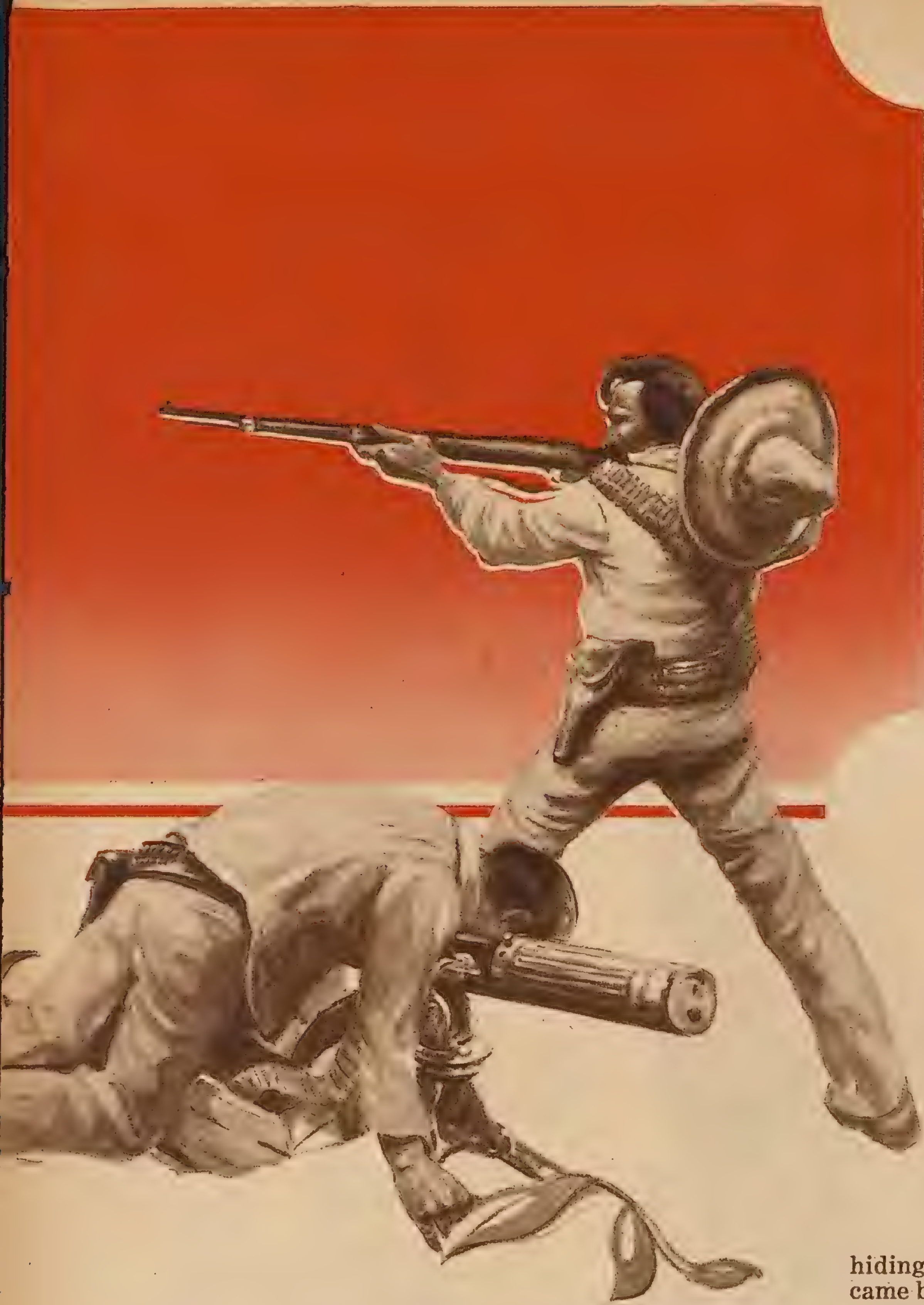
Soldiers cut wood. Other soldiers began to cook the frugal supplies available. Hands of bananas were brought from a run-down patch. The house contained one large room and two very small sleeping chambers. It was unfurnished. Smith knew it was foolish to let his men stay outside. He posted sentries at the windows so that they overlooked every part of the clearing.

The girls and the soldiers ate. The fire warmed them. The moon for the third night came over the horizon. The lieutenant watched his men watch the women. A gathering of magic was perceptible in the air. The spirit of romance and adventure was warmed into the girls by the fire. It shone over the outdoors in the moonlight. It was whispered on the dulcet wind. It came with a heavy obviousness in the reek of the jungle.

He read many things. These girls were young and, in spite of their youthfulness, they were sophisticated. Many of them had been brought up on the Continent, and already introduced to the great game of man. Now that the heat of the day had abated, now that they had eaten, now that they were no longer thirsty, and now in the quiet of the tropical night, many of them felt an ancient exhilaration.

He could see it in their smiles. He could see it in their regard for the tough six feet and two inches that was Reilly—for the gaunt handsomeness of Webb.

That same primeval urge was always present in the



soldiers. It always broke loose when they returned to civilization after long intervals, such as they had just spent at the outpost. It was hinged somewhat on the two men who had been left by the road, because these were soldiers and death was occasionally very close to them—close enough to make life sweet for the reckless, empty for the men who would never dare.

The remoteness of his band, battle, and the jungle were at once poison to sense and elixir to the senses. Smith thought of the word chaperon, and applied it to himself and laughed mirthlessly. A chaperon would be gestured out of being. His duty was something more stern, and he felt that he preferred the crashing of Celano's guns to the weapons of these girls.

Some of them, of course, were dominated by fear. But not many.

THE daughter of the ambassador walked to his side and regarded him with her strange eyes. She spoke so that no one else could hear: "I know what you're thinking about."

He tried to make his stare impersonal.

She gestured toward the girls. "They're Continental, mostly. And hasn't there been bred in the blood of women the thought that to the victor belong the spoils? It's part of their instinct. You see, you rescued us. You and all these tall, lean Americans—"

"Micks mostly," the lieutenant said, because he did not quite like the tone in the girl's voice.

She laughed. "You're a tough man, aren't you, Lieutenant Smith?"

He did not like to hear her say that. He was on the point of denying it. Then he stopped himself. "I'm tough."

The girl regarded him steadily. "We've all been away from men for a long time, and remember, most of these girls are used to commanding, not being commanded."

Smith turned away from her. He procured a rope and tied it from the door at one end of the room to the fireplace at the other, so that it bisected the chamber.

"All the men over here," he said briefly. "All the women over there. Shoot anybody that goes across it, Sergeant Rope. And that goes till we move in the morning." He walked out of the building into the darkness.

FOR half an hour he sat in the shadow of the house. He thought about the pink chemise in his trunk at the barracks, and about the eyes and voice of Esther Cabot, and he thought that his chance on the next morning would be very slim. In the old days, under such circumstances, men had shot their women and then shot themselves. He wondered what modern ethics would demand, and he wondered what he would do himself.

After that he went inside the house, lay down in one of the small rooms, and went to sleep.

He waked twice during the night. Both times he counted the girls, and both times there were girls missing. One, the first time. He found her walking away from the front door with a soldier. He repeated his monotonous command: "Get back in there!"

The second time it was the princess with the man who had been sentry. He waked up everyone in the building. He took his pistol from its holster. "The next time I find any of you birds talking to one of these girls, there's going to be a casualty. And the next time any of you girls talks to one of my men, I'm going to gag her."

He went to sleep again, because he was exhausted. With the first light of dawn, Celano's men shot his four mules. It was necessary to walk. Two miles from the house the advance guard, creeping along the road, not whispering, hiding as much as possible, discovered a barricade. They came back and reported to Smith.

Some of the men had trench knives. Some had machetes. The lieutenant detoured into the jungle, half his men chopping and half interspersed among the girls and walking behind. They made painfully slow progress, and the sense of security lent by the surrounding vegetation was wholly false. At ten o'clock rifles began to snap in the foliage. A leaf sailed down on to the lieutenant's hat. Corporal Taylor clasped his hands to his breast and fell at the feet of the princess. Occasionally the marines' rifles responded. The ground underfoot became soggy. Sometimes they splashed through thin puddles of scummed water. Twice the men fired at snakes more deadly than the enemy.

At two o'clock they emerged on the other side of the barricade. At three Celano's men attacked again. The girls lay on the ground. The men kneeled behind trees. This time the insurrectos were not beaten off easily. Twice they appeared in force in the road.

When the march was recommenced, the girls stepped gingerly around fallen natives, and for the time, perhaps for all time, the strange and perverse emotions they had felt on the previous night were banished.

There were still eleven girls, but there were only fourteen marines. A stubble of beard had come through their faces. Their eyes were bloodshot. Their clothes were torn. They no longer spoke, and their motions, except for slow walking, were limited to vigilant turns of the head and occasionally to quickly raised rifles. The

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PINK CHEMISE
Continued from page thirteen

hours dragged like the feet of the beleaguered human beings.

At sunset Celano himself attacked. With the first fusillade the lieutenant concealed the girls at the side of the road, and he stayed near the place where they lay. He did not know it was Celano for a long time—a long time while rebel machine guns which had been brought up harvested every growing thing along the road. He did not know it when fully a hundred men emerged into the road and were met with a burst from his own guns.

The sunlight came slantwise. It was noisy with the battle. The marines at the roadside, under his instructions, fired only when they were certain that a shot would count. Ammunition was very low.

More than once he saw gunfire supplemented by naked steel, when one of his marines, towering over two or three natives, would enter into a short, fierce, and terrible hand-to-hand combat.

When the sun was a red rim he knew that the end was very near. His one remaining machine gun had stopped. Celano's forces were still sweeping the road. Smith crawled through the jungle. He found Reilly, Webb, McConnigy, and Gordon. He spoke to each one, and they followed him up the road to the place where Celano's gun was firing. It was protected, not by a group of men around it, but by cordons in front and on its flanks. The five marines passed through the cordons almost unnoticed. Whoever saw them was killed. Smith captured the machine gun from the rear. If he had had a hand grenade it might have been easy.

WHEN the cordon of natives drew in, they met fire from their own gun. Smith was astride it. The rifle he had used lay at his feet, its bayonet bloody to the hilt. Reilly knelt beside him to serve the gun, but he was able to use only one arm. The other three marines were no longer available.

Celano's men were removed by their own gun.

Then Reilly shouted, "Get it around! They're coming from behind!"

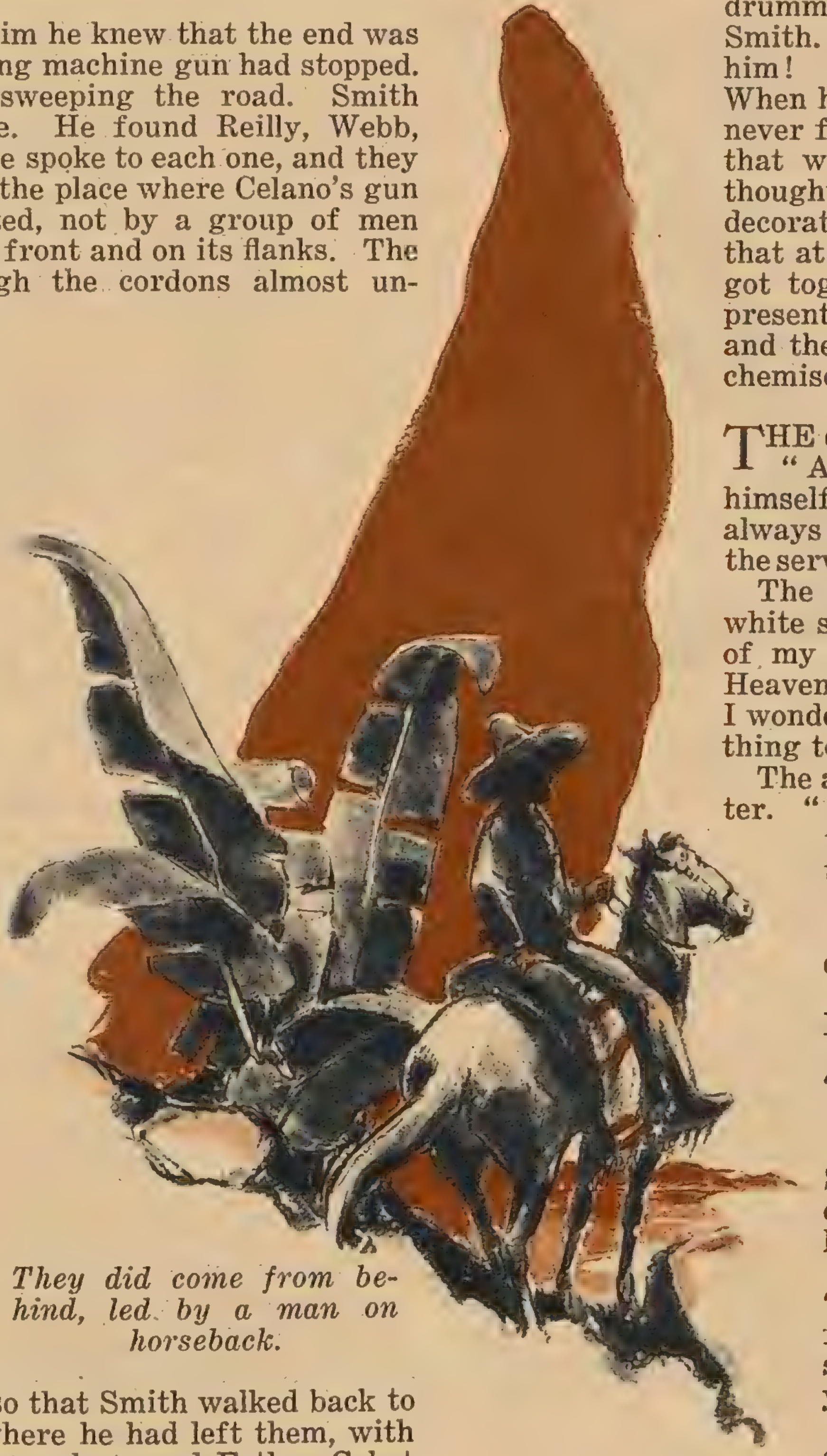
They did come from behind, led by a man on horseback who grinned fiercely and waved his hat. Smith recognized Celano. He got the gun around.

There was a lull afterward. Word that Celano was dead must have spread through the jungle, for the lull became silence, and the silence expanded into time, so that Smith walked back to the girls, and found them where he had left them, with two marines dead in the same place, and Esther Cabot and Princess Armita calmly reloading two rifles.

When it was dark they stirred a little, but they did not try to go on. Smith knew that the shock of finding their leader dead might dissipate the insurrectos and it might bring them back for vengeance upon the pitiful remainder of his command. He also found the answer to his problem in ethics. Esther Cabot provided it.

"I think I shot one of them," she said. "We've got rifles enough now for all of us. And we aren't afraid any more."

At dawn there was a noise far down the road. Smith prepared himself and his men. From where he hid he could see Esther lying behind a log with a rifle ready. "When they come," he said, "aim at their bellies."



They did come from behind, led by a man on horseback.

"You're a tough man," Esther said for a second time.

It was not Celano's avengers who were coming along the road, but marines, squad after squad, marching furiously. Smith stepped from the bush and stopped them.

. . . . .

At Agualara City a white clubhouse with tennis courts and a golf course looks across the indigo harbor. In the harbor now were two battleships, and regarding them from the club porch were several girls, many officers, and some civilians whose importance was evident from their appearance and manner. At one table was a young captain, a man in a white Palm Beach suit, and a man who wore eagles on the epaulets of his uniform. They were listening to a girl with gray eyes.

"And that's all," she said, "except that after he had gone out and talked to the man in command of the reënforcements he fainted."

The young captain of the marines drummed on the table. "Good old Smith. What a fuss they'll make over him! And no man deserves it more. When he came down to Annapolis—I'll never forget him—he was such a sissy that we rode him all the time. We thought he'd make a better interior decorator than soldier. I remember that at the end of his first year we all got together and bought him a little present. He made a speech to thank us and then opened it up. It was a pink chemise."

THE captain chuckled and continued: "After that he seemed to turn into himself. Never had any friends. Was always silent. I thought he'd get out of the service when he was through school."

The girl spoke to the man in the white suit: "Every night for the rest of my life, dad, I'm going to thank Heaven he didn't get out of the service. I wonder if that pink chemise had anything to do with it?"

The ambassador looked at his daughter. "Would it be possible for you to talk about anything but Lieutenant Smith?"

"No."

"Would you like him in the diplomatic service?"

"I'd like him in any service," Esther said.

The man's eyes twinkled. "Particularly your own?"

"Particularly—my own."

Smith, bathed and shaved—Smith, in a new uniform, walked down the staircase and into the lounge of the club.

Major Collins took his arm. "I suppose when you started in for those girls, and got our message telling you to hold your fire, you were pretty sore?"

Smith blushed. "Our radio set—" he began.

The major did not hear the interruption. "We got the final orders from Washington right while we were sending, and it must have been pretty good news to you when that order was countermanded and you knew that you could go ahead and get the girls willy-nilly."

Smith stumbled. "The rug," he said, "wrinkles right there. Yes, very good news."

He walked out on the porch where Esther was waiting. And as he looked at her he appreciated poignantly what had made it so difficult for him to manage the girls from the convent and the soldiers from the outpost when they came together in the jungle in the moonlight.

THE END

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HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO SELL YOUR FIRST STORY AND WIN EDITORIAL RECOGNITION!

Can Mussolini Keep These Royal Lovers APART

The youthful Archduke Otto, pretender to the Austrian throne, and the constant and passionate lover of Princess Maria.

The Heart-rending Plight of the Young Archduke Otto and Princess Maria of Italy Whose Great Love for Each Other Is Being Trampled Under the Dictates of Italian Politics

By PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

(Reading time: 10 minutes 45 seconds.)

LOVE is said to be stronger than death, but can it overcome the iron-willed Mussolini in his position as final arbiter in the romance of the beautiful Princess Maria, daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, and her handsome suitor, Archduke Otto, pretender to the throne of Austria?

That is one of the leading questions on the lips of Europe, for it involves the happiness of two young royal hearts, which ask for nothing but each other, and the welfare of his beloved country as *Il Duce* sees it through the eyes of an empire builder.

For reasons of state, these lovers should not marry. For the deepest of human needs, they should be united. Which will win out—political expediency or passion?

Hard as the dictator is reported to be, he has felt the glory and power of love himself, as anyone who has read his novel, The Cardinal's Mistress, must have sensed. And women have played a most important part in his rise to greatness. Though he scorns tenderness, he is not invincible to its soft appeal.

So, torn between state and love in this affair, Mussolini, the ruthless politician, has expressed sympathy for poor Princess Maria and the youth who adores her. He would like nothing better than to be able to contribute to their happiness, provided it would not run counter to his plans for the Italian nation. *Il Duce* has gone so far as to persuade King Victor Emmanuel not definitely to refuse Maria's plea that she be allowed to marry Duke Otto. At the instance of the dictator the father has told his daughter only that she must wait two years more before broaching the subject again.

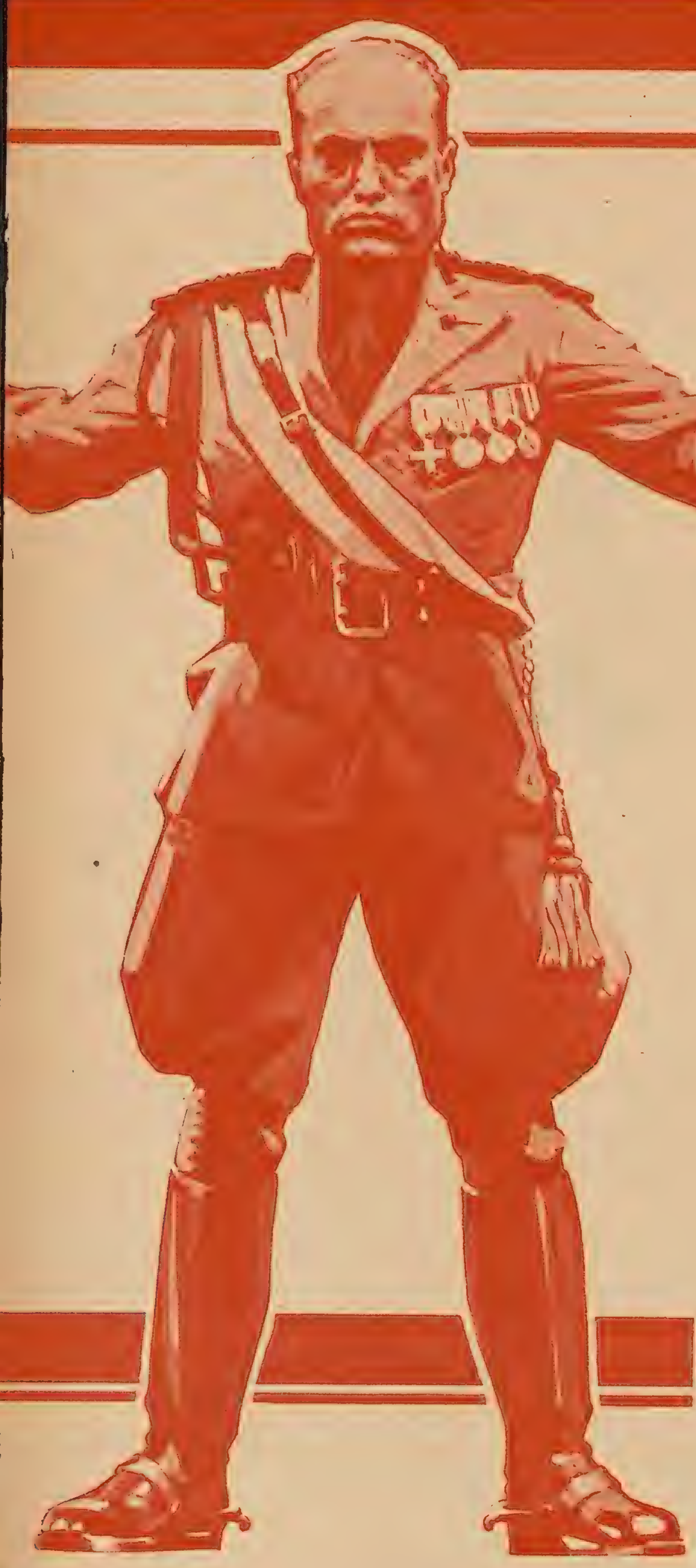
And when and where did this poignant drama begin?

The curtain ascended on the first scene last summer, when Empress Zita, of the exiled Austrian royal family, arrived on an annual visit to her picturesque villa, Pianore, in northern Italy. Accompanying Zita were all her children, including Archduke Otto, a brooding youth in his late teens who was born to be a king.

Despite the fact that the empress has spent little time at her Italian villa of late years, she has nevertheless always regarded it as her real home. For she is an Italian by birth, a daughter of the grand ducal house of Parma. Part of her youth was spent amid the scented gardens of Pianore.

Now it so happens that San Rossore, the summer residence of the Italian royal family, is also located near Pisa, not a great distance from Empress Zita's villa. And at the time of Zita's last visit the Italian sovereigns were settled there.

There was a day when the laughter of happy children brought animation to stately, silent San Rossore. But that day has long since been swallowed by history. The children of King Victor Emmanuel and his Montenegrin



Wide World photo

Princess Maria of Savoy, youngest daughter of the King and Queen of Italy. Between her and Archduke Otto stands Il Duce.

queen have grown up, and all except Princess Maria have, one by one, married and left the home of their youth for abodes of their own.

Shortly after her arrival in Italy, Empress Zita decided to pay a call on the king and the queen. Accompanying her on this visit was Archduke Otto, who had never before met the Italian sovereigns.

The visit went off smoothly—so smoothly, in fact, that the empress and the archduke were invited to stay for luncheon. Just as the four were about to repair to the dining room, a seventeen-year-old girl came upon the scene.

She was sylphlike and beautiful, with glorious, laughing eyes, a wealth of brown hair, and a complexion that reminded one of a camellia in bloom. It was the Princess Maria of Savoy.

Archduke Otto stood transfixed when he was presented to the girl. It was truly a case of love at first sight.

At luncheon Otto sat next to Maria, and the young man's mother, ever on the alert, was greatly surprised to see the archduke raptly engaged in a most animated conversation with the girl he had first seen only a few minutes before. The two young people seemed oblivious to everything and everyone around them.

As a rule, Otto was rather aloof in the presence of the opposite sex. A serious youth, he much preferred the solitude of a garden and a book to the pleasures of the world.

THE visit drew to a close and Empress Zita embraced a little more warmly than usual, the youthful princess who had obviously made such an impression on her son. On the way back to her villa, Empress Zita casually asked Otto about his impressions of the visit.

" Oh, it was simply wonderful, mother! " he said eagerly. " And what a lovely girl little Maria is! I wish I could see her again *soon!* "

The empress did not reply, electing to say nothing more about the matter.

A few days passed—days filled with dreams. Then the young archduke decided that he simply had to see the girl with whom he had fallen in love. So he secretly set out for the residence of the King and Queen of Italy.

That same afternoon, at San Rossore, the Princess Maria was strolling in the woods that surrounded the castle. She had a book in her hand, and at length she settled down under an old oak tree and began to read. Soon the book fell from her hand. She had dropped off to sleep.

When she opened her eyes again she saw, standing over her, none other than Archduke Otto. He was smiling.

" I was just wondering," he said, " whether I ought to kidnap you. You looked so much like the Sleeping Beauty —but you woke up at the wrong moment."

Embarrassed, and terribly in love, the princess blushed as only a sweet young girl can.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

"I'm so happy because I found you," said Otto. "No one knows I'm here. May I stay a while?"

Without waiting for Maria to reply, he dropped down on the ground beside her.

For long hours they talked and dreamed together, these two sweethearts. They did not tell each other of their love; it was unnecessary.

At length Maria happened to wonder about the time. She glanced at her wrist watch and a little gasp escaped from her lips.

"Oh, it's after five o'clock!" she said. "I should have been in an hour ago. They will begin to search for me!"

She bade Otto a nervous good-by and started away. But he stopped her and took her hand in his.

"Won't you come back here another time," he asked, "and let me see you?"

Wide World photo Acme photo

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, father of Princess Maria, and at the right, former Empress Zita of Austria, mother of Archduke Otto. These parents have agreed that a marriage between their children wouldn't do—but the children think otherwise!

Maria blushed and dropped her head.

"Please, dear Maria," the archduke pleaded, "won't you come back tomorrow — or Thursday? Oh, say you will! *Please* say you will!"

Mischief shone from Maria's eyes.

"Wait and see," she answered, coyly drawing her hand from Otto's. "Wait and see."

And with that she tripped off swiftly in the direction of the castle, turning once to wave to the lover who stood there under the big oak tree.

Back in the castle, the princess told her mother that she had fallen asleep in the woods, thus accounting for her tardiness in returning. The explanation was accepted as a most natural one. The Italian royal children had often fallen asleep in the spacious grounds surrounding San Rossore, and at no time had any undue alarm been attached to such a happening, inasmuch as the sovereigns' summer residence and the grounds around it were considered the quintessence of privacy and safety.

That night the princess dreamed of Otto. The archduke slept fitfully, counting the seconds until he could once again look upon his beloved. The dictator slept soundly, not knowing that Princess Maria had fallen deeply in love with a man other than the one he wanted her to marry for reasons of state.

LET us consider for a moment just what these reasons of state are. Mussolini is more than anxious to match Princess Maria with King Zog of Albania, who is Europe's youngest ruler and also its only unmarried one. Albania, although but a small country on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, is of paramount importance from a political point of view, inasmuch as it is at the entrance to the Adriatic Sea and is itself the eastern gateway to the Balkans. A match, therefore, which would unite the royal houses of Italy and Albania would be considered a ten-strike for Italian diplomacy.

But, as related in Liberty some weeks ago, Zog, the Albanian king, doesn't lean toward marriage with the beautiful Italian princess, for the simple reason that he is very much in love with another—Baroness Franziska de Janko, Viennese dancer and the daughter of a gardener. (Zog conferred the title on her.)

And now to return once more to Maria and Otto. The day after their secret meeting, Otto stole into the grounds of San Rossore shortly after noon. He stood under the big oak tree and strained his eyes in the direction of the castle. More than an hour passed. The archduke's heart sank. Fear assailed him. Perhaps the little princess had thought things over and decided . . . But no! There she was now. There in the distance—a slender, white-robed figure coming toward him, smiling and waving her hand.

"I was afraid, Maria, that you weren't coming," said Otto.

"I have thought of nothing else but seeing you again," the girl said simply.

Days melted into weeks. The secret idyl of young love continued, the world being none the wiser. Princess Maria and the pretender to the vacant Austrian throne thought very little about international intrigue and political complications. All they knew was that they were meant for each other.

And so one day Otto asked:

"Maria, when will you marry me?"

"Whenever you want me to, Otto," answered the girl.

That night the archduke informed Empress Zita of his love, and the princess, summoning all the courage she possessed, told her father, the king, that she was in love with a Hapsburg, and wanted to marry him.

VICTOR EMMANUEL was aghast. Such a thing was impossible! *Mussolini would never permit it.* Otto was a nice young man—everything, indeed, for which any prospective father-in-law could wish: handsome, brave, intelligent, and charming. Yes, Otto was all that, the king admitted to his daughter. But he was a Hapsburg, and he had laid claim to the vacant Austrian throne, a situation fraught with dire political potentialities. And, anyway, Mussolini had other plans for Maria. No, marriage to Otto was out of the question.

King Victor Emmanuel made a hurried visit to the villa of the Empress Zita. She agreed with him that a marriage under the circumstances would never do. Mussolini, too, was apprised, in a very diplomatic manner, of the turn of events. To say that he frowned is to put it mildly.

So Otto and the princess were told that they had better wait for a while. The rapidly shifting fortunes of European nations might somehow make the marriage possible at a future date. That was the only hope.

Empress Zita returned to Belgium, where she lives in exile, and Archduke Otto resumed his studies at Louvain University. Princess Maria remained with her parents in Italy, heartbroken at the separation from him.

But the young lovers think of nothing except the day when they can be married. Otto has openly declared his willingness to surrender the rights to the Crown of St. Stephen to his younger brother, Archduke Robert. That, he explains, should remove any objection to his match with the dark-eyed princess. Maria has given her full support to his intention of relinquishing his claims to the throne. She is a wise little person—wise enough, at least, to know that the lot of kings is no longer a happy one.

But even the plan of Otto to turn over to his younger brother his right to the throne has met with opposition. Nobles who hope for a restoration of an Austro-Hungarian monarchy are against such a move on his part. So are Empress Zita and the Italian sovereigns. And, last but not least, Mussolini is opposed to it.

It is quite possible that the grim-visaged dictator thinks that time will cool Maria's love for Otto, and that she may then be more amenable to a match with King Zog, in the event that time also cools Zog's love for the gardener's daughter.

It's all a sorry mix-up, and the only individual who can possibly straighten it out is Mussolini.

But *will* he?

Meanwhile, the young royal sweethearts, passionately in love, are separated, pending the final decision of Mussolini and that other and infinitely more powerful dictator—Fate.

THE END

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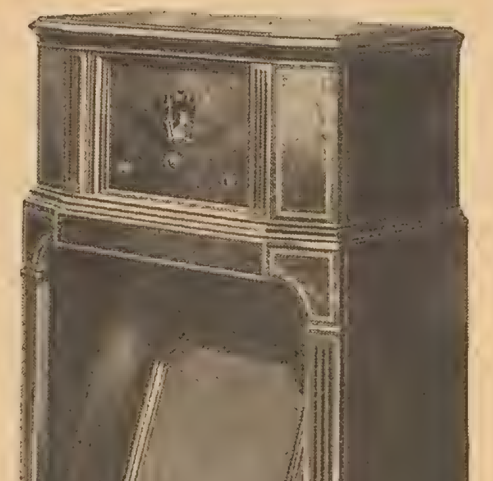

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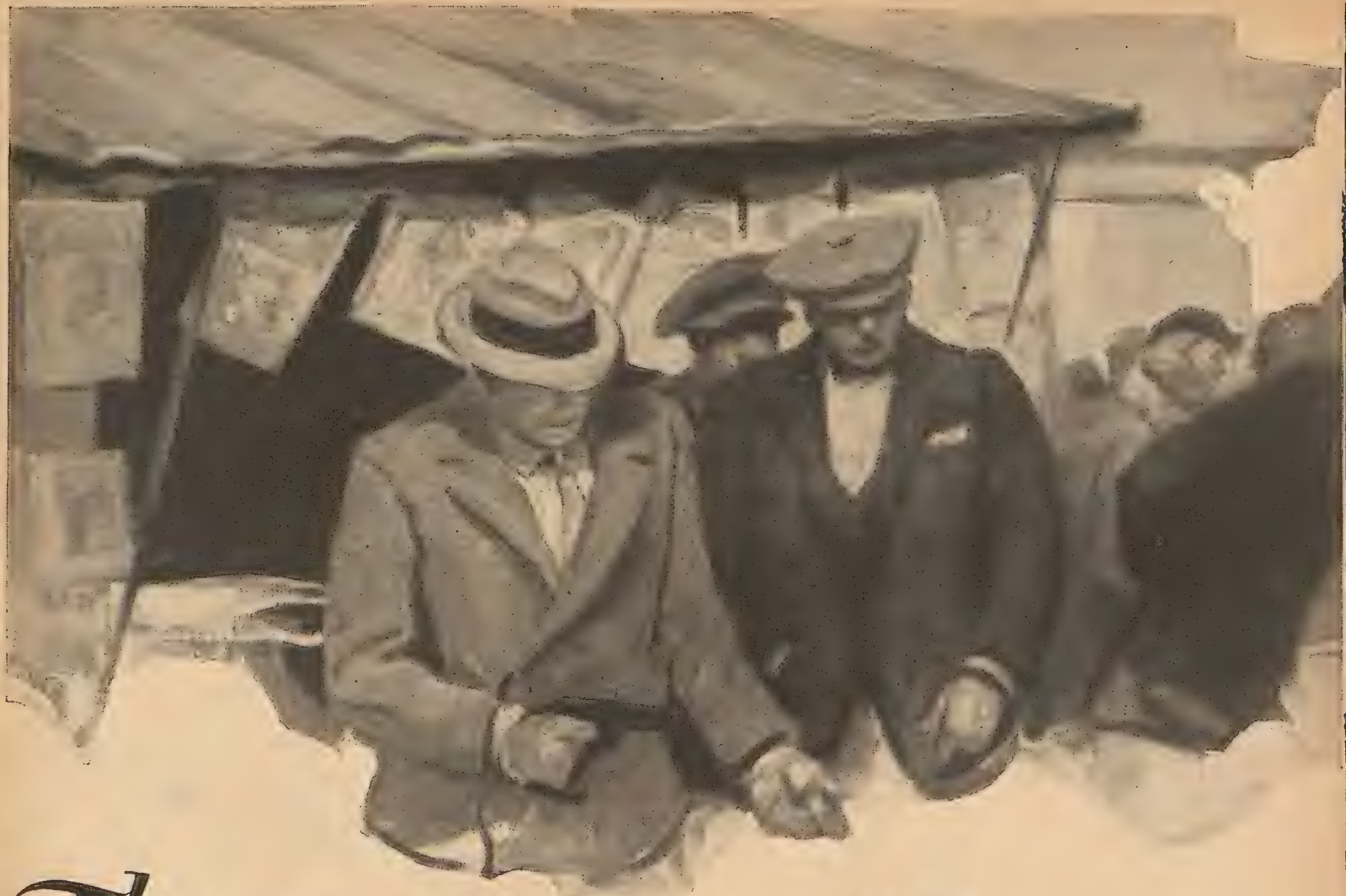


The Triple Cross

The Story of a Gambler Who Went Out Laughing and a Gunman Who Cashed in His Chips

By

ROBERT ANDREWS

who spent the early years of his life in a Mennonite settlement on an Oklahoma reservation. He lived in twenty-seven towns before he was twelve; has been a newspaper reporter, city editor, and magazine editor, and is the author of three novels. He is twenty-nine years old and lives in Chicago.

(Reading time: 29 minutes.)

CROSSING State Street, Eddie Mahon tightened his lips and held his shoulders high. It might happen here. It might happen in the next second. He might be just putting his left foot down when it happened. Or his right. He might be just giving a kid a dollar for the last paper Eddie Mahon would ever buy.

Now.

No. Nothing happened. The noise did not change. It was cars and whistles and people and yells, but that was all.

He stopped by a window and looked at the paper. Nellie F. did all right in the fourth at Hawthorne. Fair enough. He'd cash in.

No. He wouldn't cash in. He was through.

He walked on. Wabash. It might happen here, under the L tracks. This ought to be a good spot. So much noise overhead, nobody would know when the new noise stabbed between the columns.

He held his shoulders high. Sweat ran down his wrists and into his palms. His teeth grated. Hard to keep walking. Hard to grin, even when you hold the joker.

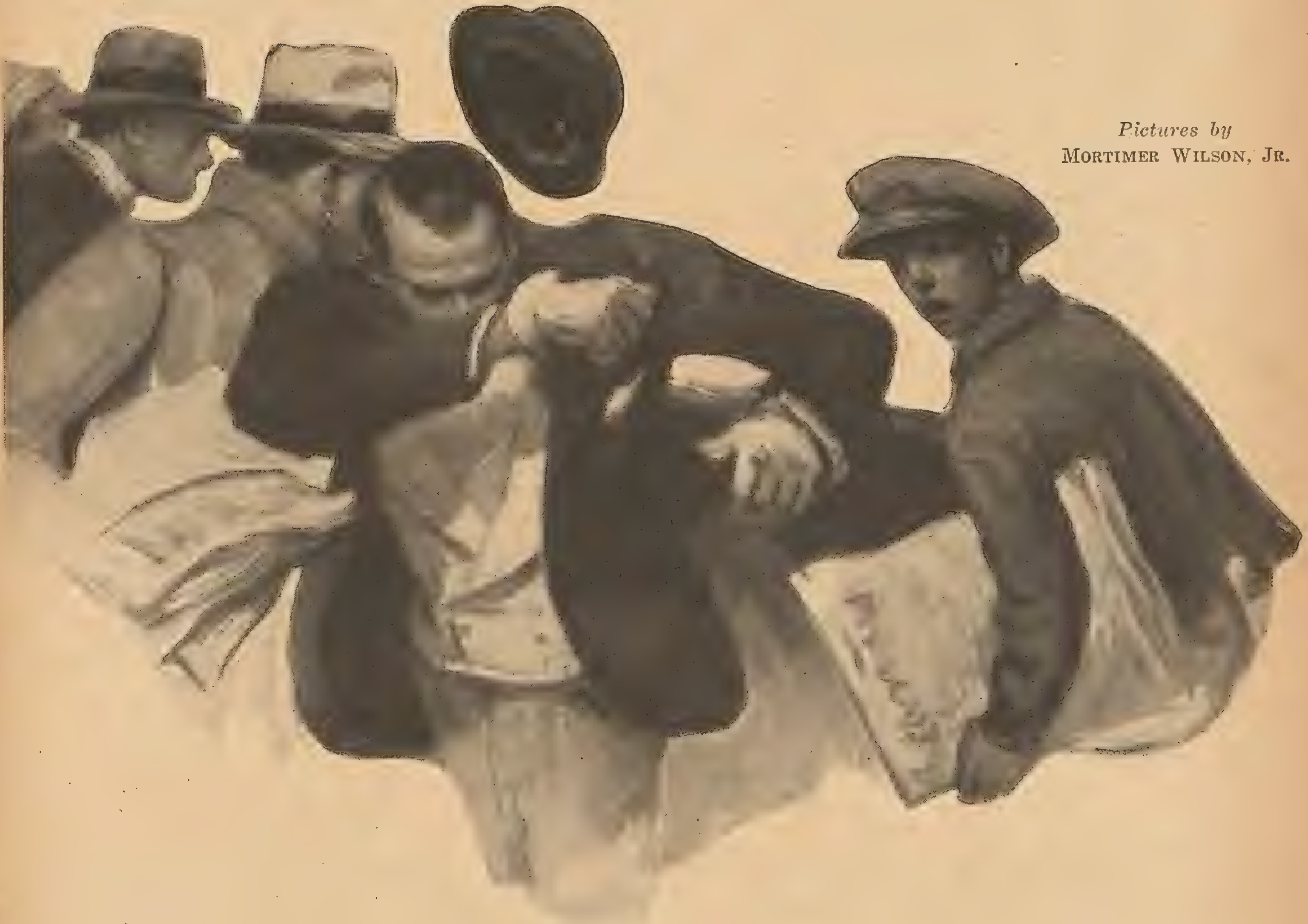
He kept walking. Michigan. The Public Library. They killed Lingle right about here. Two ways to go.

He turned north. Somehow his shoulders dropped a little. For the first time, knowing he was safe for a while, he was afraid. Now it couldn't happen. Too many people. Too many cars. He'd have to wait. Wait. That would take nerve. Too much nerve.

He could run. Run, and get on a train, and get off again, and run some more. And for nothing. It could happen at Miami as well as here; it could happen at Tia Juana as surely as at Saratoga. It was on the cards. And he was tired. What he carried in his body, what made him gasp and cough a little as he walked faster, that would settle it anyhow. No use running.

He took one more step.

HE took one more step. Then it happened. Something ripped the noise wide open.



Pictures by
MORTIMER WILSON, JR.

Then it happened.

Something ripped the noise wide open. Once, twice, three times. Then the yelling started. Then Eddie Mahon, rolling over slowly, coughing, began to grin. He was playing the joker, after all. Even if he died in the following second, coughing and not afraid to cough now; knowing it was the last cough. Even if people stood all around a lump named Eddie Mahon, and police came in black cars, and the gun that did it dropped deep in the Chicago River, and the game was done.

SO they buried Eddie Mahon. The papers did well by him. Chicago's biggest gambler got it after all, they said. They wrote a lot of stories about how he'd bet on anything. They said he was the last square gambler of them all. They said he always gave his suckers an even break. And why had he died? Welshed, somebody whispered. No, somebody answered; he got too much and he wouldn't go along. Which? Nobody knew. Never mind what the papers said. Mike Sardi knew better. So did Wally the Deuce. So did Tip Rantoul.

That was why Mike Sardi ducked his head quickly, then swore, when the telephone rang in the front room.

" Guy wants you, Mike," the bartender said, coming into the back room where Mike's hand shook, lying on the scarred table.

" You ain't seen me for weeks. I'm in Atlantic City."

" Yeh, Mike."

Mike heard the bartender growling into the telephone. Then he heard the bartender curse. The receiver clicked up. Mike wiped sweat from his thick eyebrows, and took another drink.

The telephone rang again. " I told ya he ain't here," said the bartender. " He ain't here and he ain't gonna be here. That's all."

The receiver clicked up.

Then the telephone rang in the hotel room where Wally the Deuce was figuring it out and looking for an answer.

" Take it," he told Mayme. " If it's the bureau—"

" It ain't," she whispered, covering the mouthpiece with a pudgy hand. " It's nobody I ever heard before."

" I'm gone, anyhow."

" Sure." She told the voice at the other end: " No use bothering me. I don't know anything about Wally the Deuce, and if I did I wouldn't tell you. So."

She hung up. And in a moment the telephone rang a third time. This time in the nice white house in Lake Forest where Tip Rantoul lived because his wife wanted the kids to have plenty of air.

" It's for you, Tip."

" I ain't here."

She told the voice at the other end that she didn't know where Tip Rantoul was, and she didn't know when he'd be back.

Then the word started going around. The word came

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

from Jigg O'Brien, who was the only friend Eddie Mahon had. More than that, Jigg was the kind of lawyer who gets you out of it when you want to get out. More, he knew the right people to talk to when you want the news to go straight.

The word was that Mike Sardi and Wally the Deuce and Tip Rantoul had better come down and see Jigg. What about? No answer. Why? No answer.

So a fat man with a cast in his right eye appeared at Jigg's office in a tall building on Wacker Drive.

“ I got a message from a guy,” he said.

“ So? ”

“ Yeh. From a guy.”

“ Who? ”

“ Friend of Eddie Mahon's.”

“ Do I know him? ”

The fat man gurgled soundlessly. “ Maybe.”

“ What's he want? ”

“ Wants to know if it's straight.”

“ What? ”

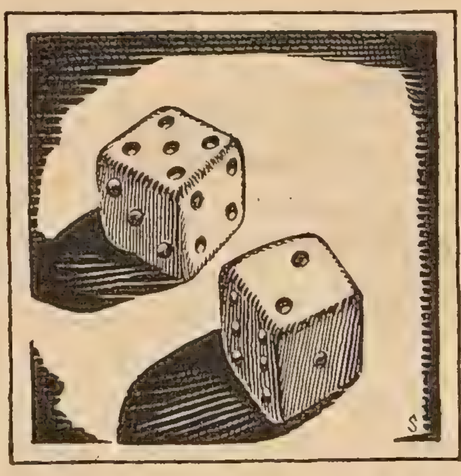
“ About you wanting to see him.”

“ I play ball.”

“ Yeh. He knows. Only—”

“ Tell him to come down and find out for himself.”

“ Then what? ”



“ Then I'll tell him. It's law stuff.”

“ Oh. Court, huh? ”

“ No. Right here in my office.”

“ Who's in on it? ”

“ Me. And Eddie Mahon.”

“ Eddie's dead.”

“ Sure. Eddie's dead. That's part of it.”

“ Huh? ”

“ Never mind. Tell your friend he'd better hurry up. And tell him to pass the word along to the others.”

“ What others? ”

“ The other two.”

“ He don't know 'em.”

“ Of course not.”

“ So how can he tell 'em? ”

“ That's his question. But all three of them have got to be here at the same time. That's what the will says.”

“ The will? ”

“ Yes. The will. Eddie Mahon's will.”

“ Oh! ”

Jigg O'Brien grinned. “ Get that, do you? There's money in it. Tell your friend that. But tell him he's got to get word to the others, too.”

“ That's all you're telling me? ”

“ All.”

“ O. K. I'll tell him, Jigg.”

“ Mr. O'Brien.”

“ Ah! ” The fat man cut off his other words with a banged door. Then Jigg O'Brien, placing his thumbs together, contemplated his desk. And thought about Eddie Mahon. A good friend. A hard man to know. But he did what he said he was going to do.

EDDIE was the kind of gambler who grinds. He played straight. But if he had a thousand and you had a hundred, he could grind you out. Eddie did well. Eddie put it away. For nobody. For nothing.

Jigg called a number, and talked for a while, quietly, his mouth tight against the phone. Then he hung up, smiling. Then, after not too long a time, his callers arrived.

They came together. They came watching one another carefully. They came with guns in their pockets. They had not spoken from the time they met in the speak on East Sixty-seventh.

“ Come in,” said Jigg, producing a bottle from the lower left-hand drawer, setting three glasses on a tray. “ Have one? ”

“ No,” said Tip Rantoul.

“ Not drinking,” said Wally the Deuce.

“ I'll take one,” said Mike Sardi.

“ Here you are.”

“ How about you? ”

“ I never drink when I'm working, Mike.”

“ Oh.” Mike drained the glass. It was good stuff. But Jigg put the cork back in the bottle, put the bottle back in the drawer, closed it carefully.

“ Ah,” said Tip, settling himself in O'Brien's own chair.

“ Get out of that,” said Jigg equably.

“ Who says so? ”

“ I say so.”

Jigg had cold eyes. Jigg knew the right people.

“ Ah,” said Tip, moving to another chair.

“ Well,” said Jigg now, settling himself with his hands in full view on top of the desk, “ I guess you know what it's about? ”

THEY shook their heads, all the time watching one another.

“ But of course you're all sorry about Eddie? ”

“ Of course,” they assured him. “ A real guy, Eddie Mahon. Regular. Them lousy newspaper guys, calling Eddie a welsher. Him? Why, Eddie would give you his last dollar if you had it coming.”

“ Yes,” said Jigg O'Brien, laughing a little. “ He gave the three of you every cent he had in the world. His last dollars. Even if you didn't have it coming.”

“ What? ” They leaned forward like one man. Their faces were alike in astonishment and in desire. Their thin tongues licked thin lips.

“ I said he left you every cent he had in the world.”

“ Then—” The three began to get up, each watching the others.

“ Wait a minute. You ought to know something. I want to ask you something. Who killed Eddie? ”

There was thick silence. Then the three men shook well trained heads.

“ He was a pal,” said Tip Rantoul. “ If we knew who got him, we'd pay off for it. You bet.”

“ That's right,” said Wally the Deuce.

“ He was a right guy,” said Mike Sardi. “ We'd like to know how it happened.”

“ Sure you would,” Jigg O'Brien nodded. “ But you didn't know it was going to happen? ”

“ Well—” said Mike.

“ You see—” said Tip.

“ It's like this,” said Wally. “ When a guy's as big as Eddie Mahon, he gets people sore. Or maybe he didn't pay off.”

“ He always paid off,” said Jigg coldly.

“ Yeh,” Tip said quickly. “ He always paid off.”

“ Always,” Jigg echoed, narrowing his cold eyes.

The silence lasted a long time. Then: “ Eddie was my friend,” said Jigg, looking at the wall. “ He was my friend.”

“ Mine, too,” said Mike. “ Wasn't he a good guy, Wally? Wasn't he, Tip? Of course he was.”

“ You bet,” they chorused, watching Jigg O'Brien.

He nodded. “ I knew you'd feel like that,” he said. “ Eddie knew, too. He said he counted on you. He said he'd gambled with you for years. He said he could tell about you. All three of you.”

“ Oh.” This was something to wonder about.

Mike Sardi got up and went to the door near the window, opened it, looked into an empty room, a room lined with cases full of law books.

Tip Rantoul moved the table a little, easily, with his big hands. Nothing clicked or dropped.

Jigg O'Brien laughed.

“ Nobody listening,” he said. “ No police, either. There couldn't be. This is private. This is outside.”

“ Outside? ” Their lips tightened. Outside the law. Then Jigg O'Brien would play it straight. Everybody knew that. “ Outside? ” they echoed.

“ Yes. But wait a minute. I want to tell you something about Eddie.”

They moved their sleek heads impatiently. Eddie Mahon was dead. Eddie had cashed his chips. Why keep on talking about Eddie? Why look that way?

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

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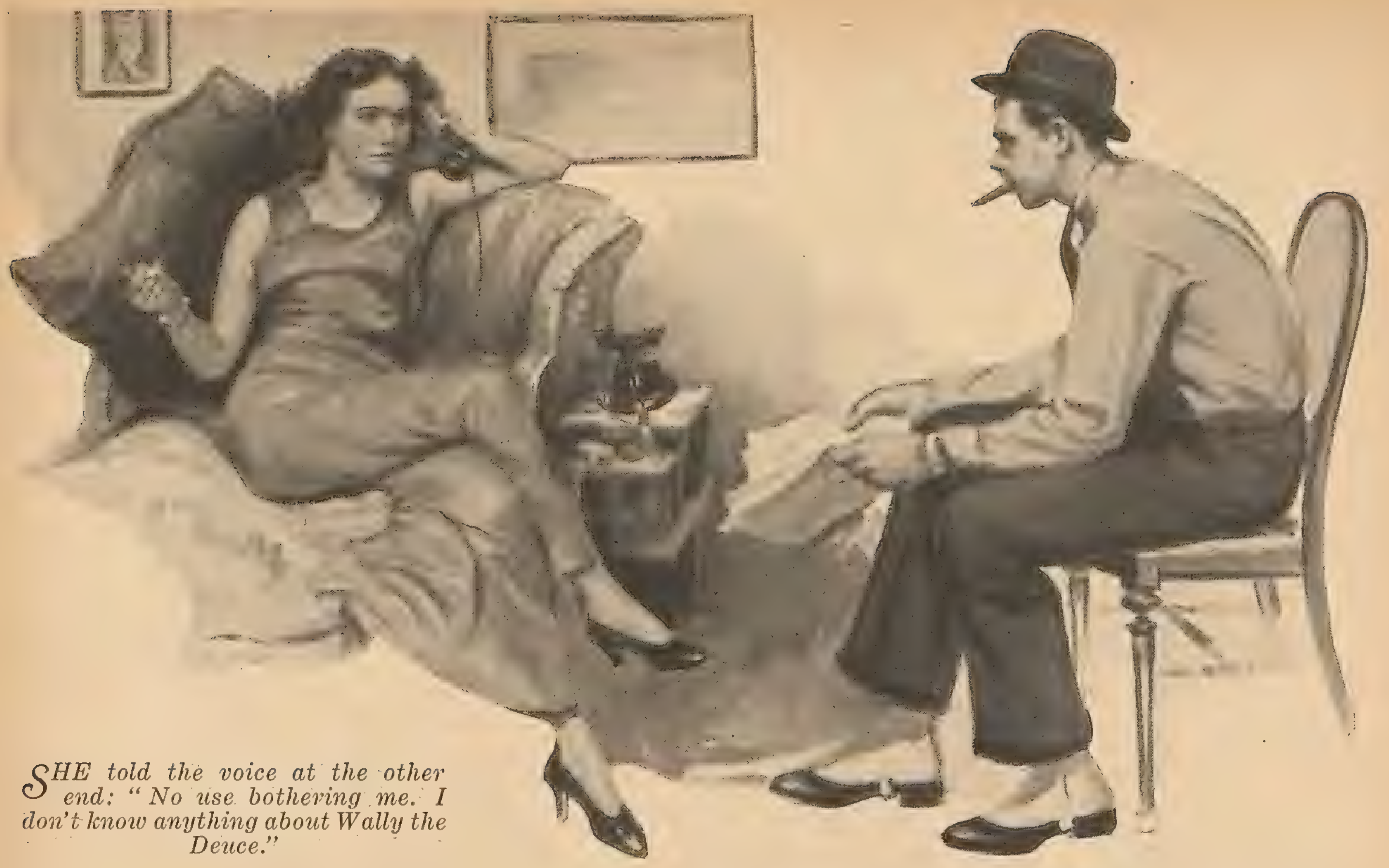
USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR



SHE told the voice at the other end: "No use bothering me. I don't know anything about Wally the Deuce."

THE TRIPLE CROSS
Continued from page twenty-two

He answered: "Because Eddie wanted it to happen," he said quietly. "He wanted it to happen like that."

They stared. Mike Sardi, watching Tip Rantoul, moved his feet a little on the thick carpet. Immediately Wally the Deuce leaned to one side in his chair, getting his right hand free. Nothing happened. Time stood still.

"He wanted to die," Jigg repeated quietly. "He knew it was coming and he was glad of it. Eddie had tuberculosis. He would have been dead in six months, even if it hadn't happened. He didn't have a chance. So he took it. Eddie was glad when it happened. He was glad."

There was nothing said. The three men shuddered a little under their good suits. Eddie coughed a lot. He used to hide his mouth when he coughed. So that was it. So that was why he went walking that way, knowing he wouldn't get back alive. So.

"So he took it," said Jigg. He waited. The three said nothing. He cleared his throat noisily. Mike Sardi's feet moved a little more. Tip Rantoul dropped one hand alongside his right coat pocket. Wally the Deuce got white around the nose. "But you didn't know anything about it? That's too bad. I think Eddie wanted to thank the man who did it."

He laughed. So, in a moment, did the others. Nobody was laughing. It was just so many raps on the thick silence. Then silence completely.

"Well," said Jigg, "that's all."

He produced a folded paper from the top drawer of his desk. Then he produced a folded yellow slip. This he tucked under the edge of his desk blotter. Now from a lower drawer he took a small black bag that chinked as he moved it. Mike Sardi whistled through heavy teeth. Wally the Deuce tightened his mouth. Tip Rantoul flushed.

"You've seen this before, I guess," said Jigg, laughing casually.

They had. They didn't need to answer. Everybody knew Eddie Mahon's black satchel. Everybody.

Now Jigg produced something wrapped neatly in white tissue paper. This he put on his desk, beside the black satchel and the folded paper. Now he sighed, leaning back in his chair, turning a little, looking out of the window, breathing slowly.

They waited. Jigg O'Brien waited. Their chairs creaked. Their bodies moved in spite of their quietness.

Finally Jigg unwrapped the white tissue. He produced two dice. Small dice. Eddie Mahon's dice.

He laughed, tossing the dice from his hand so that they rolled along the desk. "Four and three," he said. "Seven."

"Yeh. Seven." They forgot about Jigg O'Brien's face and his cold eyes. They watched the dice. Until Tip Rantoul reached for them, his fingers crooked to hold them.

"No," said Jigg O'Brien loudly. His hand covered the dice. "No. Not yet. Wait."

He opened the folded paper, read it, his lips moving a little. They watched his lips. He chuckled.

"LISTEN, you there," said Jigg O'Brien. "This is Eddie Mahon's will. I'm not putting it into court. I'm not telling anybody. It's outside. So is Eddie's money. He kept it in boxes. I got it yesterday. I deposited it the way he said. Here's the money."

He held up the folded yellow paper. Their hands closed suddenly, their nails dug into soft palms, sweat showed on their eyebrows, their hands were cold.

"No," said Jigg, smiling a little on one side of his face. "You couldn't spend it if you did. It's a cashier's check. Made out to me. I've got to make it over to the one it belongs to. Wouldn't be any good if I didn't go to the bank with it and make it over. You see?"

Only Tip Rantoul could manage the words.

"How—" he began. A long pause. "How much?" he whispered, his tongue dry on hot, dry lips.

"Seven hundred thousand dollars," said Jigg O'Brien, like a man saying "ten cents."

Tip Rantoul's red face was gray. Wally the Deuce was shivering like a man dying of tuberculosis. Mike Sardi chewed on his hand.

"Yes," said Jigg quietly. "A lot of money. A lot of money. Yes."

He looked out of the window. He waited.

"Come on!" Mike Sardi shouted all at once, jumping up, moving close to the desk. "Talk! Talk!"

The others stood beside him. Their hands were ready. Their mouths worked. "Come on, Jigg," said Tip Rantoul.

"Oh," said Jigg. "Sit down, boys. It's a long will. I've got to read it all. That's legal."

They stood.

“Sit down,” he repeated impatiently. “Sit down!”

They fumbled backward until they felt their chairs touch their legs. They went into the chairs jerkily, muscles tight, hands ready.

“I'm going to read it now,” Jigg repeated. “Listen to me. And I don't want to be interrupted. I'll skip the opening. That's the regular stuff. But here's what you've got to hear.”

He cleared his throat. He reached for a cigar, stopped, closed the box. He cleared his throat again, moved his glasses up a little on his nose, studied the folded paper, smoothed the creases. Began:

“‘. . . To my three good friends—’

“‘To my three good friends,’” he smiled, tasting the words. “That's you, boys. That's you.”

Their shoulders moved. Their eyes flickered. Three good friends. He knew better. Eddie Mahon knew better. They knew better. It was a gag. But they must nod. They must say “Yes.” They must remember that Eddie Mahon was their pal. Eddie was regular. Eddie was a friend. Sure. They nodded again, like three heads moving in a shooting gallery. Yes.

“‘. . . my three good friends, Mike Sardi, Wally Rugelli—’ That's you, isn't it, Wally?”

“Yeh. That's me. Yeh.”

“I thought so. ‘Mike Sardi, Wally Rugelli, and Tip Rantoul—’”

TIP RANTOUL turned his eyes away from the paper. “Putting me last,” he whispered. “Putting me last, huh?”

“That doesn't matter,” said Jigg. “You're all even in what he's giving away, Tip. Listen.”

He went on.

Eddie Mahon, dying, knowing he was going to die, glad it was going to happen, left seven hundred thousand dollars to his good friends, Mike Sardi, Wally Rugelli, Tip Rantoul. And he left his dice.

“These,” said Jigg O'Brien. “These.” He moved the dice quickly. “Three and one. Four. That's a bad point.”

Somebody gasped.

“And he left these,” said Jigg. He opened the satchel now, and he spilled its contents over his desk. Chips. Eddie Mahon's chips, the ones he always carried wherever he went. Red chips, blue chips, white chips. Blood on some of them. Not showing, of course; but those chips had done murder, those chips had seen life.

“It's all yours,” said Jigg, getting up. “His money, and his dice, and his chips. He left it all to you three. So.”

He selected a cigar, took off the band with agile fingers, lighted the cigar, puffed, his back turned, the yellow paper folded in his hand.

He heard the chips rattle from the table, he heard feet move quickly,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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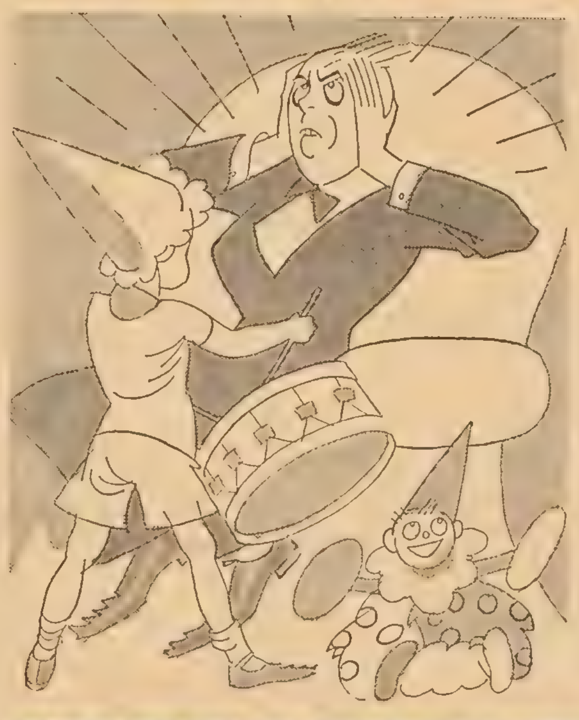

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*City*____________________ *State*__________

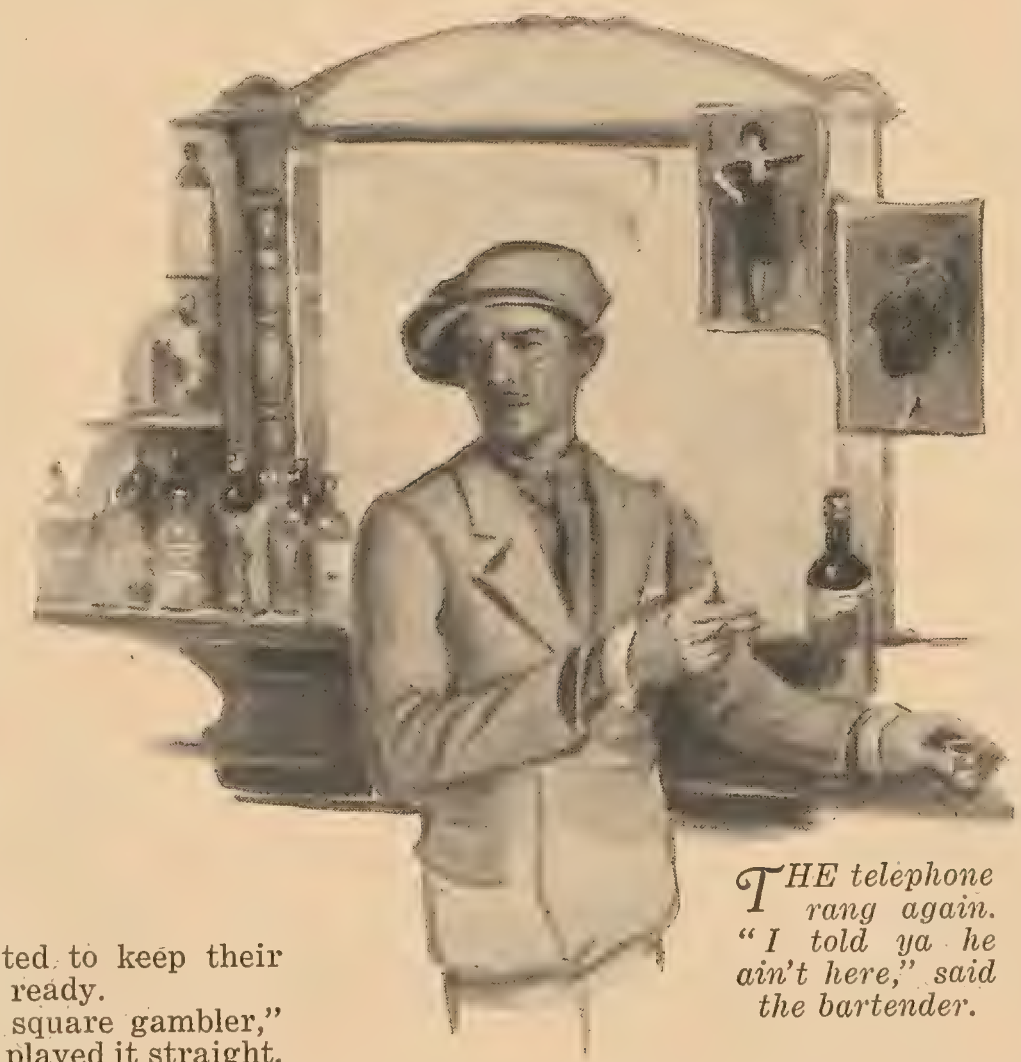
THE TRIPLE CROSS
Continued from page twenty-five

heavily; hands turned him, threw him against the wall, clutched at him, hurt his thin arms.

"How?" Tip Rantoul shouted, his face blood red, his eyes wide. "How?"

Jigg O'Brien took Tip's hand from his arm. "I don't like to be pushed around," he said calmly. "Don't do it again."

Tip Rantoul's arms spread. Wally the Deuce stepped against him. "No," said Wally. "No!" His hand was tight inside his coat. His eyes were the color of the Chicago River. "Back up, Tip."



THE telephone rang again. "I told ya he ain't here," said the bartender.

Mike Sardi stood away from them, grinning. His teeth showed. His mouth was slack. His hand made a lump under his coat, around the knife. "No," he echoed. "Back up."

They stood away from Jigg O'Brien, three men watching one another, ready, their hands twitching.

For this moment they forgot about Jigg O'Brien, and about the chips, and about the dice. And about the check for seven hundred thousand dollars, the check nobody but Jigg could turn into money.

"That's better," said Jigg. "Now. Will you listen? Will you sit down?"

They backed against their chairs again, they sat down clumsily, twisted to keep their hands free, twisted to be ready.

"Eddie Mahon was a square gambler," said Jigg seriously. "He played it straight. You know that, don't you?"

They did not answer. If they knew, they did not say so. They knew. They knew how Eddie Mahon played it. That was why he had to go. Because he wouldn't play ball. Because he cut in where he wasn't wanted. Because he kicked over the system. They did not answer. They listened.

"He was square," Jigg repeated. "He shot square. Those are his dice. They're straight dice. See?"

He handed the dice to Tip Rantoul.

"Roll them," he commanded.

Tip held the dice on the palm of his hand. Sweat bathed them. His hand did not move.

"Roll them," O'Brien repeated. "Go on, Tip. They're Eddie's own dice. Straight dice. Roll them."

The dice skidded from Tip's hand, kicked over once, stopped on the edge of the desk. "Three and two," said O'Brien. "Eddie liked that point. Remember?"

NO answer. Nothing. This had gone beyond the edge. They could not talk. Their hands would have to do it for them now.

Jigg picked up the dice. He leaned over, reaching under his desk for scattered chips. He put the chips in orderly piles. Reds together, blues together, whites together, like a banker facing them from behind the table.

"There you are," he said at last, getting up. "Chips. Dice. All set."

"All set for what?" Tip Rantoul rasped from his aching throat. "For what, Jigg O'Brien?"

"For the game," he said blandly.

"What game? What game?" Wally the Deuce shrilled, leaning forward, white-faced, staring, his eyes on Eddie Mahon's straight dice.

Jigg O'Brien began to laugh. He laughed a long time. They did not touch him. They did not dare. They knew what to do when a man has to be handled. They knew what to do when there's something in it you can touch. Now they faced Eddie Mahon and Jigg O'Brien together, a dead man and his friend, who laughed at them and at the chips and the dice on the table. They did nothing.

Jigg was near the door. His hand was on the knob.

Now Tip Rantoul jumped up, almost running toward the door. "You ain't going out of here! You ain't."

"Yes," said Jigg. "I am. I'm leaving you alone. Because you three have got to settle it. You see, Tip, Eddie didn't leave so much to one of you, so much to the others. He left seven hundred thousand dollars. He said you've got to shoot for it—with his straight dice. And the man that wins all the chips and brings them to me at my house is the one that gets Eddie's money. You see?"

EDDIE MAHON was a gambler. A straight gambler. He shot straight dice. If you trimmed him, he paid. If you didn't pay, he got it out of you anyhow. He was a straight gambler.

He left all his money to three men and called them friends, and they knew he must have laughed when he said it. He left them his straight dice and his chips and he said if they wanted the money they'd have to shoot for it. With straight dice. Men who never used straight dice. Men who could read marked cards from ten feet away. Men who knew the rolls and the breaks and the clicks. Mike Sardi, Wally the Deuce, Tip Rantoul. And one of them could have seven hundred thousand dollars. If he could win it with straight dice. If—

Tip Rantoul jerked Jigg's hand away from the knob. He opened the door himself. "Come on," said Tip Rantoul savagely to Wally the Deuce and Mike Sardi. "It's a gag. Let's get out of this. Come on."

They were following. They crowded up against the door, three of them.

And Jigg, standing back a little, rubbing his hand, smiled.

"All right," he said. "Eddie sort of thought you'd run out on it. He said you wouldn't have the nerve to shoot straight for it. He said if you walked out on it, the money goes to the Police Fund. They can use it. So I'll just make the check over to Captain Brent, and that's all. Good day, gentlemen. Good day."

He spread his hands in a gesture that sneered at them all. But they stood where they were.

"How—" Mike Sardi began. He stopped, chewing his hand.

"How can we tell?" said Wally the Deuce in his child's thin voice.

"Tell what?" Jigg O'Brien nodded. "Of course," he said. "Of course. You're all afraid. Can't shoot a straight game. That's what Eddie thought. He just wanted to find out. Well—" He creased the cashier's check for seven hundred thousand dollars carefully, he put it in an inside pocket. Mike Sardi's hand clutched at him. "No, no," said Jigg politely, stepping back. "Wouldn't do you any good, Mike. You can't cash it. I've got to cash it. For the one that holds all the chips.

Eddie's chips. The one that wins them with Eddie's dice. Straight dice, Mike. Ever shoot with straight dice? Ever try it, Mike?"

Mike gulped, jerked at his high collar with thick fingers.

"How about you, Wally?"

No answer.

"You, Tip?"

No answer.

"Then good day, gentlemen. I've got to go over and see Captain Brent. Funny, Eddie giving all his money to the police. Funny, eh?" He chuckled. "Thought you'd like it. Good gag. Eddie was a good joker, boys. Always. Well?"

They stood still. Their eyes moved from Jigg O'Brien to the table and the chips and the dice. Back again. Their eyes were riveted on the pocket where Jigg had put the folded check. Seven hundred thousand dollars. Seven hundred thousand dollars. For one, not for three. For one.

They moved all together. All three of them stepped toward the table.

"Oh?" Jigg O'Brien asked of nobody, chuckling, his face like stone. "Oh?"

HE waited for the first man. The first man was Tip Rantoul. His moved one second before Mike Sardi's hand. Only Wally the Deuce was immobile. He watched the others.

Let them do it. Let them start the break.

"When you're through," said Jigg O'Brien now, "when you're finished, the man who holds the chips can find me at home. When I count up the chips, I'll go with the winner and cash the check. You understand?"

Wally the Deuce jerked around. "Get out!" he snarled shrilly. "Get out. Let us alone!"

Jigg bowed gravely. "Good day, gentlemen," he said. "Of course, if you want to make a deal—" He spread his hands. He spoke very softly, as though he talked to himself. "If you were to hand over all the chips to one man, I'd never know. That one could collect. Then you could split. Eddie won't care. He's dead, anyhow."

No answer. The men were three wolves around the kill, which was Eddie Mahon's chips and Eddie Mahon's dice.

Tip Rantoul picked up the dice. Hands held him. Mike Sardi wrenched the dice away from him.

"We'll roll for it," said Wally the Deuce. "High dice takes it first."

They had their hands on the desk now. They nodded as one man.

"The dice are straight," said Jigg loudly. "Eddie Mahon always shot straight dice."

Then he closed the door. He nodded to his secretary. "You can go home," he said. "Hurry."

She ducked out of the office. Jigg looked around the outer room once. Past the door into his own office he heard the men. Their voices had the thirsty edge of men who do not dare to kill. He grinned, nodding his head

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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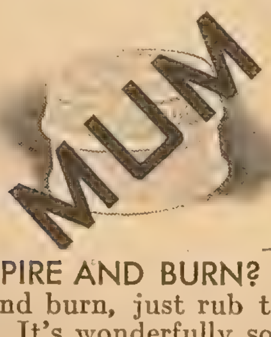

FEET PERSPIRE AND BURN? When your feet ache and burn, just rub them with a little Mum. It's wonderfully soothing, and destroys every trace of unpleasant odor.

[THE TRIPLE CROSS Continued from page twenty-seven]

a little. Then he left the office, locking the outer door.

. . . . .

Mike Sardi fumbled at the bell. His hand would not straighten out. He beat his hand helplessly on the stone balustrade that led up to Jigg O'Brien's door.

He tried again. The thick fingers splayed along the wall, came to rest. Inside, dimly, through a veil, Mike heard the bell jangle. Once. Again.

The black satchel dropped out of his other hand. He tried to bend over for it. His body tipped slowly, like a smokestack falling down. He let his shoulder hit the wall to hold him. It hurt. His lips got white. He shook his hands helplessly. They hung down straight.

Somehow, after a long time, he got his right hand up to the door again. The fingers crawled along the wall until they found the bell.

His eyes wanted to go shut. He made them open wide. He let all his weight lean on the one hand. The bell jangled again. Now somebody was coming. He heard slow steps inside. Dimly, through a veil, he saw the black satchel, crumpled up in a corner against the door.

He slid down on one knee slowly, grimly. He clutched at the satchel. He could not quite reach it. He coughed. His mouth tasted bad.

He got a grip on the satchel now. He tried to get up. It took a long time, inching up the wall. But at last he was on his feet. The satchel clung to his hand. His hand was sticky. It hurt, holding the heavy satchel. The chips weighed so much. Eddie Mahon's chips. His arm lay against a lump in his side pocket. Eddie Mahon's dice.

THE door opened. Unprepared, Mike Sardi reeled a little. Hands held him up.

"I—" He stopped, coughing. His mouth tasted bad. "I want to see Jigg O'Brien. Now. Right away. I want to see Jigg O'Brien."

"Come in," a voice said. "Here. I'll take the bag for you."

"No!" Mike Sardi shouted. "No! Let go!"

The hands were too strong. Mike Sardi's big arm was no good to him. The hands took the satchel.

"This way," the voice said. "In here."

Mumbling, staggering a little, holding close to the wall, Mike Sardi followed. The mist kept coming up. He shook his head desperately. It hurt, shaking his head. There was a lot of noise in his head. He coughed again.

His mouth tasted bad. He stumbled through the door.

He could just see Jigg O'Brien, sitting back of a desk. Another desk. Like the desk in Jigg O'Brien's office. Like—

"Hello, Mike," he heard Jigg saying, chuckling a little.

"Yeh." He fumbled with his right arm, found a chair, slipped down into the chair heavily. It hurt, bending that much. He coughed.

"You won, eh, Mike?"

"Here." Mike's hand flexed. There wasn't anything in his hand. The satchel was gone. The satchel.

HE stumbled to his feet. "I brought—Eddie's chips. I— Oh!" Somebody handed him the black satchel. He tugged at the fastening. It clicked open. Chips spilled out of the satchel. White chips. No white chips. All red chips. All of them. Stained chips. Blood on them.

Mike Sardi laughed terribly, down in his throat. "There you are," he gurgled. "That's Eddie's chips. All of them."

"Yes," said Jigg O'Brien, getting up. "Mike!"

Mike heard the new note in Jigg O'Brien's voice. A hard, triumphant shout. His eyes blinked. He fought up through the mist, through the fog. He made his throat tight. He shuddered. He forced his shoulders back. Now his eyes were open. Now he could see.

He saw Jigg O'Brien standing. He saw, beside Jigg, a tall man in a blue uniform. A cop. He tried to move. No use. Hands held him, from behind the chair. Big hands. Cop's hands.

He gurgled. He blinked desperately, wildly. He moved. No use. The hands were strong, and Mike Sardi was not strong now; the fog was coming back.

"Look, Mike!" said Jigg O'Brien sharply. "The dice!" He took them from Mike Sardi's pocket. They were red dice. Stained, like the chips. "Look!" he said again. He chanted "Seven!" He snapped the dice from his hand. Mike Sardi saw them roll along the carpet, saw them stop, saw a five and a two. "Seven!" Jigg O'Brien chanted. And then, "Seven again!"

He snapped the dice quickly again.

In next week's issue—

Can Mr. Hoover Be Re-elected?

A Dispassionate Appraisal of His Chances in the Light of His Record

By

Jay Franklin

Also stories and articles by Konrad Bercovici—MacKinlay Kantor—Mrs. Grace Thompson Seton—Rene Harris—George S. Brooks—Margaret Douglas Winn

They read six and one. "Seven!"

He stood up, very tall, looking down at Mike Sardi, sneering now, cold, triumphant, glad.

"Crooked dice, Mike," he said. "Eddie's crooked dice. And the check—" He unfolded a yellow slip, and Mike's dim eyes gleamed. "No," said Jigg O'Brien, laughing, spreading open the slip. It was blank. It was not a check. It was a piece of paper.

"You couldn't shoot straight with crooked dice," said Jigg O'Brien. "You couldn't do it. And you couldn't win what wasn't. "Because Eddie Mahon left all his cash to the Police Fund, to start with."

He turned to the man in the blue uniform.

"Take him out of here, captain," Jigg O'Brien said. "You couldn't burn him for killing Eddie Mahon, even if we know he did it. But you can burn him just as much for killing Wally the Deuce and Tip Rantoul. Take him away. You've got everything you need."

They picked Mike Sardi up from the chair. His arms hung limp. His eyes were dull.

He saw only one thing, while they dragged him out of the room. He saw Eddie Mahon's crooked dice, lying there on the floor. A five and a deuce. Seven. Eddie Mahon's point. The joker, after all.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Michigan?
2—Does sound travel faster through air or through water?
3—Which one of the Great Lakes lies entirely within the United States?
4—What is a springbok?
5—What is finnan haddie?
6—What is attar?
7—Which is farther north, Paris, France, or Duluth, Minnesota?
8—What is the freezing point on a centigrade thermometer?
9—What is a tocsin?
10—What part of a wooden wheel is the felly or felloe?
11—The Aleutian Islands are part of what territory?
12—What is a mahout?
13—What is electrolysis?
14—Who succeeded Andrew W. Mellon as Secretary of the Treasury?
15—What is seismology?
16—What is kaolin?
17—What is an atoll?
18—What is the distaff side of a family?
19—What is pomology?
20—What was Tokyo formerly called?

(Answers will be found on page 65)

I STRUGGLED TO GET THEM TO DRINK MILK

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Walter Johnson, Senators' chief, should make the Yankees hustle.

How Fullerton Figures

SINCE 1896 Hugh Fullerton has been the leading, and for years the only, baseball "dopester." He has figured the World's Series correctly in all but four instances, and in thirty-five years of the National League he has "doped" the winning team twenty-seven times. In the American League, in thirty tries he has figured the winner twenty-one times. In 1908, a month before the season started, he declared that he refused to select the winner in either league, as Chicago, New York, and Pittsburgh in the National, and Detroit and Chicago in the American, ought to finish in a tie. The amazing thing is that the teams finished practically tied.

Fullerton's system of mathematical calculations was developed from the system used by General "Hi Hi" Dixwell, the eccentric baseball lover of Boston, and is based upon the theory that offensive strength of a team is 64 per cent of its total strength, and defensive is 36 per cent.

Fullerton analyzes each player. Offensively he studies his batting averages, the character of his hits, his speed on bases, ability to "stretch hits," worry pitchers, score

The Comparative

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Offensive	Defensive	Total
Philadelphia	6286	4140	10426
New York	6331	3832	10163
Washington	6209	3913	10122
Cleveland	6133	3922	10055
St. Louis	6064	3842	9906
Chicago	6012	3835	9847
Detroit	6056	3731	9787
Boston	6071	2580	8651

(Reading time: 18 minutes 45 seconds.)

PHILADELPHIA'S Athletics, discounted seven per cent for wear and tear, depreciation and disgruntlement, will win the American League championship for the fourth time in 1932, and will meet the New York Giants in the World's Series next fall.

The Giants, gradually gaining strength and aided to a great extent by the extraction of the rabbit glands from the ball, will win the National League pennant after a close, hard race in which five of the eight clubs will figure prominently, beating out the St. Louis Cardinals in the closing weeks of the struggle, with Brooklyn, a revivified and powerful club, cracking at the finish after it has aroused high hopes in the hearts of its followers.

There is but little change in the line-up strength of the American League teams for the season, and small indication that there can be any overturning of the dope, excepting that Cleveland, which has been building up a pennant contender, will threaten the three strong teams during the greater portion of the season, and then slip back because of lack of one good left-handed pitcher and of an above-par shortstop to round out an otherwise dangerous team.

In the National League the race should be a scramble between the first five teams, with the sixth—Boston, its attacking power increased by the acquisition of the great Shires—upsetting the race by its spurts; and, until September 1 at least, three clubs should be in hoping distance of the championship.

Gabby Street (below) and his Cardinals are slated to finish close to the top.

International Newsreel photos

There are more unusual conditions affecting the pennant races this year than for a long time. The crop of candidates for permanent positions is not as large as usual, nor are there so many jobs open, due to the fact that every club is restricting its player lists.

The material drafted, purchased, and recalled is not extraordinary, nor can I see more than five new men who promise to affect the results to any extent. All of which makes the doping easier than in many years. But the deaths of Charles Comiskey, William Wrigley, and Barney Dreyfuss, and the change of management and of policy in Brooklyn make doping hard. The change of ownership frequently affects a team and either makes or mars its chances, so that in addition to figuring the ability of managers and players, we face the problem of what will be the effect of the passing of men who have controlled the destinies of clubs and made their policies.

I greatly fear that Dreyfuss' death means an epoch of failure for Pittsburgh; while the passing of Wrigley, if Bill Veech is permitted to control the destinies of the club unhampered, will not mean much. The straightening out, as far as possible, of the Ebbetts-McKeever feud in Brooklyn and the selection of Max Carey as manager,

Baseball Races

FULLERTON

Picks the Athletics and the Giants to Win Leagues This Year—and Tells Why

the Teams' Ratings

from second on short hits, and every element entering into the attack—evaluating each. In defense he figures a man's speed, ground-covering ability, throwing, quick thinking, and teamwork.

In attack each man is valued in proportion to his power to aid in creating runs. In defense, knowing that a pitcher is more valuable than a catcher, a catcher more than a second baseman, and so on, he figures the defensive value of each position, the calculation being based upon the number and the character of the chances each player has.

Having reached the value of positions, Fullerton figures the value of each individual in the position he occupies. He figures, too, how many games each player should play in a season, how many games each pitcher will work, etc. Then he adds up and finds the offensive and defensive value of each team as expressed mathematically.

Not satisfied with that, he studies the effectiveness of pitchers against each club and calculates how the offensive power of each team will operate against the defensive power of every other team.

Acme photo

Team trouble will be the biggest obstacle facing Rogers Hornsby and the Chicago Cubs.

Strengths of Teams

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Offensive	Defensive	Total
New York	6236	4033	10269
St. Louis	6241	3982	10223
Brooklyn	6271	3832	10103
Chicago	6230	3744	9974
Pittsburgh	6284	3638	9922
Boston	6233	3519	9752
Philadelphia	6206	3477	9683
Cincinnati	5940	3362	9302

mean that Brooklyn becomes a vital element in the race, in spite of the fact that the team is perhaps the dumbest and most irresponsible in either league. Comiskey, one of the greatest of baseball leaders, has been, for a dozen years, more of a handicap than a help to his club. The selection of Fonseca to lead the White Sox was a strange one, and indicates that Louis Comiskey will direct policies and return to the custom of letting managers manage.

International Newsreel photo

Max Carey leads the leagues' big puzzle—the Dodgers.

Beyond doubt, every club in the major leagues, excepting Chicago in the American and Boston in the National, has lost attacking power, due to the taming down of the ball; and just as certainly every club, excepting Detroit and Philadelphia's Athletics, has gained defensive strength.

But before we can arrive at any positive figures regarding the probable outcome of the races, another condition which may affect team strengths must be considered. That is the agreement of the club owners, more or less compelled by economic pressure, to make radical cuts in salaries of players and in size of teams.

Excepting in four cases, affecting three clubs, I have ignored this element in the dope. A ball player, no matter how hurt and sore he may be because of a reduced salary, still is a ball player when he gets out on to the field. He does his cussing and complaining in the hotel and sleeping car and plays just as hard after the game starts as if he had the pay he demanded. Ruth would play as much baseball and try as hard for $4.75 as he would for $80,000, and the majority of players are like him.

The danger to the dope, however, lies in the fear that some star pitcher or other individual whose work has a vital bearing upon the success of his club, might sulk and not do his best work because of resentment of a salary reduction.

THERE is no evidence that any newcomer into the major leagues—excepting Elliott and Hansen of Philadelphia, Carr Smith of Brooklyn, Crosetti of the New York Yankees, Koenecke of the New York Giants, and Connatser of Cleveland (none of whom is yet a proved quantity)—will have any vital effect upon the chances of the team.

On the other hand, I have had, this spring, to figure seventeen veterans—some because of age, weak legs, bad arms, operations, or dissatisfaction with terms—who may have a strong deterrent effect on their teams.

Each of these cases must be studied separately and in relation to his position strength on the team. For instance, if Mose Grove should, for any reason, slump, the Athletics' chances for another championship would be

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DOPING THE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL RACES
Continued from page thirty-one

seriously affected, if not ruined; and if Farrell of Cleveland should slip, the chances of Evans' team would be reduced heavily, almost as heavily as the Yankees' would be if Ruth should break a leg in April.

These, however, are chances the dopester must take. Each season such things happen to some club, and this season, with smaller player rosters, the effect of such an event might well be more disastrous than ever to the affected club.

The Philadelphia Athletics, despite defeat last fall, still possess too much strength for their competitors. The only chance one can figure for any team to beat them out of the championship is for disastrous injury or disqualification of Grove or Earnshaw, or the complete failure of Cochrane, admittedly the directing head of the team.

Many judges and students of the sport have the idea that Mack's team is past its best days, and that their failure to beat St. Louis last fall marks the commencement of the collapse of another great Mack machine. As a matter of fact, this is not the case, as revealed by study of the figures. The team won its championship in the American League last season so easily that it was not compelled to hustle, and therefore fell into careless habits. Mack knows, better than the dope can show, what ailed his great team, and, standing pat, save for a slight gain in reserve strength, he will not countenance loafing this year.

The New York team and Washington will have a desperate fight for the second place; Washington has stronger defense, ought to have the better of the pitching, but the Yankees still have the scoring power, and the pitching is certain to be a trifle better than last season. Washington is a fading ball club, with reënforcements not quite up to the standard of the old club.

The one argument in favor of Washington is that Griffith and Johnson have planned their attack and their defense largely to fit the competition of Philadelphia and New York, yet Washington has not been strong enough to beat, in its series, the teams it aims to beat, and in pointing to win from its closest rivals it has lost too many games to weaker teams.

IT is unfortunate from an American League standpoint that the three strongest teams of the League are in the East. New York will make a tremendous bid, but its infield is cracking, with Lary and Lazzeri gone back, and two promising youngsters cannot fill that gap.

It is doubly unfortunate for Boston to be in the same section with the three real pennant contenders, and this year the schedule is sadly against Shano Collins' hustling outfit, and seems to doom the Boston team to a return to the cellar from which they struggled last season by sheer hustle and determination.

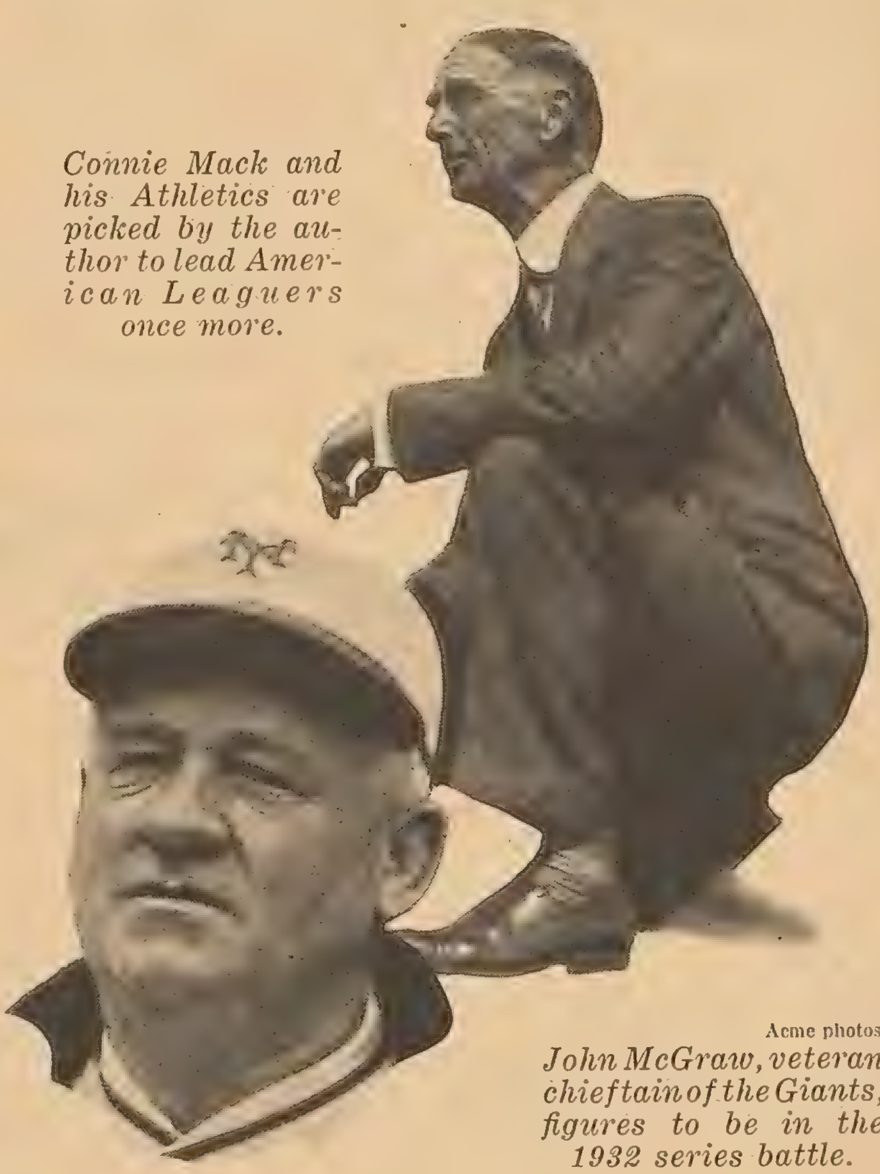
Boston must play its first twenty games against the three strongest teams in the circuit, which is discouraging to a weak club. If Collins should happen to get his two effective pitchers into top form early, and they should be able to offset the superior strength of the other Eastern clubs, those first twenty games might have a tremendous effect upon the finals of the race. However, the dope indicates a severe chastisement of Boston in the opening weeks at the hands of the three contenders, and that means a discouraged and beaten team to start a Western invasion.

The Western clubs of the American League all are slightly improved. The Chicago White Sox are the one uncertain quantity. They are a better team than last year's showing indicated, but still one of the hardest clubs in the country to manage.

The team suffered a great deal from accidents and injuries last year, and while not strong enough to be a contender, it will be a trouble-making team for the stronger clubs. If Ted Lyons returns to form, as promised, the White Sox will be dangerous, one day in each series at least. Detroit has little promise, despite attacking strength. It, too, had a run of accidents last year that was discouraging. The team is spotty in hitting, and must change attacking style, although the return to a deader ball adds to its offensive value. The pitching is not good and the morale of the team under Harris not of the best. Harris is on trial for his managerial life—with little chance of surviving.

St. Louis is standing pat practically, and undertaking one of the most interesting of experiments. It is taking one of the smallest squads in modern history on the training trip and relying upon the development of known strength rather than trying to find new talent. With consistent pitching the Browns would be a contending element in the American League race, but there is no sign of such consistency.

The American League race should be close, with four teams in the struggle up to August, when Philadelphia should draw away steadily, with New York and Washington battling for the place and Cleveland sinking slowly toward its normal.



Connie Mack and his Athletics are picked by the author to lead American Leaguers once more.

Acme photos

John McGraw, veteran chieftain of the Giants, figures to be in the 1932 series battle.

Dope indications are that the National League race of 1932 will be much closer and harder, with every club, excepting the weak Cincinnati Reds and the improved but still spotty Philadelphia outfit, having its periods of hope.

It may be a surprise to you, as it was to me, to find that while the St. Louis Cardinals still have the best balanced and uniformly strong team in the circuit, the New York Giants can present a team that is better in the figure column and which must be doped to win, although their dope advantage is only forty-six points, an advantage which lies in better defensive work.

New York will be able this season to present the strongest and most mobile defense in the infield and outfield, the pitching will be improved to a great extent, and while the catching still remains the worst feature, it ought to be slightly better than it has been.

St. Louis, if the dope is correct, erred in allowing Burleigh Grimes to get away, especially to join a strong team. A strange characteristic of Grimes is that the harder a game is, the better he pitches, and he assumes the task of stopping the " tough " teams in the crucial games of each series. Grimes will work as often and as hard to beat St. Louis this season as he is permitted to do, and he will win several very important games from them, which they will need when the pinch comes, near the finish.

With Grimes gone, Hallahan or Haines must assume the anchor rôle with the Cardinals, and with Haines' arm not an A-1 risk at the best, and Hallahan called upon to pitch the most important game in each series, the World's champions will not win as many games as they did in 1931.

It may be a surprise, too, to find that Pepper Martin, upon whom so much of St. Louis' hopes are based, is not likely to be a Cobb or a Speaker during this season. The boy is good, fast, and a fighter, but, in spite of his showing in the World's Series, he isn't yet, if ever, as good a player as he looked then. He has weaknesses yet to overcome. Fortunately he is a sensible boy, anxious to learn and to win. The team is neither strong at first nor third. The outfield is fine, easily adjusted to any tactics required to meet emergencies or injuries, and Jimmy Wilson has developed into a fine catcher.

Brooklyn figures to finish third, but Brooklyn and Chicago's Cubs are the interrogation points of the league and liable to do almost anything except win a championship. One thing is certain: the Brooklyn team will be one of the most colorful and interesting in the country, with strong pitching, terrific hitting power, and perhaps less thinking ability than any of the others. If the trio of hard-hitting outfielders and their first basemen do not bump each other to death, and if the rules are changed to permit them to run bases backward, they have a chance. It may be that Max Carey, one of the smartest managers in the game, may ask some of his men to check their brains in the clubhouse and permit him to do the thinking, in which case they will scare a lot of ball clubs, and beat many of them.

CHICAGO is a puzzle, and if there is any upset of the National League dope, that team will figure in the convolution. Much depends upon Hornsby. His attempt to cure the internal troubles in the team last season failed, as the team did. Now that Wrigley is dead, his son Phil, nominally in charge, probably will delegate full authority to Bill Veech, the president. Either the players will work for Hornsby or get off the team, and Veech will not support Hornsby if he thinks the manager is at fault.

The team will either rally and do better than its dope strength indicates, or break worse and finish below the average it is entitled to win on ability. The team will have more reliable pitching if Grimes decides to do his best, but it is weak at third and not strong in one outfield position. On pure dope it figures fourth, and not too far back of the leaders, but if I were to pick its finishing point without reference to dope, it would be sixth. Its possible range is anywhere from sixth to second place.

Pittsburgh will be steadier, but little better. The death of Dreyfuss will not help, and the team shows indications of fading away. The new material lacks promise, and, despite their high averages, the Waners have not been winning players. The pitching staff rates seventh in the league, and the complete dope makes fifth the probable finishing position. Boston, with Shires added to the hitting power, and with Maranville still spurring a nondescript bunch along, will be a trouble maker for some teams, and should finish sixth.

Despite its weakness in many departments, the Philadelphia team is an interesting one, and Fletcher has managed to assemble about as promising a bunch of young pitchers, as yet undeveloped, as has been shown by the National League. Fletcher has two really great players, a crowd of mediocres, and some strong pitching prospects, and the team, for the first time in many Philadelphia years, is hustling and trying to get somewhere. Cincinnati, of course, is hopeless. The team as a whole is hardly better than Class A strength, and in pitching scarcely could hold that classification. The team must be rebuilt from the ground up, and Howley's task, especially without unlimited financial support, is a desperate one.

The National race should be close until late August, and St. Louis and the Giants should battle until almost the finish before the Giants can win.

THE END

A Hair Raising Story

Here's a true hair raiser. Words of encouragement for the new little hairs forming deep down in your scalp. For the future of those little hairs — tomorrow's crop — depends upon the care you give your scalp today. Set aside a few minutes every week for a "Vaseline" Hair Tonic treatment. Apply the Tonic directly to the scalp. Grasp the head firmly with the fingers and work the scalp round and round. You'll feel the blood circulating faster, bringing nourishment to the hair roots. The Tonic and the massage together are just what you need to loosen the scalp and encourage new hair to grow in as the old falls out. Followed by a mild shampoo, this treatment does wonders to insure healthy hair, prevent baldness.

RADIO TUNE IN ON 'FRIENDSHIP TOWN' EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT ON THE NBC COAST TO COAST BLUE NETWORK 9 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 1932

SEA, JUNGLE,

Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller up a tree in Tarzan.

It's Tough to Be Famous shows Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Mary Brian in a scene that seems to belie it.

By FREDERICK

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

WITH its newly acquired courage in satirizing American modes and manners, the motion picture has hit upon a subject that has been very much in the public mind these last few weeks: how we treat our national heroes.

We love to make heroes—and we seem to take as much enjoyment out of unmaking them. We lift them to the heights, and then we make them the target of envy, jealousy, cupidity, heartlessness. No matter whether they struggle against fame or leap gladly into the limelight, the reward seems to be pretty much the same.

In the last forty years, from George Dewey to the Lone Eagle, we have done our best to break our heroes' hearts.

A bitter subject for satire—but one the nation ought to ponder over.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS

CAST

Scotty	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Janet	Mary Brian
Edna	Lillian Bond
Sanford	Terrance Ray
Boynton	Oscar Apfel
Moms	Emma Dunn
Chapin	Walter Catlett
Lieutenant Blake	J. Carroll Naish
Steve	David Landau
Ole Olafson	Ivan Linow

Directed by Alfred E. Green.
Produced by Warner-First National.

Scotty McClenahan is a young naval officer who stays behind in a battered sunken submarine after he shoots his crew one by one through a torpedo tube to the surface and safety. The submarine and Scotty are saved—and the boy becomes a national hero.

He rides up Broadway in a storm of ticker tape, gets the keys to New York, crowds the front pages, is seized upon and exploited by all sorts of selfish interests, and is buffeted about and harassed despite all his rebellion against fame. He has no chance against the avalanche of publicity, for he is one against the millions. The picture presents Scotty's frantic struggle for oblivion. But that happy state comes only when the New York reception committee steams down the harbor to welcome a new hero.

The satire is sharp and amusing, but I saw the film clouded by the sadness of reality. The thought of a lonely little nursery was inescapable. I trust you will see this picture after the great wrong of this heartless cruelty has been undone.

★ ★ ★ ½ TARZAN

CAST

Tarzan	Johnny Weissmuller
Harry Holt	Neil Hamilton
Jane Parker	Maureen O'Sullivan
James Parker	C. Aubrey Smith
Mrs. Cutten	Doris Lloyd
Beamish	Forester Harvey
Riano	Ivory Williams

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

That superhero of the jungle, Edgar Rice Burroughs' white boy mothered by apes and raised to a strange mastery of the wilds, makes a gorgeous movie character. For all his preposterous impossibility, I

and AIR

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a Submarine Picture; Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan; Slapstick Aviation; and a Ring Palooka

William Boyd and Spencer Tracy, two nine-minute eggs in Sky Devils, with Ann Dvorak.

Thelma Todd, Ben Lyon, and Constance Cummings in one of the clinches in The Big-Timer.

JAMES SMITH

promise you a genuine kick when you see Tarzan swinging through the jungle trees in great arcs from vine to branch much as a flying gymnast flits across the top of a circus arena.

An old ivory hunter in quest of the great hidden African cemetery of elephants—the fabled place where all pachyderms go to die—starts out into the jungle accompanied, for some strange reason or other, by his daughter. The puzzled Tarzan watches the strangers from his hiding place, steals the girl, returns her, and then saves the invaders from a bloodthirsty tribe of pygmies when he leads a herd of elephants to the rescue. Tarzan, you know, has only to give one of his peculiar yells and the elephants come charging through the wilds like a battalion of motorcycle policemen in a gangster film.

The whole thing has the spirit of the wildest fancy. Tarzan seemingly fights leopards and lions in hand-to-hand combat, pals around with elephants and rhinos, and shares his tree trunk with the apes. Some amazing effects are obtained.

Johnny Weissmuller, the champion swimmer, is a splendid selection for the rôle of the redoubtable Tarzan. It is a part requiring stamina, endurance, and a dash of acting. Maureen O'Sullivan is a lovely heroine.

Tarzan is not for unbelievers who worry over details. Accept him in the spirit in which he is presented and you will have an exciting hour and three-quarters.

★ ★ SKY DEVILS

CAST

Wilkie	Spencer Tracy
Mitchell	George Cooper
Sergeant Hogan	William Boyd
Mary	Ann Dvorak
The Colonel	Billy Bevan
Fifi	Yola D'Avril

Directed by Edward Sutherland.
Produced by Howard Hughes-United Artists.

Edward Sutherland, who made those Beery-Hatton comedies such as We're in the Army Now, turned out this comedy of two hard-boiled air service pals in much the same raucous spirit. A rehash of old slapstick, this is fairly amusing, largely due to Spencer Tracy. Billy Bevan does a neat comedy bit of a pompous colonel.

★ THE BIG-TIMER

CAST

Cooky Bradford	Ben Lyon
Honey Baldwin	Constance Cummings
Kay Mitchell	Thelma Todd
Champ	Charles Delaney

Directed by Eddie Buzzell.
Produced by Columbia.

Through weak story development the producers have managed to keep this yarn from hitting any high interest. Ben Lyon is likable enough as the pugilist who is a palooka without his sweetie's brains. Constance Cummings, as the blonde mentality of the family, has film possibilities.

Do you know that—

Shanghai Express and Lost Squadron have joined the small list of big 1932 box-office smashes?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma, The Champ.

★★★—Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final.

DUSTY KNIGHT'S *PERFIDY*

The Story of a Cowboy Who Wanted a Horse and Got It

By WILL JAMES

Pictures by THE AUTHOR

(Reading time: 17 minutes 50 seconds.)

DUSTY KNIGHT was a bronc peeler (bronco buster), and when that's said about him there's nothing to be took back, for he was at the top at the rough game. Dusty was also a lover, a lover of everything, and maybe that's why his lantern-jawed, Roman-nosed, and eagle-eyed face never agreed with the other features that was on it. Them other features made him look better than handsome.

Dusty had just been to town for about a week, his first time in many months. He'd showed his love for the cards there, lost all his money, and had to sell six of his eight horses so he could get back on his feet with the game. He got on his feet all right, won all his money back and quite a bit more, and then he went to show his love for what all pops under corks and places where fun could be got in a bunch. He loved all of that well, so well that he rode out of town broke.

But he still had his two top saddle horses and outfit, and now that he'd had his fun the range trails claimed him again.

Dusty was most always horse-poor, meaning that he always had more horses than he could use; he kept 'em in fine shape, and on one of his horses he could of rode anywhere with the best of 'em and felt proud. If he come acrost a horse that was an exception and to his taste, he'd dicker for him or work out the money in breaking other horses for him, but some way or another he'd get that horse. It was very seldom that he was left with only two saddle horses as he was now, but them two was his picked best, and few could touch them for looks, speed, and knowledge with rope and cow work. The other horses he'd let go, as good as they was, wasn't quite perfect to Dusty, and of course whatever little flaws they had wasn't found out till they was worked with a herd, maybe a week after he'd dickered for 'em.

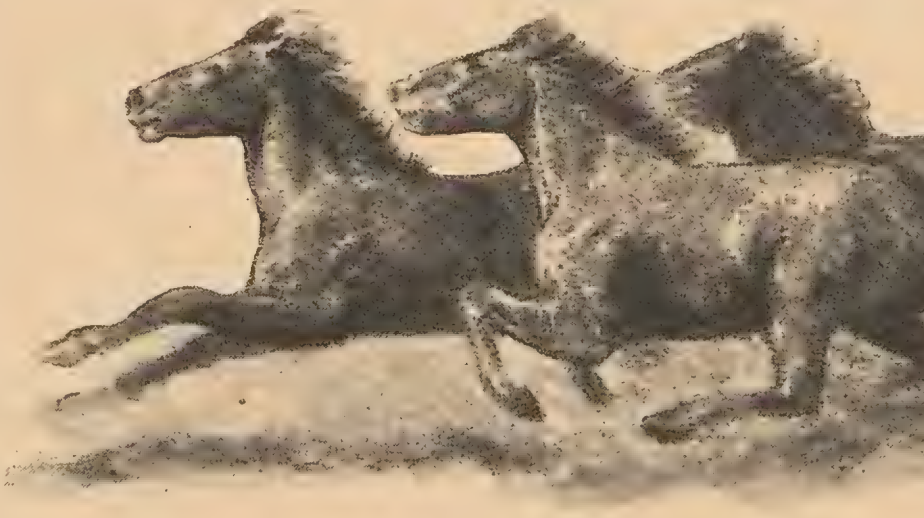
Since his dad had took him on his first ride and before Dusty could walk, he'd rode hundreds of different horses, and always at the back of his head, seems like since he was born, there was the picture of one horse he had there, and with the many horses he rode and the thousands he seen he'd kept alooking and watching for that one perfect horse. He hadn't found him as yet; there'd been a little flaw that went against the mind picture he had in all of the best ones he'd picked on.

He was a couple of days' ride out of town, in the thick of good horse range, where he was always bound to be, and while riding through, going no place in perticular, he zigzagged around quite a bit to always look over this and that bunch of range horses he passed near. Sometime soon he'd strike an outfit that wanted some horses broke; such a job was never hard to get, not for such a hand as Dusty was. He could prove his hand quick, too, by just watching him handle and ride one green bronc, just one; after that the job was his.

A job was his on his third day out. He'd struck a big horse outfit and where a man who could break horses well could always get a job. That outfit had plenty of horses to break, tough good ones, and it sure took a bronc-riding fool to line 'em out, because they was the kind that was born with a snort and raised with a buck.

Dusty done his usual fine work of lining out the first bunch, and then, when he run a second bunch in to start breaking, there was one horse in that bunch that come near taking his breath away. It was the horse he'd always had the picture of at the back of his head—the perfect one. The color of him was blood bay, black mane and tail, the blackest that Dusty had ever seen, and that horse's hide shined to the sun the same as dark blood that'd been polished on redwood. It was sure a pretty color. But that wasn't the only thing that agreed with Dusty's taste about that horse. There was the perfect built of him, from his little intelligent-looking head to his little hard hoofs. There was plenty of good body in between, about eleven hundred pounds of it, and all a proportion to what Dusty thought a horse should be.

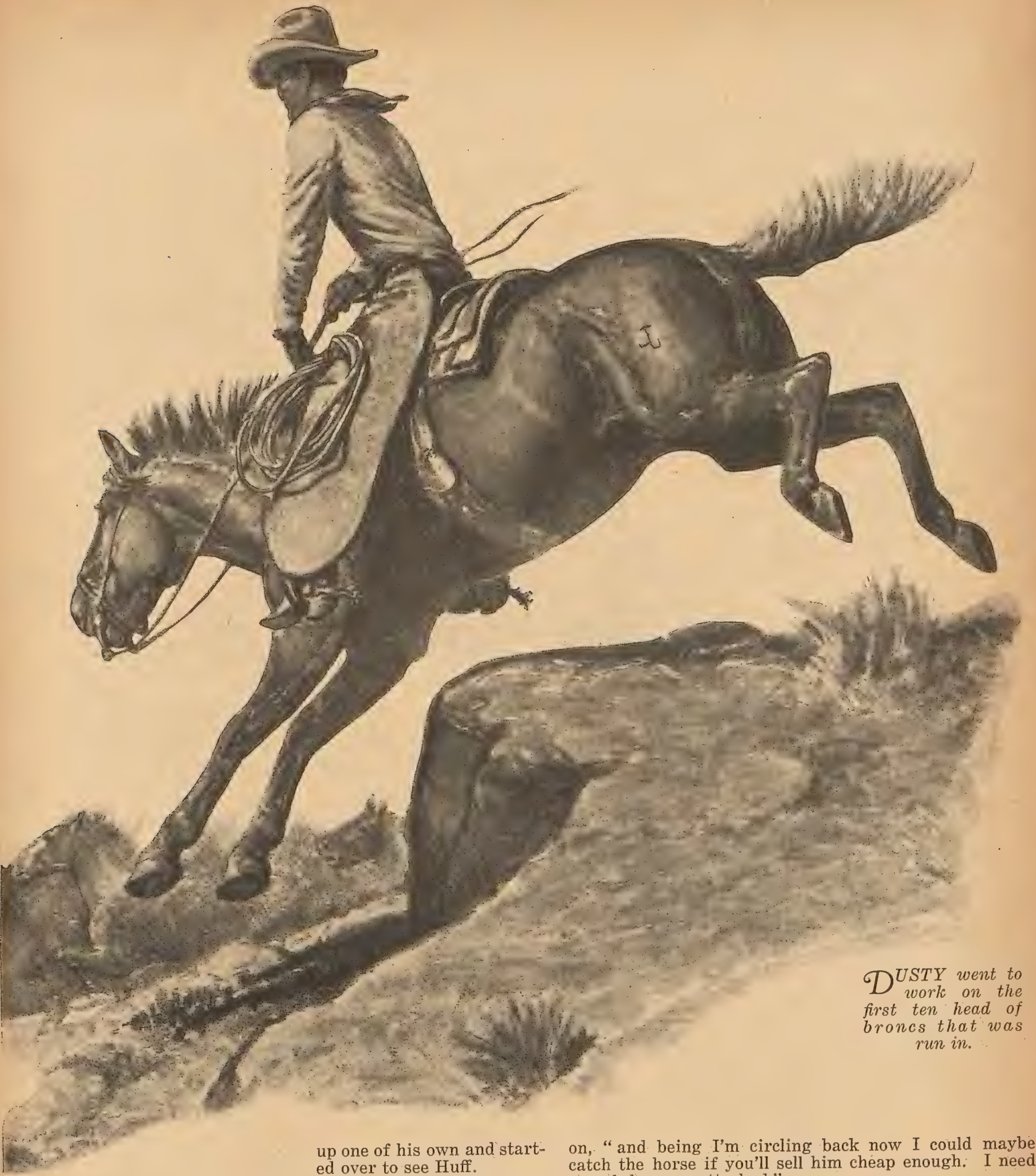
"That's him, sure enough," says Dusty as he watched the horse snort and run around the corral, "and you just wait till I get his round back shaped to my saddle and his neck working to the rein, I'll be mounted like no king ever was."



Dusty was about right. But as perfect as the horse seemed to be, there was something about him that wasn't cleared yet. That was the brand on him; that brand showed that he belonged to another outfit than the one he was working for, to a horseman by the name of Bill Huff, and Dusty figured he might have a little trouble fixing things so he could call that horse his own.

He was more than aching to start breaking him and see how he'd turn out, but breaking him would only raise the value in the horse, and so Dusty just broke him to lead, because now he was going to ride over and see the owner of that horse, Bill Huff.

He found out from the riders at the ranch that the horse had strayed. It was a good two days' ride to Huff's ranch, and Dusty, being wise to men's weaknesses for good horses, didn't take the horse with him as he saddled



DUSTY went to work on the first ten head of broncs that was run in.

up one of his own and started over to see Huff.

Bill Huff had many horses; about half of 'em he would recognize by description; but when Dusty gave as poor a description as he could of that blood bay, he of a sudden perked his ears and didn't finish rolling his cigarette before he asked:

"Where did you see him?"

"Oh, about a hundred miles east of here. He's running with a bunch of wild horses and I'm thinking he'll be hard to get."

Dusty was lying, but most any honest man will lie when it comes to horses, even to his best friend.

"I just happened to be riding this way," Dusty went on, "and being I'm circling back now I could maybe catch the horse if you'll sell him cheap enough. I need a pack horse pretty bad."

"Pack horse!" snorted Huff. "Why, man, you'll never find the makings of a better saddle horse in your life. I'll give you fifty dollars to get him and bring him here to me."

That last gave Dusty something to think about. He seen that Bill Huff sure had no intentions of parting with that animal; he also seen how glad he'd been to learn the horse's whereabouts and the relief that he hadn't been stole. It'd been near a year since he'd strayed away.

"Why, I wouldn't take five hundred dollars for that horse," says Huff, "even if he is wild and unbroke."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DUSTY KNIGHT'S PERFIDY
Continued from page thirty-seven

But Dusty had nowheres near given up the idea of getting that horse. He wasn't built that way. And it was while he was thinking hard and heard Huff say "unbroke" that he thought of a way.

"Have you any horses here you'd want broke?" he asks.

"Yes," says Huff, "quite a few, and the blood bay is one of 'em. Are you out for a job breaking horses?"

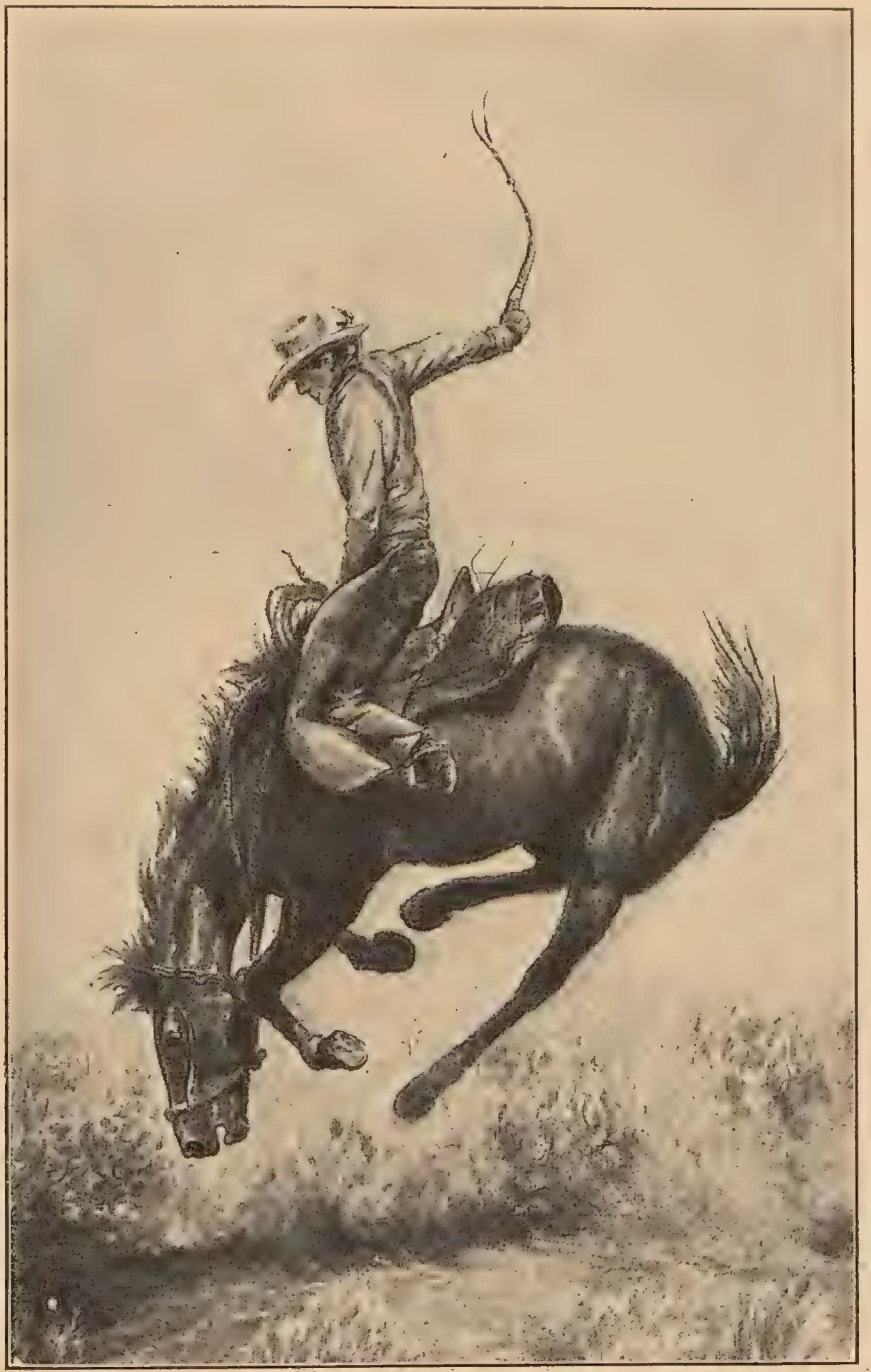
"If I can get enough horses to make the job worth while."

"I can rake up about thirty head easy, and if you're good enough hand I'll pay you extra for breaking the blood bay."

That went well with Dusty. With the scheme he had in mind, even though it would take time to put it through, he seen where sooner or later the bay horse would be his. He loped back to the outfit where he'd been working, drawed what money he had coming, caught his other horse and the blood bay, and in five days' time was back to Bill Huff's outfit.

There he went to work on the first ten head of broncs that was run in, and keeping in mind that he had to prove himself a good hand before he could get the blood bay to break he brought out all his art at the game. The first few he started got the benefit of that, and in a easy way that made Bill Huff wonder, it seemed to him that them fighting broncs was no more than run in when the rough seemed to be took off of 'em overnight and a little girl could ride 'em. After a few days of watching such goings on, Bill decided that Dusty would sure do in handling his prize blood bay.

And Bill wasn't disappointed. Dusty took that horse, right away gave him the high-sounding name of Capitan before Huff could give him one, and was as careful of his hide as though it was made of diamond-inlaid gold lace. Capitan behaved fine for a green, high-strung bronc and bowed his head to buck only at the first few saddlings. He was quick to learn to turn at the feel of the hackamore rein, and his little chin quivered with nothing, seemed like, only by being anxious to tell ahead of time what was wanted of him and before the mecate knot touched the nerves of his jaws. His little pin ears worked back and forth as alive as his flashing eyes to what all was around him. Dusty still felt him to be the perfect horse, and to Bill Huff he was a dream that'd come to life.



In a pasture not far out of town Dusty took the buck out of Capitan once more.

ALL went fine for a week or so. Dusty rode the other broncs as their turns come, along with Capitan. And then, being Capitan was coming along so good, Dusty told Huff that he was going to turn him loose for a few days, that it would do the horse good and give him time to think things over; besides, he wanted more time to line out the other broncs so he would be done with 'em quicker.

Capitan run loose in a meadow of tall grass for a whole week, and, as Dusty expected and hoped for, that horse had accumulated a lot of kinks in that time. If that pony thought things over, it was towards how to buck good and nothing else.

It seemed that way to Bill, anyway. He was there when Dusty rode him time and again, and there hadn't been a one saddling when the horse didn't buck, and harder every time.

"Take it out of him, Dusty!" Bill Huff would holler, as Capitan would buck and beller around the corral. "Take it out of him, or, by gad, I'll kill him!"

That last would make Dusty grin to himself. He was now getting the horse to act the way he wanted him and so that Bill Huff wouldn't want him. Dusty would let on that he was also disappointed in the horse and act for all the world as though he was trying his best to take the buck out of him. He'd pull on the reins and slap with the quirt, but the pulls was easy and so was the slaps, and, at the side where Bill couldn't see, Dusty was only encouraging the horse to buck a little harder.

CAPITAN didn't need much encouraging; it was in his system to buck anyway, and he always felt like he had something off his chest when he done a good job at it. He'd been just as good in other ways and as a cow horse if that bucking instinct had been left to sleep, as it had before he'd been turned loose for a week; but after that week, and with Dusty giving him his head to do as he pleased while Bill Huff wasn't watching, he'd humped up and bucked a little. Dusty could of easy broke him off of that right then, but it was part of his scheme to have him buck, and when Capitan didn't see no objections coming from his rider he fell into bucking in great style. Now it would take a heap of convincing by a mighty good rider to make him quit.

The horse was acting in great shape for Dusty, and Bill Huff had stopped coming to the corral when he was being rode. Bill had wanted that horse for himself, but he was too old to ride such as he'd turned out to be, and he was fast losing hope of his ever being of any use to him.

"He'll always buck," he says to Dusty one day.

Dusty had walked away and grinned. A few more days now and maybe Bill could be talked into selling the horse to him.

All was going fine, and then one day, before Dusty got to dickering for Capitan, a hammer-headed fifteen-dollar bronc bucked too high, and his feet wasn't under him when he hit the ground, but Dusty was. The horse had turned plumb over while in the air and come down on his back.

Dusty didn't come to his senses soon enough to talk to Bill about Capitan. When he come to he was stretched out in the back of an automobile and headed for town and hospital.

He laid in the hospital for a few months, wabbled around town for one or two more, and when he was able to ride again he hit for Bill Huff's.

Capitan wasn't there no more, and Bill Huff went on to tell how it come about. When Dusty was laid up in the hospital he hired another bronc fighter to take his place and finish up on the batch of broncs that he'd started. That new feller was a pretty fair hand and he handled the broncs all right, all but Capitan. That horse had been loose for a couple of weeks and when he caught him he soon found he couldn't ride him. Capitan had kept agetting worse every time he was rode at. Other riders had tried him with no better luck than the first, and when there came rumors of a rodeo being pulled off in town, one of the boys was for taking that horse to it and let him buck there. He was entered as a tryout bucking horse, and he'd bucked so well that before the contest was over that horse had been promoted to a final horse, amongst the hardest of the buckers. Then Bill Huff had sold him as a bucker for two hundred dollars.

Well, it seemed like Dusty had sure done a good job in giving Capitan the free rein. He'd given him so much free rein that it now looked like he'd never catch up with him. But Dusty had nowheres near given up the chase. Capitan was the one horse in a lifetime to him, the one perfect horse, and of the kind he'd sort of lost hope of ever running across.

If he hadn't had the bad luck of a knot-headed bronc falling on him and laying him flat, Capitan would now be his instead of belonging to somebody else and being shipped from one rodeo to another as a bucking horse. It didn't matter to Dusty if Capitan had turned bucker; he was a young horse and he'd get over that. The main thing that worried him was if the new owner would part with him.

It wasn't many days later when he seen that new owner and found out he wouldn't part with Capitan for no love nor money. It was while a rodeo was going on, and when Dusty seen that horse buck he seen plenty of reasons why he couldn't be bought. Capitan had sure turned wicked.

Dusty was in a worse fix than ever towards getting that horse now. But he didn't lose sight of him. He followed him to two more rodeos, and his heart sort of bled every time he seen him buck out into the arena. That horse, he felt, was too much horse to be no more than just a bucker. It had been his intentions to take that out of him soon as he got him away from Bill Huff and make a top cow horse out of him; he had the brains and Dusty knowed he'd of made a dandy.

BEING he hadn't as yet got over his injuries, Dusty didn't compete in the rodeos. He just stuck around. And one day it came to him to ask Tom Griffin, the owner of the bucking stock, for a job helping in the shipping and taking care of the bucking horses. He had to follow along to two more rodeos before he got that job, and by the time he worked at it for a month or so, Griffin was so pleased with Dusty that after the last rodeo of the season was pulled off he gave him the job of taking care of the bucking horses for the whole winter and till the season opened up again next early summer. Dusty was happy and felt he now had a mane holt towards what he was after.

Dusty was alone at a camp that winter. He had charge of sixty head of bucking horses and fifty head of Mexico longhorns that was used for bucking, roping, and bulldogging. The stock run out on good range, and in case of bad weather there was hay by the corrals for him to feed to 'em. He had plenty of grub and smoking and he was all set.

It was during that winter that Dusty went to doing something that made him feel sort of guilty. He was in good shape to ride again by then, and it would of struck anybody queer that knowed the bucking horses, more so Griffin, if they'd seen him pick on the worst one in the string, Capitan, and go to riding that horse.

But Dusty wasn't out for the fun of riding a bucker when he straddled Capitan; he was out to make that horse

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

SPEARMINT
WINTERGREEN
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM

There's more Chicle in it
that's what makes it better

It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing and enjoyable.

Beech-Nut GUM
Makes the next smoke taste better

"And this line .. shows that you're going to have a lot more pleasure smoking your next cigarette."
"How do you figure that out?"
"I'm going to give you a stick of Beech-Nut Gum. You should know that Beech-Nut Gum between smokes makes the next smoke taste better."

[DUSTY KNIGHT'S PERFIDY
Continued from page thirty-nine]

quit being a bucker and make him worthless as such, and that's what made him feel guilty. He was spoiling his boss' best bucking horse by taking the buck out of him.

The only consolation Dusty had was by repeating to himself that there was lots of good bucking horses and that Capitan was too good to be one, and when the thought came to him that that horse would most likely be his after the first rodeo was pulled off, that sort of washed away all the guilty feelings he might of had.

Dusty about earned that horse before the hard bucking jumps as every saddling dwindled down to crow hops. Spring was breaking and Capitan still had plenty of buck in him, and any rider that could of went so far with such a horse was sure worth a heap of consideration, because few of 'em ever stayed over a few jumps while that horse bucked in the arenas. Of course there the riders had to ride by rules, and it's harder to sit a bucking horse that way than it is when there's no rules and all you have to do is stay on top.

By the time the snow all went away and the grass got tall and green, Dusty was using Capitan for a saddle horse, and what a saddle horse he turned out to be! As good as he'd been a bucking horse, and that's saying something. And now the only thing that worried Dusty was how Griffin was going to take it when he seen that horse come out of the chute and not buck, or would he go to bucking again? If he did there'd be no hope of Dusty ever owning him.

The day came when all the stock was gathered and preparations was made for the first rodeo of the year. Capitan didn't look like he'd ever had a saddle on that winter, and with the care that Dusty gave him—extra feeds of grain and all—he was as round and fat as a seal. Griffin looked at him and smiled.

BUT that smile faded when that horse came out of the chute on that first rodeo, for Capitan just crow-hopped a couple of jumps and trotted around like the broke saddle horse he was. The cowboy hooked him a couple of times and all he could get out of him was a couple more gentle crow hops. That cowboy had to get a reride on another bucking horse so he could qualify. Dusty was just as happy as Griffin was surprised and disappointed. Griffin couldn't figure out how that horse quit bucking, for he'd expected him to be a top at that for quite a few years. He couldn't suspicion Dusty of having anything to do with it; he'd never seen Dusty ride and it would never come to his mind that any cowboy could take the buck out of such a horse, not when that horse had it in him so natural.

But Griffin wasn't going to lose hope of that horse ever bucking again. He put him in the tryouts twice a day. Capitan didn't at all do at first, but before the last day of the contest came it looked like he was beginning to turn loose and go to bucking again. Griffin begin to smile and Dusty begin to worry.

It was two weeks before time for another rodeo. In that time Dusty took charge of the horses again and held 'em in a pasture not far out of town. It was there that Dusty took the buck out of Capitan once more. It was easier this time because he hadn't accumulated much.

The same thing happened at the second rodeo as with the first. Capitan wouldn't buck, and every cowboy that came out on him wanted a reride, "on a bucking horse," they said, "not a saddle horse."

CAPITAN began to loosen up some more before the end of that second rodeo; but by the time Dusty got through with him in the three weeks before the next rodeo that horse was scared to buck, and when that third contest did open up and Capitan couldn't be made to buck was when Griffin sort of lost his temper. The cowboys had been digging into him about bringing in gentle horses and trying to make bucking horses out of 'em, remarking that they was tired of asking for rerides and so on, till finally, when Capitan came out of the chute once more and only humped up as a cowboy hooked him, he lost his temper for good and passed the remark that he'd take two bits for that horse.

Dusty was standing close by, expecting him to say such a thing.

"I'll do better than that, Tom," he says. "I've got fifty dollars in wages coming that I'll give you for him."

Tom hardly looked at him. He scribbled out a bill of sale and passed it to Dusty. Dusty folded the bill of sale, stuck it in a good safe pocket of his vest, and started to walk away. Tom sort of star-gazed at him as he did, still dazed by the way Capitan quit bucking after every rodeo. Then, as he watched Dusty walk away so spry, the whole conglomeration came to him as clear as day. He was the one that wanted the horse.

"Hey, Dusty!" he hollered. Dusty stopped and looked back. "You're fired," he says.

"I know it," says Dusty, grinning, and walked on.

Capitan was led out of the bucking string of horses, saddled, and peacefully rode out of town. When the lanes was left behind and open country was all around, Dusty ran his fingers through the silky mane of the bay and says:

"All is fair in love as in war."

THE END

DETECTOGRAMS

By H. A. Ripley

PROFESSOR STIGGINS is head of the department of criminology at a famous university. As assistant to the police in particularly puzzling cases, he has earned a reputation as a master of deduction and "alibi buster." These little problems, taken from his case book, contain every clue necessary for solution, and there is only one possible answer for each one.

No. 5—The Ex-Wife Murder

"WHO shot her?" cried Rogers as he rushed into the hospital three minutes after his ex-wife died from a bullet through her head.

"Just a minute, Mr. Rogers," said Professor Stiggins. "We'll have to ask you a few questions—routine, you know. Although divorced for the past six months, you have been living in the same house with your ex-wife, have you not?"

"That's right," replied Rogers.

"Had any trouble recently?"

"Well, yesterday, when I told her I was going on a business trip, she threatened to commit suicide. In fact, I grabbed a bottle of iodine from her as she was about to drink it. When I left last evening at seven, however, telling her I was spending the night with friends in Sewickley, she made no objection. Returning to town this afternoon," continued Rogers, "I called my home and the maid answered."

"Just what did she say?" inquired Stiggins.

"'Oh, Mr. Rogers, they took poor mistress to St. Ann's Hospital 'bout half an hour ago. Please hurry to her.'

"She was crying, so I couldn't get anything else out of her; then I hurried here. Where is she?"

"The nurse will direct you," said Stiggins with a nod.

"A queer case, this, professor," said Inspector Kelley. "These moderns are a little too much for me, I'm afraid. A man and woman living together after being divorced six months!"

"A queer case indeed, inspector," mused the professor, "and you'd better detain Mr. Rogers. If he didn't shoot her himself, I'm confident he knows who did."

WHY DID THE PROFESSOR ADVISE THE INSPECTOR TO DETAIN ROGERS?

The solution will be found on page 60.

An APOLOGY *for* MY LIFE

Brown Bros. photo

Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the founder of the family, great-great-grandfather of the author.

© National photo

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., author of this article. He is not quite thirty-four.

Brown Bros. photo

Brigadier General Cornelius Vanderbilt III, capitalist, soldier, and inventor; the author's father.

A Review of Some of the Penalties of Bearing an Illustrious Name

By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

(Reading time: 17 minutes 5 seconds.)

WHAT'S in a name?

We often hear that asked—and answered. Yet I wonder how many of us realize the handicap of some names, big names in particular. Can any of us, except those who are weighted down with the burden of noteworthy ancestry, appreciate fully the responsibility? Achievement that has for its birthplace the sidewalks is fawned upon. Clever writers are liberally rewarded for their valiant efforts in interpreting the rise to the pinnacles of success of the man who began without two bits, but with an idea.

Except for inherited wealth's effect upon head waiters, bell boys, and family retainers, the fellow who knows how to keep the shekels with which he has been endowed gets little more than a cold shoulder. Yet it is vastly more difficult to keep money than to make it. Few huge fortunes left to lineal descendants remain intact.

In 1931 Detroit, a city of fabulous fairy tales, lost from one millionaire club twenty-eight members through suicide. They were of the one-generation variety. They made it themselves. But when adversity came they couldn't face their fellow townsmen.

Time was when the name of Vanderbilt meant a great deal in the economic life of America. Later it became a social open sesame. The milling throng in the past three decades, however, has not given the name much consideration from the achievement point of view. Perhaps the press has had something to do with this oversight. At all events, those who desire social favors have it strongly implanted in their minds that the name I bear stands at the peak of social recognition.

The penalty for carrying about such an escutcheon cannot be overemphasized.

First, perhaps, more is expected of us Vanderbilts. Second, we are the target for every schemer. Third, since we have at present no large advertising connections with which to appease the press, we make "good copy"; and if we don't make it, newspapers manage to misinterpret so that we do.

My great-great-grandfather was a ferryman. He sailed a rough-hewn, ungainly-looking craft from Staten Island to a point near the Battery. He had vision; more, he had nerve. Besides, he was not afraid to work, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

YOU THINK YOU CAN *wash* THE **dirt** OUT OF YOUR FACE NET?

YOUR face is dirty. It is a net of pores filled with grime. You think it is clean? That mere washing will dig out the dirt?

All right. Prove it. Wash your face thoroughly, as many times as you want. Now rub some Pompeian Massage Cream into your skin. Keep rubbing. Watch it roll out. Pink when it went in—now it's gray!

Look in the mirror. Your skin has the clean clear look of perfect health. Keep it clear. Dirty pores are a breeding place for unsightly blemishes and eruptions. Have your barber give you a Pompeian Massage regularly. Or do it yourself. A generous jar of cream costs only 60c at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere in the United States or Canada.

The Pompeian Co. Sales Representative is Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York

INSIST ON THE GENUINE

POMPEIAN PINK Massage cream

85% of your sales

are made to women if your business follows the nation's average. Surveys show that Liberty's woman readership averages 3,000,000 a week, and that an ad in Liberty gets from 33% to 154% more attention from women than if in another weekly. Sell to women through Liberty!

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

[AN APOLOGY FOR MY LIFE
Continued from page forty-one]

with his own hands. His father had come from Holland, where for more than six generations they had been tillers of the soil. None of them had been great men; but all of them had been hard workers.

Cornelius had competition from other bargees. He bought them out, and at the age of thirty he was operating ferryboats all over the Hudson and the East rivers.

The few railroads then operating ran in stiff competition. But there was no semblance of order. Cornelius realized this. He got together some of his friends, and they bought out the roads. They amalgamated them. They refinanced them. They made them feeders for the vessels they were operating on the rivers and, a bit later, at sea.

When the Commodore died he left a fortune of $100,000,000.

THAT was in the day when millionaires were rare. Nowadays, when there is a millionaire on every street corner, many are much wealthier than those pioneer rich men. Yet, in the minds of many people, the early names that were linked with the Commodore's—the Astors, the Waldorfs, the Van Rensselaers, the Schuylers, the Belmonts, the Morgans, and the Fishes—still stand for social glamour.

From the Commodore have descended four generations, in each of which the eldest son has had difficulty with his father. Three of my forebears were disinherited. The major part of the fortune passed to their brothers. Yet in every single instance, including that of my own father, the son passed by has been the one to achieve.

My own father, who had difficulty with my grandfather, is the inventor of the locomotive fire box. He is a very busy, practical-minded mechanical engineer. He designed the automatic coupler used on railroad coaches. A vacuum oil car, by means of which much oil is tanked by rail over the nation, is also a device of his. He was among the very few who financed Marconi in his original experiments and aided him greatly.

Yet one might gather from the prominence handed father by society editors that he had spent his life leading cotillions. Father is not merely a rich man's son. He was promoted to the rank of brigadier general on the field in Flanders during the Great War, after serving twenty-four years in the New York National Guard in every rank from second lieutenant up. He knows men. He has had charge of a hundred thousand of them in military camps; and he has never yet had one major difficulty in handling them.

Of course I am proud of my father and his ability to carry on a great fortune as well as to make one of his own. But I think I am more proud of his army record than of anything else.

I was a soldier myself. I saw service in France and Flanders. Only twice, though, did the outfit of which I was a part come in contact with my father's army engineers. There isn't a man who went to France with the first A. E. F. who won't tell you that the 102d Engineers were responsible for the breaking of the Hindenburg Line, the beginning of the final drive at Château-Thierry. Father was their commanding colonel.

Brown Bros. photo

A snapshot of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., as an army chauffeur at Camp Wadsworth in 1917.

AS a youth I was educated principally abroad. Father had much business with foreign government railroad operations. We lived, sister and I, on the North Star, our magnificent 300-foot steam yacht, and sailed the seven seas. Tutors and governesses took care of us. Occasionally we were sent to schools in England, Germany, and Russia. I remember quite well the young Czarevitch in St. Petersburg in 1907.

The Czar, the Kaiser, King Edward VII, and all the other crowned heads of Europe were close personal friends of my parents. Presidents and chancellors, as well as princes and their consorts, came on board the North Star to call wherever we dropped anchor.

Five winters I attended private schools in the United States, most of them military establishments. Father had been taking me to maneuvers in this country and in Europe since I was ten years old. I had grown up in that kind of atmosphere. Yet when the war came along in 1914 and we were in the midst of it in Europe, my family were very much put out at my running off and joining a Belgian intelligence corps. I was under age and, I suppose, a harum-scarum kid.

They got me out of that, and I plunged right into a serious illness which affected my heart for a number of years. Yet when the United States declared war on Germany in 1917, I enlisted and found myself one of the first buck privates in the trenches. Gas had its effect on my mouth. Transferred home and to hospitals, I later had my jaws rebuilt. Then I took a course at the War College in Washington, D. C.; served afterward as military secretary to a governor of New York; and became the youngest major in the U. S. Officers' Reserve Corps.

In the trenches the other enlisted men " rode " me pretty hard because I was a rich man's son. If I had come from the gutter I'd have had considerable less difficulty in the beginning of my army career. Yet when I left service those who remained alive were pals, and I have never had better ones. To some, the war may have been horror. To me, it was my first lesson in life.

COMING home afterward, I realized I could never find solace in simply living a life of ease.

I had to be a doer.

I had no trade. I hadn't even been to college, as many of my social friends had. At eighteen, my book education had ceased. But ever since a youngster I had been fond of writing. Someone suggested reporting. My parents wouldn't hear of it.

It meant another break from the family circle; but after a year of keeping myself alive on twenty-five dollars a week, the family lowered the bars. I went home to live, but continued working.

Two winters I spent in Washington as a political correspondent for one of the big news syndicates; one winter in Albany doing legislative correspondent work; three summers in the Far West covering commerce, labor, and immigration; one entire year in New York. I worked nights in the mechanical departments of large newspapers, and I hold a union card today.

Lord Northcliffe, the great British journalist, who was visiting me in British Columbia, gave me the tabloid bug for the Pacific coast.

I had some money saved. I was to inherit several millions the next spring. I was young and inexperienced financially. And I bit off more than I could chew.

I vowed that my Los Angeles Illustrated Daily News would not publish filth. For three years I operated thus, and never have I had a more strenuous battle than that was, both

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Up Till 3
This Morning

Yet—Down to
the Office on Time

No "Acid Headache" . . . No Upset Stomach

The Law of Good Health says, "Don't overindulge—don't smoke too much, eat too much, drink too much coffee or other stimulants."

Science says, "If you do, the QUICKEST, SIMPLEST and EASIEST way to avoid FEELING its results is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia taken this way:

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water before bed.

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water with the juice of a WHOLE ORANGE when you get up."

Or take six Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets the same way, which give an equivalent amount of Milk of Magnesia, for each Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablet equals one teaspoonful of the liquid Milk of Magnesia.

That's all. Tomorrow you'll feel great.

PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia
Neutralizes the acids that cause "Acid Headaches" and Sour Stomach within 15 minutes after taking!

Millions are learning this. Millions are doing it.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is judged the most powerful NEUTRALIZER of the ACIDS that follow overindulgence known. It goes into your acid-soaked stomach, alkalinizes its contents, sweetens them—takes the sting out, banishes the headaches and sour stomach that usually follow.

Get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in the familiar liquid form or the new, marvelously convenient tablets. All "Milk of Magnesia" is not alike in effect. So insist on genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia . . . the kind doctors endorse.

TWO FORMS NOW AT STORES

You can now get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in tablet form, as well as ordinary liquid form. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Milk of Magnesia. Carry the tablets with you wherever you go. They taste like mint candy.

GENUINE
PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
TABLETS

SLEEP TONIGHT

"This will keep the swelling down and let you get a good night's sleep."

"It feels better already, Mother. I'm sure it will be all right tomorrow."

BRUISES, SPRAINS

Soothe the pain—Sleep!

Bruises, sprains usually get more painful at night. Wrenched ankles, torn ligaments and similar injuries often spoil sleep . . . To stop pain and prevent loss of sleep, pat on Sloan's Liniment. Fresh, healing blood rushes at once to the sore spot, congestion is quickly carried away. You enjoy a good night's rest. Get a fresh bottle today at your druggist's. Only 35¢.

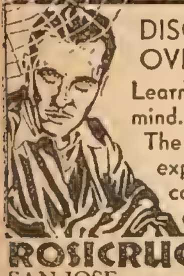
SLOAN'S Liniment

WARMS LIKE SUNSHINE

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

EXPLORE YOUR MIND



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AN APOLOGY FOR MY LIFE
Continued from page forty-three

without and within my organization. We climbed to a circulation unheard of on the Pacific coast, and considerably more than any other local paper in any city west of Denver.

The man in the street was with us. But the capitalistic powers were not.

The California real-estate bubble burst about the time that the Florida one rose. We put a tabloid into Miami and did in that city practically what we had done in California.

There was nothing wrong with the operation of our papers. The thing at fault was our financial structure. Behind this was the fact that my parents had refused point-blank to give me the inheritance which I had banked upon. You see, through inexperience and faith, I had counted my chickens before they had hatched from the golden egg.

After three years, my family formed a committee of attorneys who took over the operation of the papers. The attorneys naturally were not publishers. They engaged high-salaried men who convinced them they were. I was kept as the figurehead, and for another year the papers were operated in order to suit the new men behind the guns. It was shameful what they did. Our circulation nose-dived. We became rags that no one paid any attention to.

The publications went into bankruptcy. Three dailies, two Sundays, two weekly magazines, a radio station, and a motion-picture news weekly.

Personally, I only just kept myself above it all. I could have wiped the slate clean and taken such advantage as the law gives to every man who fails. I tried, though, not to sully the ancestral name further.

A year later I renounced the right to $904,000 in cash, which had been advanced out of funds rightfully mine by the committee of attorneys which represented my parents. This fund made it possible for the receiver to sell my Los Angeles brain child.

TWO years later I created a trust fund of $1,000,000 for all of my original stockholders. This fund will be paid, dollar for dollar, to all who keep their original certificates, when the money is paid at the death of either of my parents. That million dollars left me practically penniless.

I paid back to the receiver my salary for three years, plus $15,000 in cash, so that every former employee of the newspapers was taken care of in full.

I am not boasting; simply stating facts.

Yet, regardless of all of this, there are still a number of former stockholders and creditors who hound the life out of me whenever they can. And I find myself sued by all sorts of people who would like to cash in further on the Christmas tree named Vanderbilt.

It will be a long time before I finish paying, out of my income from writings and other things, the vast attorneys' fees; although I have already paid in excess of $100,000.

Fate is a strange thing. Arthur Brisbane once invited me to spend a week-end with him. He gave me a job as associate managing editor of the New York Mirror, with my good friend Phil Payne as editor. Sixteen months later Payne lost his life by attempting to fly the Atlantic in the Rome-bound airplane Old Glory. I resigned and went to Reno.

California newspapers rumored that I was about to reënter the field there with the reorganized Los Angeles News. They decided they'd prevent that, and so they set about a campaign of ridicule. For several months, whenever I spent time in any large city, the local press got fidgety and were sure I was going into business there.

INSTEAD, I drifted into advertising and publicity, hotels and busses. Then I turned to writing novels. The first one, Reno, brought a storm of protest from that amusing little city. Yet, since its publication five years ago, so much has happened there that now the book is looked upon as quite a tame version of real life. I then wrote a scathing volume on society, and called it Park Avenue. Another storm; another protest. Palm Beach, printed two years ago, caused all Florida society to rise up on its "uppers."

Strangely, though I had written six serious books before, none of them had caused any uproar at all.

In 1926 I returned to Europe on a bet. I was back in the United States five weeks later with interviews with twenty-one headliners; and, incidentally, won the bet. These interviews were published in hundreds of Sunday newspapers. The only one denied was with the former Kaiser. However, as I had had a movie camera with me, and as an associate had cranked it while Wilhelm and I had been chatting, the denial was promptly withdrawn.

Yet, five years later—in 1931 to be exact—the United States formally apologized to Italy for a statement attributed to me. Newspapers everywhere jumped upon the incident. They didn't look into the morgues (libraries), of which they are so proud, to find the original version of the story, which at least two hundred of them had printed five years before.

The incident happened in this way: I was speaking before a group of men in a New York hotel. They belonged to a nationally known lecture organization. My subject was famous people.

When I was through, I was asked to tell in confidence any stories I couldn't tell from the speaker's platform. I told the now famous Mussolini yarn. My interview with Mussolini had been published five years before, and this story I had told on two other occasions—once before a club in Reno, once in Maine.

As soon as I was through talking, the first man to congratulate me was General Smedley Butler of the marines. This was the first and only time I had ever seen the man. He was at the lecture bureau to arrange for a tour he expected to make shortly.

When I was through talking, Butler regaled us with some of his confidential yarns. The lecture bureau head told him he would have to get some "good publicity" before he could be put on the platform.

And the general got it!

I was at a little place near Phoenix, Arizona, when the famous Butler controversy "broke" in the press, and was enraged, as anyone would be, that my confidence had been treated so lightly.

The first thing I did was to consult Charles Stauffer, the able publisher of the Phoenix Republic. I told him the entire story. He secured for me Judge Frank O. Smith, the state's leading jurist. We presented our proofs to the proper government officials. Four days before the Butler trial was canceled, Washington phoned us it would not be held.

Mussolini said he had never met me. Then, when newspapers rehashed the interview I had published five years before, he backed water.

In 1929, when I was doing some special writing in New York, one of the dailies assigned me to uncover a dope-and-gambling ring. I had some narrow escapes but lived right in the midst of the gang for a long time. The day upon which the stories were to break, the leader of the gang, a suave Park Avenueite, walked into the newspaper office and threatened them so thoroughly that the stories never appeared. Evidently big finance was behind dope—just as it is behind bootlegging!

DOWN in Mexico City a while later I was very nearly put on the spot. I had gone there to try to interview Ortiz Rubio, the president. One evening I took a taxi from a movie back to the hotel where I was staying. I do not speak Spanish, and so, when I saw I was being taken in the wrong direction, I leaned through the window and gripped the driver by the shoulder. As my picture had been in the papers in Mexico City every day, numbers of people knew me by sight. The driver had spoken the name of my hotel before I had given it to him. He wouldn't stop when I shook him, so I gave him a little crack on the forehead and he drew up at the curb. It looked like a fight, but a policeman came over and I got home safely.

The press took that incident and magnified it. They said I'd hit the driver with a blackjack. The story carried all over the country. What didn't was that the Ford Company, seeing the tale and believing it, put a Lincoln sedan at my disposal every day thereafter!

LAST summer, when the newspapers had me chasing a well known caricaturist, empty revolver in hand, they caused for me the breaking up of years of domestic happiness. I believe strongly in protecting the home—but not by assassination.

The last newspaper campaign of ridicule was also just as unfair. I have lived in the State of Nevada going on six years. I had leased a cabin on the Lazy Me Guest Ranch and I handled their advertising and publicity. I went East on August 22, returning on October 15. On September 13, while I was cruising off New England with my father on his yacht Winchester, something happened at the Lazy Me.

Two ladies came to ride horseback. Two men at the ranch were also on the trail. They met and returned to the home grounds together. Someone had a flask. They needed glasses and adjourned to my cabin, which was occupied in my absence by a man and his wife. A little while later a doctor friend of one of the girls came in. He dragged the girl out. Four hours afterward her body was found eleven miles from the ranch. He was tried for murder and acquitted.

The local news hounds knew all of this. But they published that it had occurred at a wild party on *my* ranch. I never even owned the cabin, to say nothing of the ranch. They published that I might be subpœnaed as a witness. How could I, since I had been 3,600 miles away? They

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Here's the way to Lose Fat a Pound a Day on a Full Stomach

Do just these two simple things . . . fat melts away

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Here's what you do: Take a teaspoonful ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half-hour before breakfast every morning. This reduces moisture-weight instantly. Also cleanses the system of the waste matter and excess toxins that most fat people have, and banishes puffiness and bloat.

Then do this about eating. FILL YOUR STOMACH—eat your fill—of lean meats, vegetables like spinach, cauliflower, cabbage, tomatoes, etc., and lots of salads. Eat a lot. Eat all you can hold. Don't go hungry a minute! Cut down on butter, sweets and desserts, bread. Eat any fruit for dessert.

That's all you do. Fat seems to melt away. The coarse lines of overweight give way to the refined ones of slenderness. You lose as much as a pound a day. You feel better than for years. For in this treatment you achieve two important results. The Jad Salts clears your system of toxins. *The diet takes off fat with food that turns into energy instead of weight.

If you're tired of being embarrassed by fat, try this way. You'll be glad that you did. You can get Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—Jad Salts is urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT THE WAY TO EAT ALL YOU WANT AND LOSE POUNDS OF FAT? I'LL TELL YOU . . .
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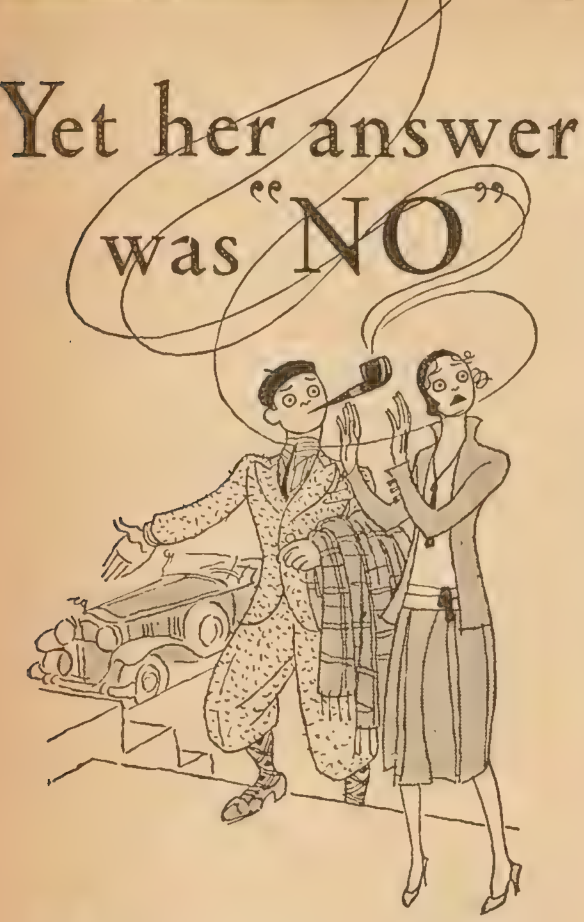
I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT POSSIBLE . . . NEVER A HUNGRY MOMENT AND FAT MELTED AWAY. NEVER FELT BETTER.
DEAR, YOU LOOK SIMPLY WONDERFUL


Yet her answer was "NO"

HE was all set for an important ride in the country, but she said "NO."

She couldn't tell him to throw that sizzling boiler in the lake. A guy has to learn that for himself. She loved pipes. All women do. But it must be *good, mild* tobacco in a first-class, *well-groomed* pipe.

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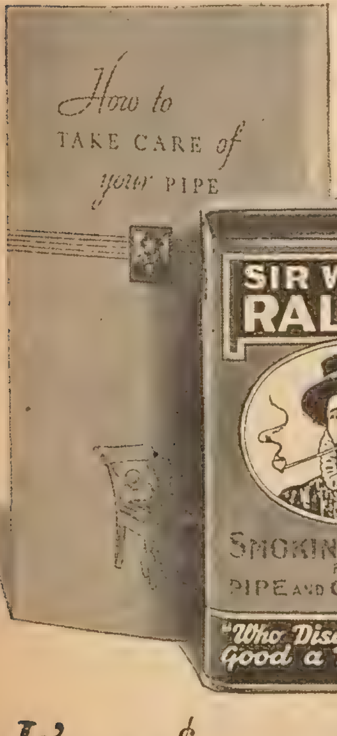
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AN APOLOGY FOR MY LIFE
Continued from page forty-five

said it had been a wild drinking party. Yet in court it was proved that there was only one pint flask among six people. They intimated I was an inebriate—when I have not touched liquor in the fourteen years since I was gassed!

A few weeks before the trial took place, I came back to my cabin one afternoon and saw a bunch of boys faking photographs. They said they wanted to make believe that there was a bar in my cabin. I told them it wasn't true; showed them through the place. They asked for a drink. I didn't have one. They made much of this and said I was stingy! And then they took it out on me in their stories.

ONCE, while crossing the country, I was spending the night in Dallas, Texas. Some unknown woman telephoned me and asked me to dinner next day. I am always cagy with the fair sex. So many of them are unfair when it comes to shekels.

Next afternoon's paper carried the story that I was to be guest of honor for Mrs. So-and-So at a dinner at her home. I promptly left town. She gave the dinner and thereby got her name in the social columns. In Hollywood I greatly incensed a certain well known movie producer when I failed to turn up at a girl party he was giving, after he'd told the press I'd be there with bells on. If I had gone, he was preparing to announce that a well known star and I had been seen much in each other's company.

And thus it goes. Of course, traveling about the world as much as I do, I have a lot of amusing experiences, too.

THE carrying on of a great name is a public trust. Those of us who are fortunate enough to be endowed with such a name will agree, I'm sure, that they'd just as soon trade places with their less well known neighbors. It is difficult, except in the sanctuary of their own rooms, ever to be themselves. They must guard their every move, for there are blackmailers and shake-down artists at every street corner. They can't write, they can't talk, they can't be seen, without someone misinterpreting their actions.

We bearers of American coats of arms must sometimes be human. But how is that possible when the things we do are so grossly exaggerated? Perhaps we take ourselves a bit too seriously. I don't know. All I do know is that I, personally, would never get a thing accomplished if I cared one whit what people were saying or thinking about the latest press misstatement concerning me.

THE END

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When Bend Means Straight

Mother, a bit exasperated, asked her son:

"Who on earth bent my grapefruit knife?"

Tommy, who was always around the kitchen, answered: "I don't know, mother; but I straightened it."—Mrs. J. V. McKinley, Westbrook Hotel, Fort Worth, Tex.

The Balky Pants

Mother glanced out of the window and saw Jay, three, astride a low fence, apparently making little progress.

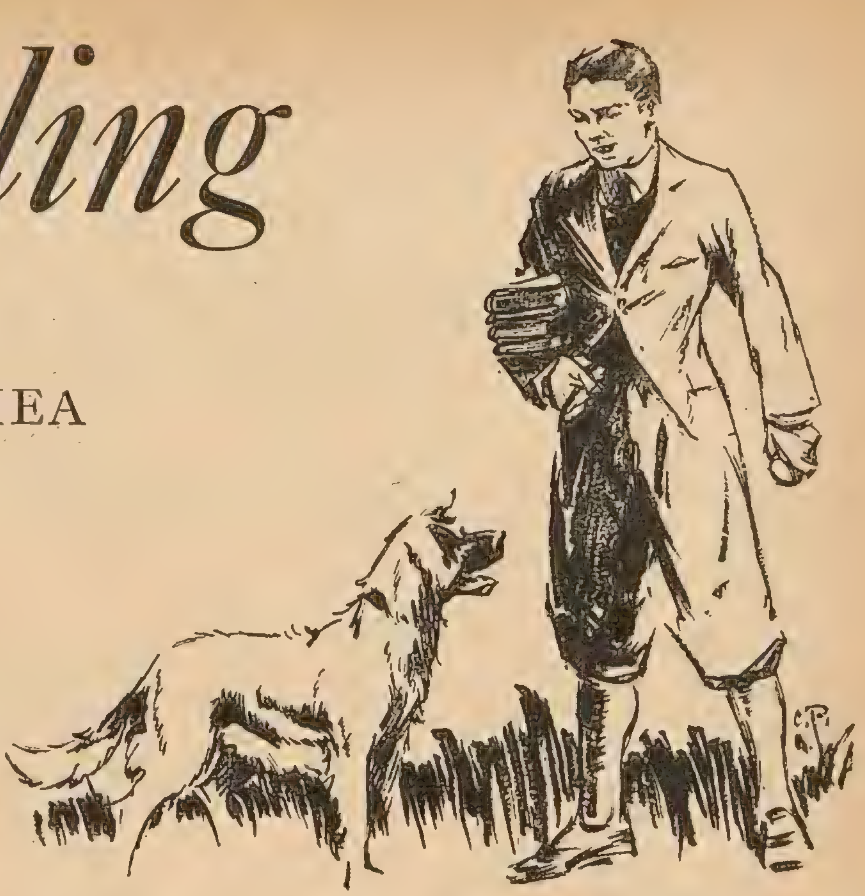
"Jay, can't you get over the fence?" mother called.

"Yes, mother, *I* can get over, but I can't get my pants over."—Mrs. L. Virgil Schenck, 1614 West End Place, Greensboro, N. C.

Wild Gosling

A Short Short Story

By GRACE LEWIS SHEA



(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)

WHEN young Dick Thompson, high-school sophomore, veered the dinner-table conversation around to the already much discussed I. M. A. masquerade which was to take place that night, his mother stepped impatiently on the buzzer, summoning Mary to serve the salad. If anything could divert Dick from the subject which engrossed him, it was food.

But Dick was not to be diverted this time. "I tell you, mother," he announced belligerently, "the I. M. A. is the best fraternity in school. That's a lot of tripe about them having gin at their dances. You let everybody fill you with a lot of baloney—"

"Save your picturesque language for your contemporaries," interrupted his father. "Try to speak English when you address your mother."

"The Autocrat at the Dinner Table," Dick injected, with a hint of the usual twinkle in his blue eyes that had been displaced by his sullenness. "That's Americanese, father."

Laura Thompson seized this opportunity to lead the talk away from the dangerous topic. "You used to speak so beautifully before you went to school. Do you remember, John, when he was only four—"

Dick broke in savagely, "Yeah, I know. Used to say 'deleterious' when anyone offered me candy. Didn't know how goofy I was. Can I go to the dance tonight, or can't I?"

"You can if you're able, but you may not," his father told him firmly.

"I can't do anything anybody else does," Dick said morosely.

"You are allowed to do everything a normal boy should. What aren't you permitted—"

Laura could not resist an interruption of her husband's argument to point out the salient fact that Dick had attended a dance just two nights before, given by Mrs. Mortimer Sheffield for her sub-deb daughter.

"Yeah, and it was a lousy dance. Fifteen mothers running the show, and by ten thirty there was only three Joe Ginches and myself left in the stag line. But, of course, I had to stay." He shook his head, registering profound disgust. "In a polite boy, it's grit. In spinach, it's awful. All the others checked and played nitwit golf. I'll have a double chin, I guess, before I can pick my own dances. I can't drive a car; can't even have a dog, after I find a peach of a mutt and we click. You didn't want me to get on the football team."

"Now, Dick." Laura was resignedly patient. "You are on the team, and you know that was a tramp dog and she was going to have puppies."

"Well, Mrs. Camp let Bob have her, and she even left the garage open and put a bed in there for Brownie while they're away for the holidays." And Dick's voice took on a high treble, with a suspicion of tears in the background.

His father took up the charge. "As for taking the car," he boomed, "you aren't old enough for a junior license, and I refuse to break the law by allowing—"

"You don't mind breaking the law by serving cocktails at your dinner parties!" Dick forestalled a continuance of the attack with a temerity never before attempted. "I suppose it's final that I *may* not go to the dance. O. K.! I'll go to Scout meeting instead."

"You might take some bones to Brownie, on your way," Laura urged, by way of a happy ending.

Dick's departure was followed by the usual résumé of his change of behavior during the last year. It ended, as usual, with John's burying himself in the comfortable sofa with a new mystery yarn.

At ten thirty Dick had not returned.

At twelve he was still missing. Laura stared at the clock with somber eyes, then in irritation at her sleeping husband. The masquerade! Of course, he'd gone. The Scout uniform was just a ruse.

She shook her husband vigorously, and poured out the reaction of hours of anxiety.

"How can you sleep, when something has probably happened to your child that may affect his life?" she wailed.

She recalled stories that had been told her about automobile accidents, young boys out drinking gin.

With a drowsy promise to consider the matter in the morning, John lapsed off again.

When Laura finally heard the boy's key in the lock, it was one thirty. As she rushed out into the hall, her anxiety about his safety gave way to impotent, relieved rage that he was home at last.

She watched him ascend the stairs slowly, and as he came under the gleam of the light at the first landing, her heart sank until it struck the soles of the mules that covered her bare feet. His hair was disheveled, his face pale and smeared as if tears had been wiped away with a grimy hand.

His left arm was crooked to support something bulky inside his khaki blouse. A bottle of gin, she decided it must be. This was too awful! That was why he looked so haggard.

HE looked up and saw her. Neither spoke for a moment. Dick leaned against the balustrade, exhausted; seemed to be considering retracing his steps.

His mother turned back and pulled her room door softly shut. She felt a momentary pity, coupled with fierce hatred for the wild adolescents of present-day society. She'd have this out alone with him first. No telling what his father might do, if he were to see him like this.

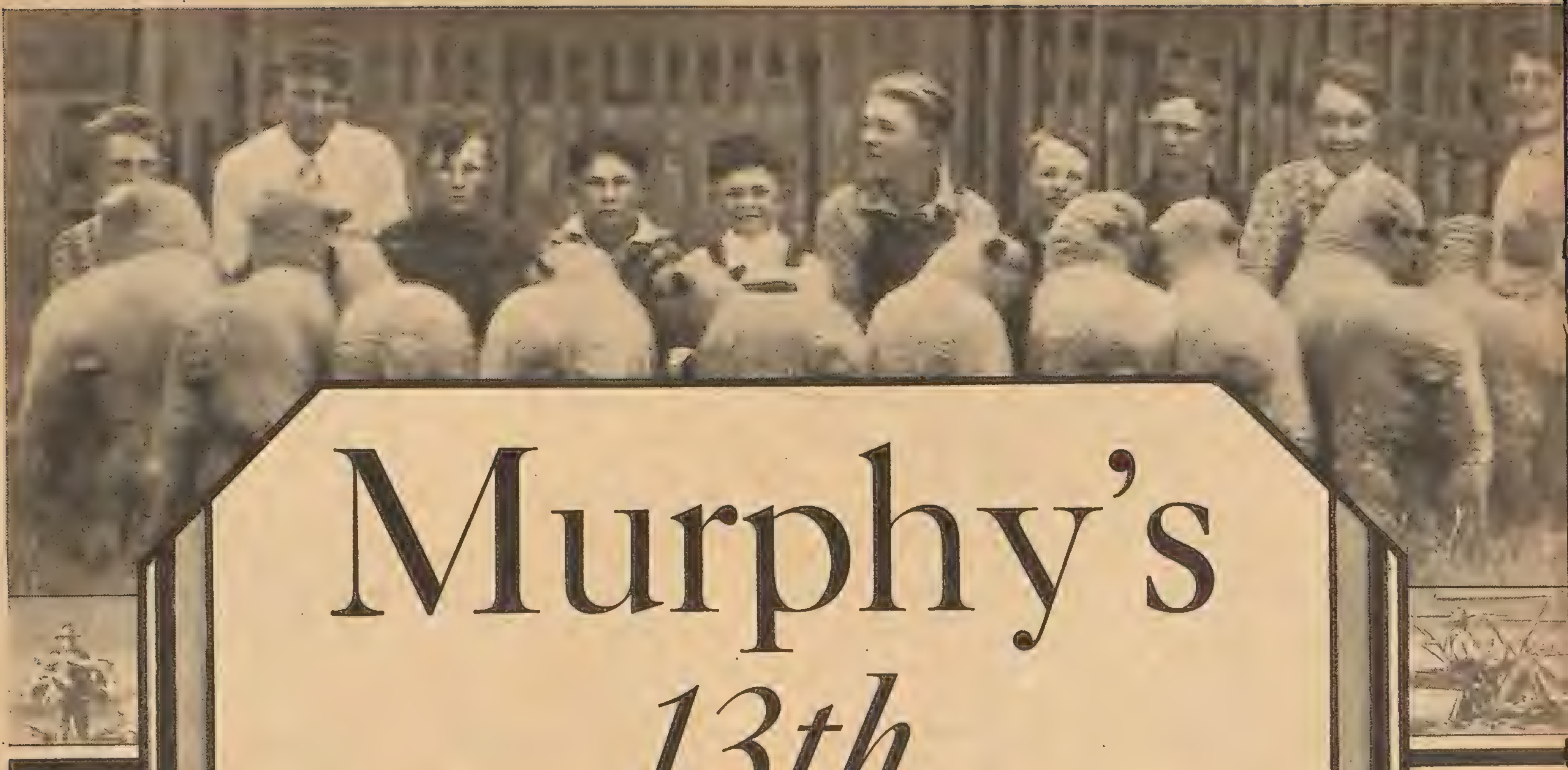
"Where have you been until this hour, and what is that under your blouse?" she demanded; but Dick did not seem to hear. He was going to brazen it out sullenly, she decided.

"Give me what you have," she ordered, evenly, accusingly, her hand clutching her throat.

He stood silent for a moment, an antagonist; then his eyes held hers steadily, as he eased his hand into his blouse and with a defiant gesture withdrew and extended to her a tiny new-born brindle puppy, mumbling as he choked miserably over the lump in his throat:

"Brownie just died, mother!"

THE END



Murphy's 13th DISCIPLE

How a Man of Forty-eight Saved the Farmers of the Northwest from Bankruptcy and Led the Way to Prosperity

By

DANIEL ROCHFORD

(Reading time: 10 min. 50 sec.)

"AY ban a dam' fool farmer," said Nels Larssen. "But Ay ain't no I. W. W. Not yet! But, bay Yimminy, ef det dam' yovernment ain't make dem Minneapolis millers pay better dan dollar feefty cents for bushel, Ay tank ve change det damn' yovernment!"

It was September, 1921. And the price of wheat kept falling. It hit $1.34 in October and was down to $1.25 in November.

Nels Larssen and Larssen's old man and ten thousand other Nels Larssens tried to change the "damn' government." North Dakota ran amuck with nonpartisanism. State socialism roared across the wheatlands. Minnesota fought a prairie fire of radicalism. Farmer-Laborites were howled into office.

Country banks popped like corn on a hot stove. Thousands of people left the Northwest for California, for the South, for anywhere.

Here and there stark tragedy showed itself in the limp form of a farm suicide. Families were broken up. Sons deserted the farms, joining the swarms of idle, hungry men who lined the curbstones in the tougher sections of the Twin Cities, or scanned Help Wanted bulletins.

The Northwest was bankrupt. Thousands of the wheat farmers hadn't a cow, a pig, a hen, or even a vegetable garden to give their children food in the winter months of their wheat's decay. And it seemed there wasn't a single warming ray of hope on the whole cold gray horizon.

But there was.

There was Murphy. Murphy of the Minneapolis Tribune. Murphy and his thirteenth disciple.

The Bible says no man, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature. But Frederick E. Murphy did. At least, he added an inch.

If you knew the Minneapolis Tribune in the old days before the war with Spain, you may have heard why F. E. Murphy walked stooped. He was born and raised on a farm in Wisconsin. When he was about eighteen he injured his spine so it hurt him to straighten up. And for twenty years after that he never stood erect.

At the age of forty-eight he decided to stand straight. By exercises and massage he overcame the handicap of his adult lifetime and thus gained an inch in height.

Of course you may say he was that tall all along, and therefore didn't really increase his stature. And maybe you're right. But he stood an inch higher, anyway.

And what he did for himself during the three years just after the war, when he left the Tribune for his grain farm in the Red River Valley, he decided could be done for the Northwest. In 1921, when he returned to take control of the Minneapolis Tribune as its president and publisher, he believed he knew what was wrong with the Northwest and how to cure it.

In his boyhood his father had diversified his crops, gone in for good live stock, cattle, sheep, pigs, and chickens. And the elder Murphy had prospered. Fred was able to go to college and graduated from Notre Dame in 1893. But after college the city called to him. And for nearly twenty years he too forgot the farm. So did everybody else, for that matter.

And that had been the trouble for twenty years in the Northwest. It was the trouble in 1921. And it's the trouble in the United States today. You fellows in the city have forgotten the man on the farm. Especially since the war.

Here are blessings that the Minnesota Plan has brought to the wheat belt. Above, pedigreed Holsteins near Breckenridge, Minnesota. At the left, a sheep club of Minot, North Dakota, youngsters.

But if you read the papers last summer you probably noticed that wheat got so cheap the farmers couldn't afford to harvest it. Some of them burned it in the fields.

From a dollar a bushel in June, wheat slid down the skids to 92 cents, 91 cents, 87 cents, 82 cents, 75 cents, and on down until last fall at threshing time it was bringing in the lowest price since the Civil War—35 cents a bushel. And on top of the wheat debacle there was a world-wide depression.

Yet Nels Larssen wasn't quite so bitter last August. And the Northwest's banks weren't failing. And there wasn't general unemployment. And retail store sales held up. And the Northwest wasn't threatened with starvation and stagnation. By all tokens, if 1921 had wrecked the Northwest, 1931 should have ruined it.

But 1931 didn't.

Why didn't it? What's the answer?

The answer is the story of Frederick E. Murphy's thirteenth disciple.

BACK there in 1921, when Murphy took charge of the Minneapolis Tribune, he hired twelve farm experts and agricultural economists, and launched a two-year study of Northwestern farms. He found some successful farms in every region. He discovered how they succeeded when their neighbors were failing. And then he told the neighbors about it. And he urged them to copy those successful methods and showed them how they could.

He didn't stop with preaching and publicity. He tried to get fifty million dollars out of Congress to lend to busted wheat farmers for buying cows and sheep and hogs to eat those cheap grains and thus turn losses into profits. But Congress turned him down.

What did he do then? He went to men like Thomas Cochran of J. P. Morgan & Company. "See here, Tom. Do you fellows want to lose your shirts out there in the Northwest? Well, if you don't want the Northwest to go bankrupt, you'd better lend us some money." And Morgan & Company did. And Murphy went to President Calvin Coolidge, who sat down at the telephone and called up big industrial, railroad, and banking men in New York, Detroit, and Chicago. And so, one bright day, Murphy had ten million dollars pledged from American business leaders to use out there in his Northwest. Then President Coolidge and Eugene Meyer and Secretary of Commerce Hoover agreed that the War Finance Corporation would lend this private group ten times what they had raised!

Frederick E. Murphy, Minneapolis Tribune publisher and sponsor of the Minnesota Plan.

The effect of the news was magical. Five hundred and twenty-six country banks swarmed their presidents up to Minneapolis and borrowed six million dollars to thaw out their frozen assets. Bank failures stopped. And then the fund began to lend money direct to the farmers. The whole tone of the Northwest changed from discouraged pessimism and fear to courage and hopefulness.

Nels Larssen, long since mortgaged to the hilt, couldn't borrow another dime at his bank. He needed good cows, a pure-bred bull, and a flock of sheep to clean up his weedy grainfields.

However, now that Murphy had raised the money to help out, all Larssen had to do was sign a note for one thousand dollars.

The animals were brought to his farm. He didn't own them yet. The Agricultural Credit Corporation of Minneapolis, which was the name of the loan fund, kept title as its security. And it loaned to every farmer who, like Larssen, had pasture and shelter and was known to be honest.

And in a couple of years, what with a creamery check every month, cash from veal calves, valuable yearling heifers, periodic litters of pigs, good-priced spring lambs, and a regular crop of high-price wool, Larssen had paid off his loan and was all dressed up and whistling on his way along the cowpath to prosperity.

The banks had hesitated at the idea of lending money on a cow which might get sick and die, or a pig, or some sheep. But when they saw their local customers writing up to Minneapolis to borrow money and saw them repaying the loans and meeting the 6½-per-cent interest on

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time, they changed their minds. So, while the loan fund directly helped fourteen thousand farmers, indirectly it resulted in loans on similar terms to many more thousands of Northwestern farmers.

And what happened in Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Montana?

Well, the old farm income began to rise. And it boomed up a hundred million dollars every year for eight years. It went from $926,950,000 in 1921 to $1,588,116,000 in 1929, or an average increase for the individual farm of $1,679. You'll realize what this means when I tell you that the average United States farmer's gross income is only $1,558. So you can see what a rise that was.

Today in Minnesota wheat is nothing but "chicken feed." For several years now the whole Minnesota wheat crop has been worth in dollars just a quarter what the chicken-and-egg harvest cashes in for. Dairy income has jumped to more than ten times all the wheat crops of the whole four states, and dairying is a three-hundred-million-dollar-a-year industry there now. And Minnesota is the greatest butter state in the world. Remember, too, that cheap grains mean lowered feed costs for dairy cows, live stock, sheep, hogs, and chickens.

Murphy changed the farmer into a manufacturer. Instead of depending upon raw grains, he now produces finished products: eggs, butter, cheese, fruits, vegetables, and meats. Incidentally, he raises his own food and saves much of the eight-hundred-dollar-a-year grocery bill that the poor old wheat farmer has to borrow money to pay. It all came along so smoothly that even the people right there didn't always realize what was happening. So maybe you can't blame the government leaders at Washington, who forgot all about the work they had helped to start back in 1923.

The government listened to false prophets and professional farm politicians. They poured hundreds of millions of dollars into an attempted price fixing for the cotton and wheat crops.

Today everybody except a few government officeholders admits the ghastly and costly failure of that whole abortive expenditure. The government dollars were a guaranty for fools. By guaranteeing the price the government placed a reward and insurance that there would be continued overproduction of the very crops complained of!

It took two years like 1930 and 1931 to wake the government up. It took the past two years to make Washington remember the farmer. Who cared, three years ago, when stock-market profits were mounting by the billion, about a few hundred million dollars' gain in farm income in the Northwest?

But it's been different since the smash.

THE farm results of 1931 have been tabulated by the Federal Reserve. Throughout the nation as a whole the farmers were 1.03 per cent worse off than in 1911. But Minnesota farmers were 61 per cent better off than twenty years before!

It looks pretty easy, now that the ten-year plan is entering its second decade. It looks as if it weren't a miracle worked by Murphy at all—as if it were just plain common sense. Well, that's all it was.

Getting people to do the common-sense thing is not easy, however. I told you about Murphy's twelve men and their part in the survey, preaching, and financing of the Minnesota Plan. They included bankers, live-stock judges, writers, lecturers, and successful farmers. They went on the Tribune pay roll in 1921, and they're on it today. And they do their work thoroughly. In Minnesota, for example, they have worked, not county by county, but actually farm by farm. They have visited every single farm in forty out of Minnesota's sixty agricultural counties. They have personally gone to see 114,000 out of the 188,000 farmers in Minnesota. And they not only show the farmer such things as that, for example, he works all year milking ten scrub cows and earns only $135, whereas if he got rid of them all and milked one good cow he'd earn $136. They bring a pure-bred bull right to his barn, back up the truck, drop the plankway, and walk the bull into a stall, so that the farmer can breed up his scrub cows in a half dozen years until the offspring are efficient milk factories.

Farming has got to be industrialized. In the nation we have twenty-one million cows. And Murphy says a third of them eat more than they earn. Think of it! That situation existing today in an industry which represents three billion dollars a year to this nation! No business could live so inefficiently.

When you keep on raising grains year after year, you impoverish the soil and year by year you get less and less per acre. Farmers get about 14 bushels of wheat to the acre in the United States. They get 31 in Germany, 36 in Switzerland, 40 in the British Isles, 49 in Holland and Denmark.

IT doesn't cost any more for seed and labor to get fifty bushels than it does to get five. But as Charles Collisson, Tribune farm editor, and one of Mr. Murphy's most famous "twelve disciples," says: "Political hocus-pocus down at Washington won't do this. You need the old-fashioned barnyard manure. The kind you can spread around on the farm with a fork to nourish the soil."

Collisson has served as Murphy's chief of staff. Last December the two of them were invited down to Asheville, North Carolina. Two thousand Southerners came in from eighteen counties and at a great mass meeting launched the Minnesota Plan in western North Carolina.

These two leaders have carried their message in the past year to Boston, where the fluid milk markets are demoralized through lack of such a plan; to Maine, where the potato growers in Aroostook County are suffering from their brand of one-crop-ism; to the Middle West and Far West; to the United States Chamber of Commerce; to the American Bankers Association; to the Life Insurance Presidents; to the Advertising Federation of America; to Rotary, Kiwanis, Exchange, and other clubs, chambers of commerce, and newspaper-publishing groups.

And the methods of the Minnesota Plan are being applied in section after section to bring the city man to active coöperation with the farmer. Canada has just raised five million dollars to apply the plan there.

And the nation-wide publicity is making the city man see that, unless he does build up the farmer, agriculture will never become self-reliant and the United States can have no lasting national prosperity either in country or city.

Murphy believes that in his own four states the Tribune's second decade of the plan will see Northwestern farm income continue to rise until it reaches three billion dollars a year in thirteen years. In the nation as a whole this revival of farm buying power and the new financial standard of living on the farm means that the farmer's smartest, most ambitious children will not have to leave the land for the city. Industrialized agriculture will be as big and profitable a business as there is.

It's already under way. But it can't come nationally, even in thirteen years, unless that thirteenth disciple does his job a lot better than he has in the past ten years. He is the one who stays in town and never stops to think about what the prosperity of the farmer means.

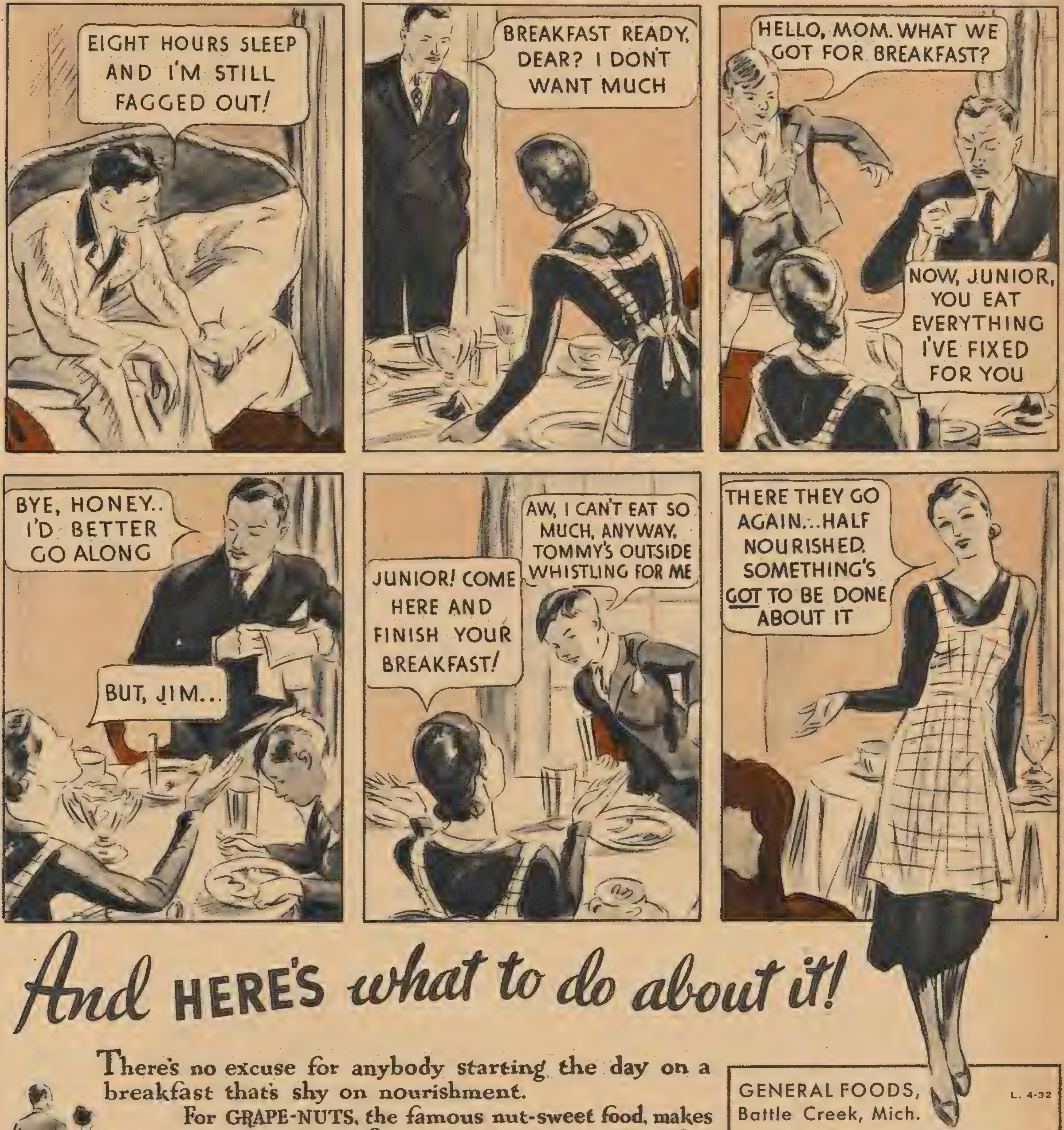
And yet, that thirteenth disciple can do more now than all the other twelve. Today he's the key man. He's got to be converted. He's got to come to see his own place in this great movement to eliminate ancient prejudices as between city and farm. He's got to take a more active, intelligent part in the solution of America's agricultural problem, toward which Murphy's Minnesota Plan has already contributed so much. And he's still sort of cold on the whole proposition. Murphy thinks he'll get him in line before 1945.

But maybe he won't.

That thirteenth disciple happens to be you.

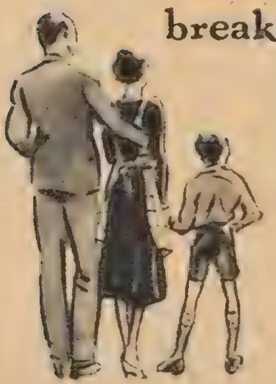
THE END

IS THIS YOUR PROBLEM, TOO?


EIGHT HOURS SLEEP AND I'M STILL FAGGED OUT!
BREAKFAST READY, DEAR? I DON'T WANT MUCH
HELLO, MOM. WHAT WE GOT FOR BREAKFAST?
NOW, JUNIOR, YOU EAT EVERYTHING I'VE FIXED FOR YOU
BYE, HONEY.. I'D BETTER GO ALONG
BUT, JIM...
AW, I CAN'T EAT SO MUCH, ANYWAY. TOMMY'S OUTSIDE WHISTLING FOR ME
JUNIOR! COME HERE AND FINISH YOUR BREAKFAST!
THERE THEY GO AGAIN... HALF NOURISHED. SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE ABOUT IT

And HERE'S what to do about it!

There's no excuse for anybody starting the day on a breakfast that's shy on nourishment.



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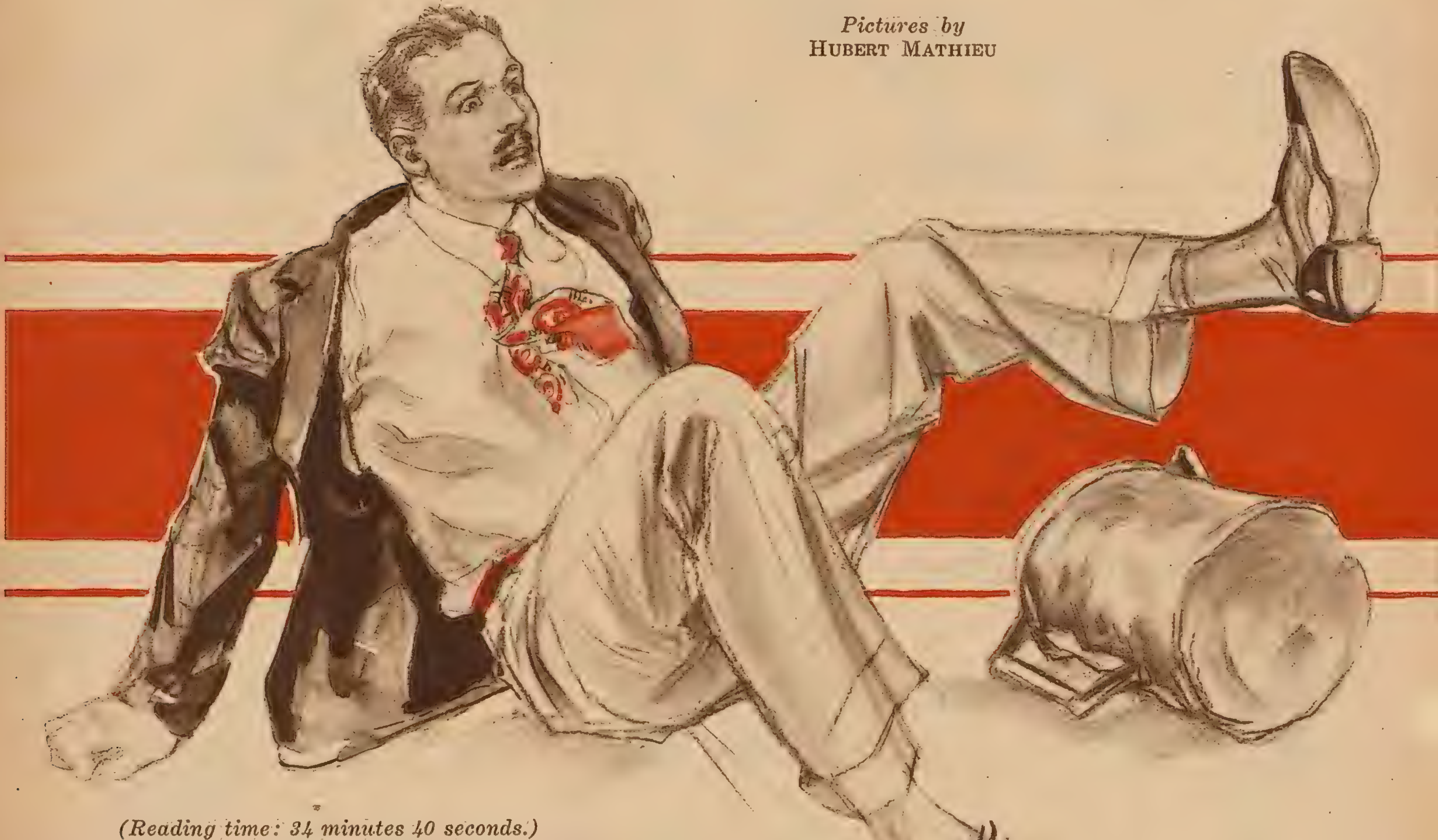
A CHANCE at HEAVEN

The Dreaded Moment—Blacky Says It with Fists—Nice and Cozy—Danger in Glory's Eyes—An Amazing Invitation

Pictures by
HUBERT MATHIEU



(Reading time: 34 minutes 40 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the loves of " Blacky " Gorman, told by himself. Blacky ran a filling station in Silver Beach. He was happily engaged to Marjory Harris when the wealthy Mrs. Franklyn arrived with her beautiful daughter Glory, and Glory's fiancé, Dr. Larrick. Blacky, it happened, had known the Franklyns in their poorer days. Glory confided to him, weeping, that Dr. Larrick was always analyzing her. During her second visit to Blacky's bungalow, Marjory entered unexpectedly.

PART TWO—THE PICTURES FROM EGYPT

WHEN Marje walks in I just keep sitting where I am, on the arm of the chair. I know better than to make a sudden change of position.

People always think you've been doing something you wouldn't write home about if you make a quick move when a door opens. Marje smiles friendly enough, and I remember how quietly Doc Larrick took a similar scene, and it strikes me that the air down here certainly makes people broad-minded.

I get up from the arm of the chair without undue haste and say, " Marjory, this is Miss Franklyn. Miss Franklyn, this is Miss Harris."

" The future Mrs. Gorman, I presume," Glory says, smiling sweetly at Marje.

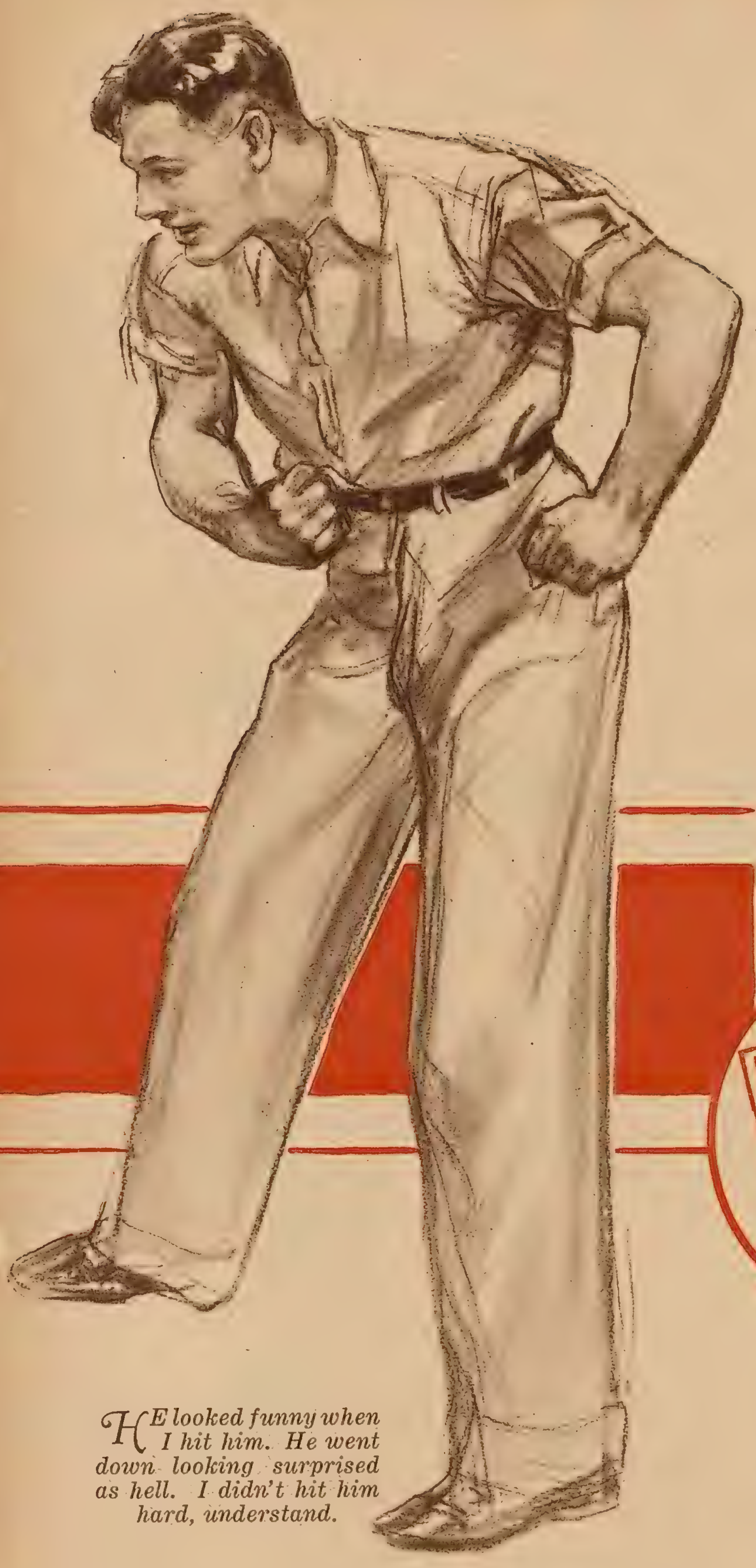
" If Blacky's luck holds out," Marje answers.

We all giggle then like a bunch of damn' fools.

" I've just been showing Blacky some pictures of my brother taken in Egypt," Glory says. " Blacky and Pete were friends when they were kids. I understand from my mother that they broke every window in the neighborhood. They were devils. No self-respecting boy would be seen with them."

By

VIÑA DELMAR



HE looked funny when I hit him. He went down looking surprised as hell. I didn't hit him hard, understand.

Now was the moment I dreaded. Glory had offered a little something in the way of conversation. I was kind of scared. Marje had always been a swell scout, but I'd never seen her up against anything like this before. How would she pan out? Would she raise her eyebrows and say, "Indeed?"

I should have known better than to doubt her, though. She came right through and made a touchdown for dear old Gorman. She said: "I can well imagine that Blacky was no little angel child. Knowing him still has its disadvantages. Did you say the pictures were taken in Egypt? May I have a look at them? I have kind of a

It was just as simple as that. No funny female digs at Glory. I went out to fill a tank, and when I came back Marje was draped on the chair arm squinting down at the snapshots.

After a while Glory says, "Well, I guess I'd better go. I just wanted to show you these pictures, Blacky."

"I was very glad to see them," I says. "Call again."

"Oh, I will," she promises.

Marjory walks over to her and says, "And call on me, too, will you?" There was Marjory shaking hands and smiling and looking at Glory with nothing in her eyes except just plain out-and-out friendliness. When you're engaged to marry that kind of girl you know that all your children won't be acrobats.

Glory looked friendly too, but she didn't answer right away.

AFTER a while she says, "I would love to. Thanks." And then she blows.

Marjory looks after her as the car starts away like a leaping jack rabbit. "It's a wonder one of the many chauffeurs wouldn't take a year off and teach her to drive," she says.

"Holy smokes, that reminds me! I should have telephoned the Franklyn house and warned them that she's loose," I said. "The doctor asked me to do that."

Marje lights a cigarette and walks up and down the little house, humming to herself. Suddenly she says, "But you forgot, didn't you, Blacky?"

"Forgot what?"

"You forgot to call the Franklyn house."

"Sure I forgot."

She hums some more.

"What did you think of her?" I ask.

"I think she's beautiful and sweet. She's a nice girl, Blacky."

I didn't know how to answer that. It was kind of a funny thing for her to say. It made me feel uncomfortable because it was almost exactly what my mother said when I asked her what she thought of Marjory. Luckily I didn't have to say anything, because Marjory went on:

"She's conscious as hell of her beauty. That's nothing against her. Nobody could look like that and not be conscious of it. She's used to women resenting her. Did you see how surprised she was when I asked her to come and see me? The only thanks I'll get for my fine, humane gesture is a deep conviction in Glory's mind that I'm too dumb to see that she's a menace to what in optimistic moments I'm prone to call my future happiness."

"She's no menace to you, Marjory."

"The hell she isn't! I guess these old eyes can still scent danger."

"Well, anyhow, Glory Franklyn needn't bother you. She's a sweet kid, but that's that."

"Sure. That's that. If we have a rainy summer we can't help it. That's that. But it certainly ruins our business."

We stood looking at each other for a few minutes. I was afraid to look away for fear she'd think I felt guilty

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page fifty-three]

or something. Then she says, "Well, don't forget to come over for dinner tonight."

"Now when did I ever forget to come over when I was invited?"

"You never did, Blacky. That was just a figure of speech. Don't begin faking that you're sensitive. The world's got too many touchy people now. Give me a sweet kiss and say good afternoon nicely, and bring some ginger ale over when you come."

I gave her a kiss. I don't know whether it was sweet or not, but it was O. K. as far as I was concerned. After the kiss we got talking like people do after a kiss. You know—all that stuff about whose fault a little disagreement was.

Marjory was still there when the big English car arrives with Dr. Larrick, all radiant in tennis whites. He steps out looking like a guy who's good and sore.

MARJE says, "I'll bet he makes you marry the girl."

If Dr. Larrick hadn't looked sore I'd have stayed in the shack and given him a good wait; but I didn't dare take a chance on him calming down. I figured that if he was mad he might take a sock at me, and there's nothing I like better than having a sock took at me by a guy who sounds a broad a. So I hops out of the house like little Willie running down to see what Santa Claus has left in his stocking.

The doctor says, "Oh, there you are, Gorman. Gorman, there's something I want to say to you—alone."

"O. K., Larrick. Go ahead. Where's the crowd?" I ask. But just then I observe that Mrs. Harris' little girl Marjory is right behind me.

"Scram," I says to the girl friend.

"Go pound sand in your Adam's apple," she answers. "I'm staying."

The doctor gives her a pleased glance. Evidently he gathers from her elegant language that she's a moll, and he's tickled to death with himself to find me hanging out with a tough customer, because he no doubt has told Glory that nobody but a moll would linger around a gas station.

"Well, if the lady"—clever sarcasm here—"insists upon remaining, it is certainly satisfactory to me. It would be less embarrassing for you, however, if we dispensed with her company."

"I can stand being embarrassed," I told him. "Go ahead. What's the trouble?"

"I don't want Glory Franklyn visiting this place."

"So what?"

"So you see that you don't invite her here!"

"Did I?"

"You asked her to bring snapshots of Peter over here so that you could see them."

I didn't answer right away. I was very conscious of Marje's eyes looking hopefully my way expecting me to say, "Why, the girl's a damn' liar."

"Didn't you ask her to bring you pictures of Peter?" the doctor asks.

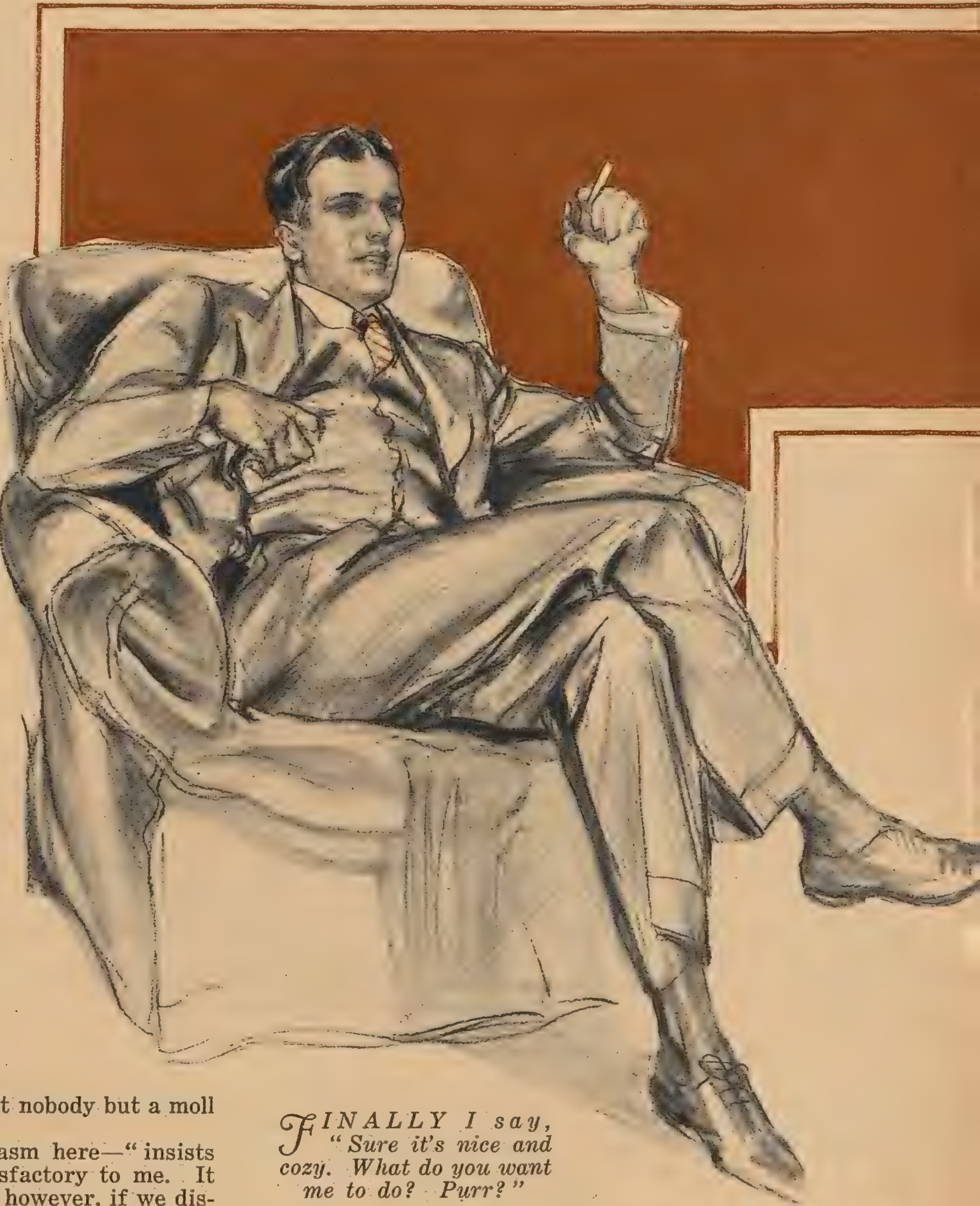
"Sure," I says. "What of it?" After all, I figure,

"What of it! Miss Franklyn is my fiancée and I will not have her hanging around here. Do you understand?"

"Then make it interesting for her at home," Marje pipes up. "Buy a set of checkers or something."

The doctor and I both jump at the poor kid. I say, "You keep out of this," and he says, "I don't remember having addressed you."

She says: "Look here. If you've got any pick with Blacky, give him a sock in the nose. Don't stand there



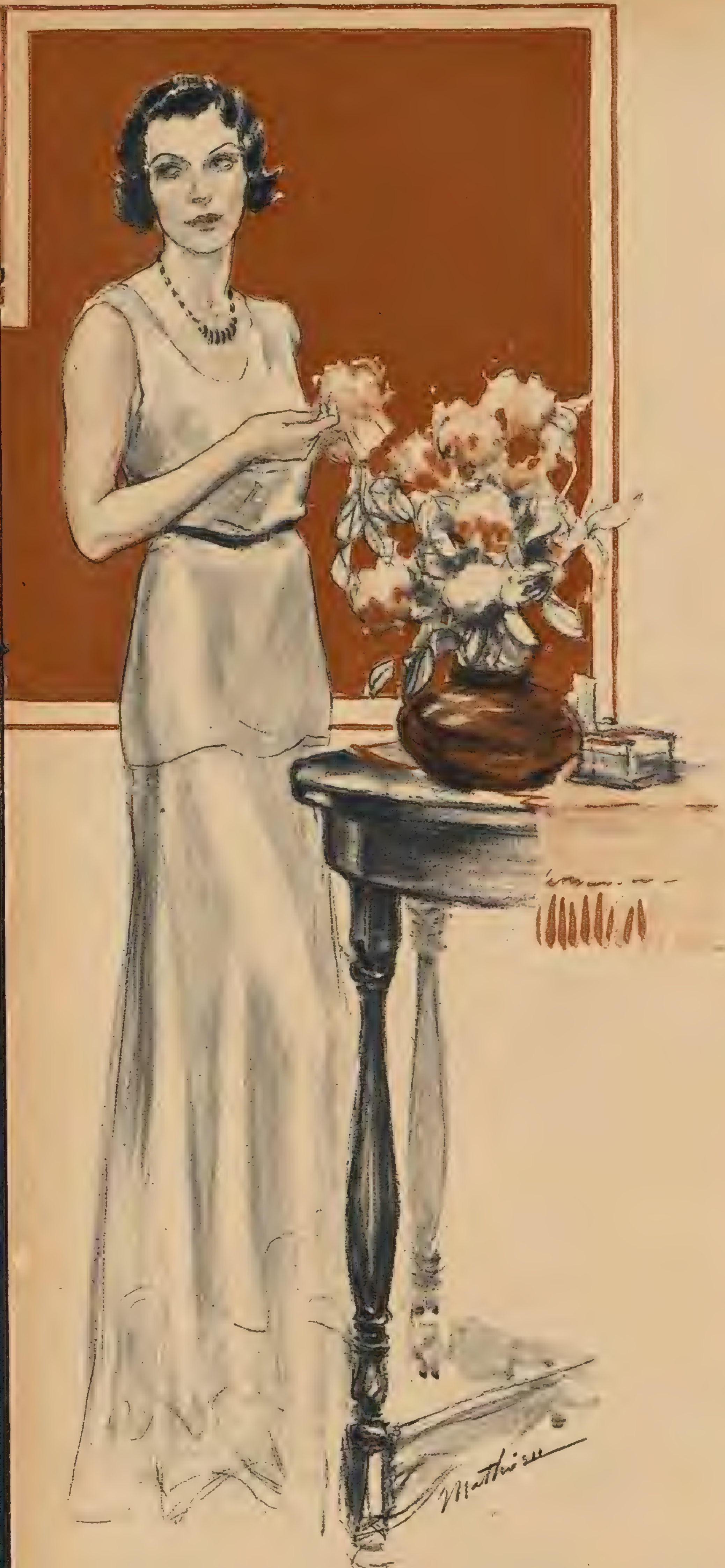
FINALLY I say, "Sure it's nice and cozy. What do you want me to do? Purr?"

kidding yourself that you're handling the matter like a gentleman. You're not, you know. A gentleman doesn't make himself ridiculous, and you're a scream. What in fact or fiction is ever funnier than the guy who can't keep his wife or sweetie home and then comes whining about it? You know Blacky doesn't drag her down here. She just naturally arrives."

"You keep quiet," I says to her. It always makes me mad when Marje chips in her two cents' worth. It's like she thinks I can't fight my own battles.

The doctor says, "She comes because Gorman asks her to."

Marjory laughs. "Sure. She comes down to see the pretty colors they're making gasoline this summer. She's



The doctor looks steadily at Marje for a minute; then he says: " Young woman, I can't even be annoyed at your cheap humor. I see how impossible it is for you to understand that gasoline-station attendants don't fascinate young ladies. I understand that Mrs. Franklyn's maid shares your convictions that Gorman is an attractive young man."

. . . My God, he looked funny when I hit him. He went down looking surprised as hell. I didn't hit him hard, understand. Just a little. I went over and picked him up and said, " Listen, guy. I didn't like that crack you made about Miss Harris—comparing her to a servant girl, see? I didn't mind the part about gasoline attendants not being fascinating."

He just glared.

He wasn't hurt. The wind was knocked out of him, that's about all. And of course his tennis whites weren't so fancy-looking now.

He jumped into the car and said, " Just see that you keep away from Miss Franklyn."

" See, Blacky? " Marje asked. " You keep away from Miss Franklyn or else the doctor will do the same thing to you again next time."

The doctor glared again and beat it.

" What did you hit him for? " Marje asked. Before I could answer she went right on. " I know you hit him because you were simply dying to—but I mean what are you giving out as an excuse? "

" Why, you poor sap, he spoke slightingly of you."

" He did? Why, the son of a gun! What did he say? "

" He said you weren't a lady."

" Well, am I? "

" Of course not; but it's the kind of thing you have to fight about. Hell, he said that his fiancée was a lady, so I got to insist that mine is too. Glory's a swell kid, but I don't know what makes her a lady, unless it's that somebody on her mother's side was an Irish king."

" Oh, I can snub her," Marjory said. " There are still records in London and New York to prove that my ancestors were wanted for sacking towns and pirating upon the high seas. You should have told the doctor that, Blacky. That would have shown him that I'm no common sort of woman."

She was talking fast and silly, and a moment later she says, " I'll see you tonight," and out she walks. I watch her as she climbs into the good middle-priced car which her old man got her last Christmas, and I think her back looks a little bit sad-looking.

That sounds dumb, I guess, but on the level backs can look sad-looking just the same as faces can. Didn't you ever notice that?

Anyhow, I shake the feeling fast, and it's with a contented spirit that I waft the body toward the Harris house for dinner.

NOW, there's something funny about that dinner that I never have been able to quite figure out. I'd been to dinner at the Harris house before. It had always been like this:

You arrive and get greeted by Mrs. Harris, who drags you into the living room and tells you the bright things she did when her partner bid four spades at the American Legion bridge luncheon. This goes on for ages. Finally Marjory comes downstairs and looks helpless while Mrs. Harris tells again about the gee-dee spades. Then the old man comes home and asks about business and tells about business. And finally you get some dinner. It is always canned soup, roast beef, string beans, mashed potatoes, and rice pudding. Oh, yeah, and some kind of salad that tastes like cream cheese and chopped lilacs.

Then if you've been a good listener the old man carts out some homemade wine that don't taste as good as my antifreeze fluid. Then after dinner you go back to the living room and sit and sit. After ages of waiting the elder Harrises say good night and go upstairs with a parting like this: " Blacky, don't stay too late." But by that time it's too late to go home early, so Marje and I do a little defiant petting, though both of us are too sleepy to keep our eyes open.

Now, on this night, like I said before, everything is different. First of all, I get there right on the dot of six thirty on account of my help having arrived on the dot of six. Instead of Mrs. Harris opening the door Marje herself greets me, and she is dressed in one of those kind of dresses that wouldn't do for opening night at the opera but still isn't quite the type for hanging out wash in. You know, it's one of those kind of semi-semi things. It's kind of a pinkish-tannish egg color and she looks swell in it. She gives me a big kiss just to show she remembers me, and in we walk to the living room. There's not a sign of the old Harrises. Just another proof that you never know your luck.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page fifty-five

Marje says, "The parents took a trip to Aunt Lucy's."

I'm tickled to death, but I always try to be polite, so I says, "That's too bad. I hope something will detain them."

Marje laughs, but she doesn't say anything because she is busy shaking up a mess of cocktails. Never before did I so much as smell a cocktail in the Harris house. Just as I've finished my second cocktail the maid sneaks out of the dining room and says she's ready for us. In we go, and the room's lighted only by candles, which kind of takes me back for a minute because I always like to see what I'm eating; but then I figures if Marje eats it too it'll be O. K. Besides, I find out after a minute that, if Marje's face is no nightmare in the bright lights, it certainly is a sweet dream in that soft, goofy glow that candles give.

WE sit down, and I see right away that we got custom-built soup tonight and the dishes the Harrises used when the mayor had dinner with them. Next comes something that's not roast beef. I know it's not roast beef because it's got wings. Marje says it's squab. Anyhow, we don't have mashed potatoes or string beans tonight. Instead we got fancy potatoes and artichokes and asparagus or something. Dessert is fancy, too, and tasty. It was all very different and funny.

After dinner Marje rattles a bunch of her old man's keys in my ear and asks, "What would you like for a cordial, dear? Brandy, benedictine, crème de menthe, or chartreuse?"

"You wouldn't kid me, would you, Marje?"

"Sure, but not about this. It's too sacred to joke about."

I took brandy, and we went back to the living room and Marje and I smoked peacefully for a while. Then she turns on the radio real low and picks up a hunk of stuff she's been embroidering ever since I first met her.

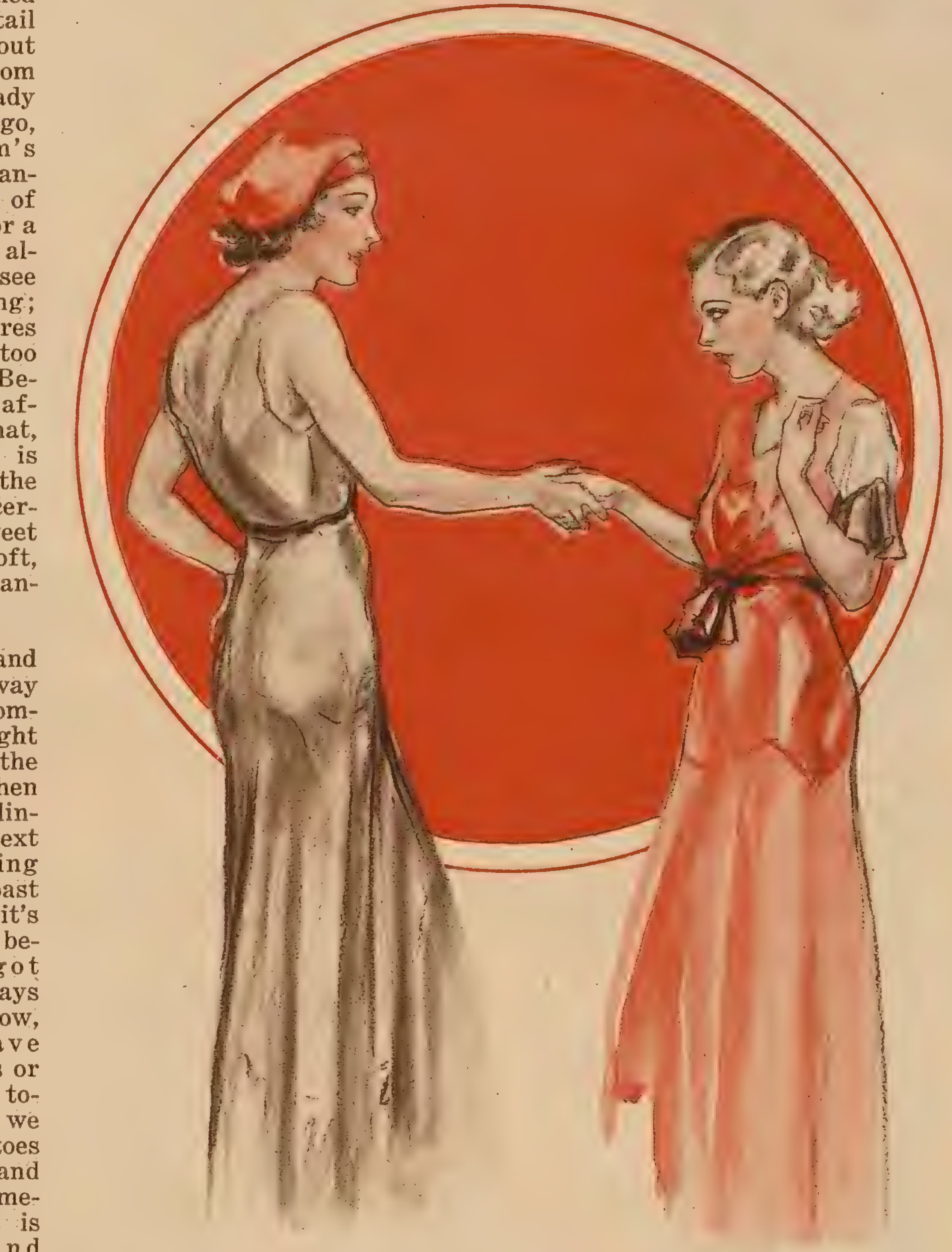
She says, "This is nice and cozy, isn't it?"

I say, "Sure; this is great."

Not so long after that she asks me again if it isn't cozy and nice. I keep thinking she's kind of batty.

Five times that night she asks me if it isn't nice and cozy.

Finally I say, "Sure it's nice and cozy. What do you want me to do? Purr?"



There was Marjory shaking hands and smiling and looking at Glory with nothing in her eyes except just plain friendliness.

She laughs and looks at me like she does sometimes. It's a funny sort of look, as though she was glad to see me but didn't expect me to live.

After a while she says, "Blacky, did you really ask Glory Franklyn to bring those snapshots over?"

The question brings me up short like a kick in the chin. You see, I'd forgotten to explain to her that I hadn't really asked Glory over at all, but was just pretending I had to kind of square the kid with the doctor.

"I don't think you did, Blacky. I think you just said that so you wouldn't make a liar out of her. Or maybe I've been reading too many English novels where people are always lying for a lady's honor. How about it, Blacky? Did you ask her over?"

WHEN it came right down to telling her, I felt funny about it. I hated to tell Marjory that Glory had lied. Not that I'm such a great guy that a little lie now and then shocks my sensibilities. Only I thought that Marje would figure Glory's was kind of a dirty lie, because it threw the blame on me and made Glory out to seem kind of a lame duck. I figured that Marje wouldn't see that Glory had been dead right in saying it was my fault. I'm big and strong enough to argue with Larrick, so Glory had been right in putting it up to me. After all, Glory's brother and I were old friends and I had known Glory when she was a kid. I didn't like Marje to think tough things about her.

Still, on the other hand, if I backed Glory up with Marje, Marje would think I'd been crazy to see the little dame and had used those snapshots for an excuse. That would make Marje feel bad.

"No," I says. "She came over of her own free will, without any invitations, suggestions, or offers. She told Larrick I had asked her because she probably thought it would save an argument."

"So now Larrick thinks you prefer her to me," Marje said. "Not that I care, dear, but you're such a simple soul. You don't know about that tangled-web business. You don't know women, either. Today you have established yourself in Glory's mind as a big he-man who will hold a brave silence and slay dragons for the beautiful princess in the tower. It's going to be a tough summer, Blacky."

"No. They probably had a hell of a big fight today and she won't come around any more."

"Nor any less. Just once a day. Well, the devil with it—we'll just sit around and await developments. Let's talk about something else."

And after making that suggestion Marjory shut up like a clam. I looked around the room, trying to think of something to say; but of all the rooms I've seen the Harrises' has got the fewest ideas in it of what to talk about.

Then all of a sudden Marje says, "What's Nicky Annella doing these days?"

"Bootlegging," says I, and we're off on a fairly good two-sided conversation which makes everything swell again.

I go home around one o'clock, and when Marje kisses me good night I say, "Well, Marjory, it sure was nice and cozy," and she laughs and says, "I'm glad, darling." She says it real seriously, and then I don't know what to say. When girls get serious it makes you feel kind of funny. So I just say, "See you in the funny paper," and I go on home.

The next day Marje's father comes over to see me at the station. He flops down on the bench and tries to look comfortable, though the bench is only about one tenth wide enough to accommodate all his dignity.

"Well, young man," he says, "how are you today?"

"I'm fine, and how are you, sir?"

"Very well indeed, though mother and I are very sorry about last evening. We should have been there. But I suppose you and Marjory made out all right without mother and me, eh, Blacky?" He tried to look kittenish.

"We made out swell," I said.

"Sure; two young people in love always make out, don't they, Blacky? Oh, by the way, Blacky, I've been meaning to ask you— Have you and Marjory set any date for your wedding?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Well, Marjory's never said anything definite about it. It's her place to set the date, isn't it, Mr. Harris?"

"Yes," he said; "it's customary, I believe, for the young lady to choose her wedding day, but it is not right for the young man to be everlastingly patient with her delays. Don't let her boss you too much, Blacky. Be firm at the outset. Tell her that you'll have no more dillydallying—that she must set a date, and one not unreasonably far away."

"Yes, sir."

"I SPEAK this way, Blacky, because you and Marjory have a fine opportunity right now to get yourselves a fine little house. The Grove house I'm speaking of, Blacky. Charlie Grove spent twenty-five thousand dollars on it, and I know he'll let it go for fifteen. He's up against it, my boy. He needs cash. I know that, with help from me, that house can be yours and Marjory's. It's a beautiful little house, Blacky."

"You're awfully kind, Mr. Harris."

He stood up suddenly as a car ran in my driveway and up to the pumps. "Not at all, Blacky. Not at all. I know Marjory likes the house." He put out his hand, and as I shook it I found that we were kind of looking at each other as though it was a big, serious moment. "I'd do anything, Blacky, to get Marjory what she wants," he said. "As you'd say, Blacky, she's a swell little dame. Let's both of us sort of watch out and make sure that she doesn't get cheated of anything in the way of happiness."

"O. K., Mr. Harris," I says to him, and then he goes away leaving me kind of dazed. I wondered if I ought to talk to Marje about it.

The Grove house is a hell of a fine set-up for a gas-station guy, thinks I to myself. I'll have to change my clothes in the shack before going home nights so the house will never find out what's living in it.

Marje drives over around two o'clock. She says, "I understand papa called."

"Yes, he called. You and me, it seems, are about to crack down on the Grove house."

"No," says Marjory, "we're not. I told him that we're going to live in your bungalow, and he says I can't."

"Why not?"

"Well, the reason he gave was very strange, Blacky. He said that I couldn't live there because the bungalow

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page fifty-seven

didn't have room enough in it to swing a cat. But the more I thought about it the more plainly I saw that there are other things in life besides swinging cats. Oh, I know I've put great store by cat-swinging in my youth, but as one gets older those callow pleasures pale before the great things in life. I'm willing to give up swinging cats, Blacky, and live in your little bungalow with you—"

There she was again, going fast and silly on me. It's just like the blowing of the first-aid whistles when Marje starts that. Something damn' unpleasant, or at least exciting, is happening when she prattles on and on. I look sharply at her eyes, but it isn't happening there. I'm so busy trying to figure what's causing the brain storm that I don't look where Marje is looking until I hear a little bit of a voice say, "Am I intruding?" And there's Glory Franklyn again.

She's all dressed in a kind of sweet blue, if you know what I mean, but she looks hot and tired and about to cave in. I look around for the road flea. It's not there.

"I walked over," she says, smiling brightly. "Such a nice day for a walk, don't you think? Besides, I don't drive awfully well and it sort of keeps me nervous. I'm much happier walking." Marjory laughs a little.

"I'll be seeing you, Blacky," she says. "I've got to see some people about building a home for fatherless ringworms." She smiles at Glory and drives away.

After she's gone Glory walks toward the bench and says, "You don't mind if I sit down, do you? I'm awfully tired."

"Go ahead," says I. "Park yourself."

I figure there's no use carting her into the shack. Every time I've done it so far it's caused what you might call a little unpleasantness. So there she is on the bench. Golly, she's an eyeful all right, and so little and tiny-looking. I get a look at her feet as she swings them back and forth and they look like dolls' feet.

She says, "Blacky, I want to talk to you about something." I'm standing up looking down at her. I didn't want to sit alongside of her because I'm all greasy and everything, so I just stand there waiting to hear what she's got to say.

She says: "You're a peach, Blacky. Thanks a lot for not giving me away yesterday. I know I shouldn't have told Clinton that you asked me over—"

"Oh, that was all right."

"I knew you wouldn't mind; I knew you'd understand. Honestly, I've gotten to the point where I'll say almost anything to get out of being cross-examined by that man."

"WHAT the devil do you put up with it for?" I knew I had no business piping up with anything like that, but she was such a little bit of a helpless thing and he was such a big stiff.

"Well, I guess—I guess I used to like him," she said. "I guess I was kind of flattered that he even paid any attention to me. He's awfully smart, Blacky, and he's made quite a name for himself. Girls are funny about things like that sometimes. They don't realize until it's too late that you marry the man and not the reputation he's won."

"But you haven't married him yet."

"No, but mother would die if I didn't, and besides there isn't anybody else who wants me. After all, Clinton really does want me."

"Well," I says, "of course it's your business."

I wanted to tell her that she was talking cockeyed, that she was a swell-looking baby, and that any guy from Larrick up or down would pounce at the chance of grabbing her off. But I wasn't in any position to talk like that. She'd start wondering what I had against Marjory if I began telling her what a knockout she was. But somebody ought to tell her, I figure. So I just says kind of easy and as though she wasn't too wonderful, "I guess you wouldn't have a hard time getting someone to substitute for Larrick. You're not tough to look at."

She perked up plenty when I said that. It was easy to see that she'd led what's known as a sheltered life and had heard very little in the way of compliments. She looked pleased as anything and said real gratefully, "Oh, Blacky, do you think I'm pretty?"

I had to laugh to myself, thinking what Marje had said about the kid being conscious of her beauty.

"Sure you're pretty," I says, looking around for a comparison. "You've got anybody in the movies beat sixty different ways."

"Oh, Blacky, no! But it's nice of you to think so." Then she sighed. "Well, I just wanted to thank you for coming through for me yesterday. It saved me an argument and a lot of annoyance by shifting the blame to your sturdy shoulders."

"Sure. Use me often," I said.

"I will, Blacky, if I may." Her eyes looked serious then and sort of far-away and as unhappy as the dickens.

"COME on, brace up, kid," I said to her. "The worst is yet to come."

"Marjory is a nice girl, isn't she?" Glory says suddenly.

"She sure is."

"Yes, she certainly is nice. Well, I guess I'd better start home. I just wanted to thank you."

"Oh, that was all right."

"You're a darling, Blacky."

"Don't be a clown."

"You really are."

She got up from the bench and says, "Well, good-by, Blacky. I don't know when I'll ever see you again."

The way she says it kind of hits me between the eyes. "What do you mean?" I asks. "You're not leaving, are you?"

"No, I'm not leaving, but—I might not see you soon, anyway. Good-by, Blacky."

She starts away then, and I get a funny yen to run after her and make her explain; but I stay where I am because I hear a familiar horn sounding in my ears and Marje sails past me, slowing down beside Glory and calling, "Taxi!" That she-devil I'm mixed up with has been waiting down the street to give Glory a lift home! Marje is a pretty good egg.

Well, in looking back on this day of which I speak, it's pretty funny. Everybody but the Four Marx Brothers drop in on me. I start the day off with Marje's father busting in on me, and finish it with old lady Franklyn. She says hello to me, and then after the tank gets filled she says to the chauffeur, "Go get me a pack of Turkish Tremors, and don't come back till you've tried all the cigar stores. I'll wait here."

He goes, and she lolls back in the car and says, "Gorman, you hit my guest, Dr. Larrick."

"Yes, ma'am. He made a dirty crack about Marjory Harris."

"Well, then that's between you and the doctor. It's none of my business. I thought the quarrel might have had something to do with Glory."

"No, ma'am."

"You mustn't see Glory any more, Blacky. You must never again invite her down here. It annoys the doctor."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh, come, come, quit yes-ma'aming me and acting as though butter wouldn't melt in your mouth! I know you from away back. Be natural."

"All right, Mrs. Franklyn. Then I'll say the hell with the doctor. I wanted to see the snapshots of Pete and I asked Glory to bring them down. She brought them and there's no harm in that, is there?"

"Yes. She's not supposed to drive the car. The doctor took her keys away today. She's very high-strung and nervous and he's got his own ideas about curing her of hysteria. If his methods are interfered with everything is destroyed. I know you hate him, Blacky, so we'll overlook him. But for my sake and for Glory's let her alone, will you? Don't telephone her any more, please."

Now, when I tell Marje about all this, of course she drags out her ideas and tries to sell them to me.

"I don't know how much or how little the Franklyn woman believes in psychology," Marje says, "but she certainly is scared to death that Glory'll fall so hard for you that all the king's horses won't be able to put her together again."

I don't say anything because I know it will start an argument, so Marje continues along the same lines for an hour. "Glory is nerts about you and everybody knows it except you, so I'm going to tell you. She's nerts about you. There, now! Are you surprised?"

"Oh, listen, Marje, it's nothing like that. The poor kid needs somebody to talk to. I'll admit that she can't go for Larrick, but it's not me she wants. She wouldn't want a guy in old dirty greasy clothes—"

"Say, she's seen guys dressed up from here to China and back again. She's after romance, Blacky, and you with your dirty greasy clothes, with your handsome honest face and your toil-worn hands is it. Get the idea? If she was back in the Bronx, Larrick would be it. Don't you see, you damn' lunkhead? It's the old story about the far-away hills being the greenest."

"You're crazy, Marje! She's just a poor kid who's been sucked into an engagement that makes her unhappy. I'm somebody to talk to."

"Oh, sure. You're somebody to talk to, all right. She'd walk a mile for a talk with you."

"She's got nerve trouble, too, Marje."

"No, there's no trouble with her nerve. It's in swell working order. I like the kid, understand, Blacky, and I'm not jealous of her. I just want you to get a clear picture of what's going on. I hate to see you acting like you're only half there."

THEN Marje and I call it a day and go to the movies. We sit in the dark and hold hands, and a pleasant time is had by all, including the couple in the picture, who finally got hitched although he didn't believe in marriage and she's got the biggest feet I've ever seen on any woman.

Now, as I look back on what I've been writing here, I see it says a whole lot of times that Glory came to the filling station. It seems that I've said that too much, but I can't help it. If she came I have to tell about it, don't I? I suppose a regular writer would have worked her visits in so that they didn't sound so darn' flat. I'm not good at this yet, though, and I've done the best I can.

I wouldn't be apologizing so much here except that I'm going to have to tell you again soon that Glory came to the filling station.

But not the next day. No; the next day she skipped me. It seemed kind of funny not to have her dropping by. Every time I heard a car sneak up behind me I'd think maybe it was her, but she didn't show up at all.

Along about six ten or so the night shift comes on; but seeing that Marje

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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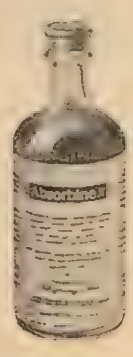

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HALEY'S M-O

An emulsion of Milk of Magnesia and pure Mineral Oil

[A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page fifty-nine]

and I haven't planned anything special for the evening, I stick around till half past seven. I figure I might as well be there as anywhere else. I was a sap, though, to work any more than I had to. When I got in bed that night and looked back on the day, it seemed the longest darn' day I'd ever put in.

Now, look out, folks—here's where it comes again. The next day Glory dropped around to call. She had the car this time, and she was in a white bathing suit with a red beach cape slung around it. She looked happy as a lark and twice as tasty.

" Well," I says to her, " where have you been? "

She laughs that cute little way of hers and says, " Please, sir, should I have brought a note from my mother? "

I GUESS I must have said it as though I missed her that other day. I had only meant to show her that I'd been kind of—not exactly worried, you know, but sort of wondering about her, like a friend will when they know everything's not going so swell.

" Mother says," Glory chirps, " will you come and have dinner with us tonight? "

I look at her to see if she's kidding.

" Are you sure your mother invited me? "

" Of course. Will you come? "

I take a minute off to think about it. First of all, starting yesterday Marje has got relatives from Boston visiting her, which is making all arrangements with Marje pretty sloppy. Secondly, I know Marje won't care where I get my dinner, if only I don't insist on having it with the relatives from Boston, who don't like me even half as much as I like them. So I says to Glory, " O. K. What time? "

" Seven o'clock; and the house is just jammed full of snapshots of Pete." With which sly remark she backs out, just misses a passer-by, gets my water can, and starts toward the beach.

And that's how I came to dine with the Franklyns.

They have this big house down on the ocean front that I mentioned before. It certainly is a swell set-up. And how that place has got lawn!

I wondered if the Franklyns would expect me to hop in my tuxedo for dinner. I wondered quite a lot about it, and then I decided that I wouldn't do it. I figured which kind of a damn' fool I'd sooner be, and decided that I'd sooner be the kind who wore a business suit at the wrong time than the kind that's overdressed.

Anyhow, I picked the right kind of a damn' fool to be, because the doctor was in a business suit too. Glory and the old lady had those soft, floating kind of dresses on that aren't evening clothes but are pretty swell anyhow. Glory's was pink and she sure looked pretty in it.

I wasn't sure everything was on the up and up until Mrs. Franklyn said hello to me. Right till then I thought there might be something screwy about the whole proceedings. But the thing that floors me is old Doc Yak giving me a cordial enough greeting and entering right into the conversation.

By and by there's a little Jap who brings a big mess of cocktails and a trayful of little crackers with caviar rubbed all over them. And then we go in to eat. They got a great big dining room and two waitresses.

Glory don't talk much and she don't eat much either. Her mother keeps picking on her to eat, and once I look up in time to catch the doctor scowling at the old lady, and after that the old lady lays off Glory. I guess it's bad for the kid's digestion to be pestered about eating.

The doctor does most of the talking. He tells about beaches in Florida, France, and Hawaii, all of which he knows intimately. They're all better beaches than ours, of course. Our beach is an awful slouch. By the time he gets through with it I'm wondering why it's always so darned crowded. Finally we get through eating and we meander back to the veranda. The weather's unusually hot for so early in the year and Mrs. Franklyn is wilting perceptibly.

THE doctor says to her, " How about a game of chess, Edna? "

I get a shock when he says that, because even I know that you can't play four-handed chess and that's one game I don't know how to kibitz.

He turns to me then and says, " Sorry to be so rude, but I can't let anything interfere with my promises. Last night I promised Mrs. Franklyn that tonight I would trounce her properly."

She sends for the chessboard and it arrives and they go to work.

And shortly there's a silence thick as glue settles over everything.

Glory gets up from her chair and wiggles her finger at me and then disappears around the corner of the house. I follow her.

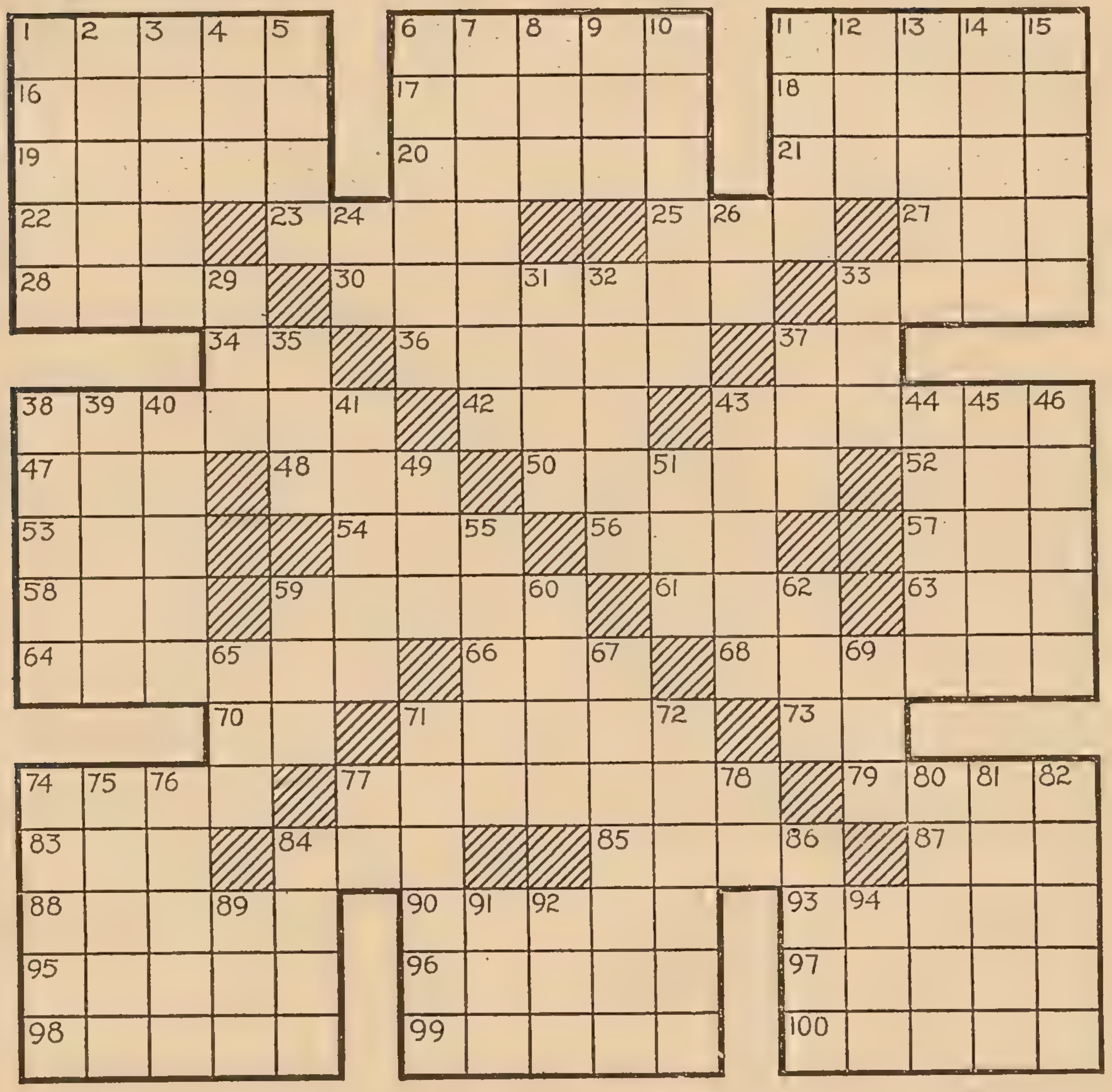
Blacky and Glory, alone in the magic of a summer night. What do the next few minutes hold for them? Next week's installment will tell you.

Solution of Detectogram on page 40

Rogers could not have known that his ex-wife had been shot unless he had guilty knowledge of the crime. The maid did not say why she had been taken to the hospital. Yet Rogers' first words on entering the hospital were: " Who shot her? "

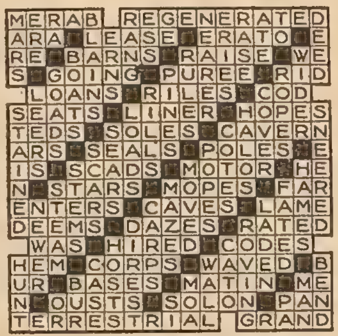
Another Detectogram will appear next week.

Cross Words A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Cringe
6 Flout
11 Expanse
16 Arrange in a row
17 Succinct
18 Indian princess
19 Obeys
20 Mohammedan noble
21 Residence
22 Woman's name
23 Weed
25 Chart
27 Mill pond
28 For fear that
30 Impending evils
33 Pronoun
34 Above
36 Service; avail
37 Pronoun
38 Divisions of a play
42 Inebriate
43 Goose
47 Regard studiously
48 Obtained
50 Approaches
52 Beverage
53 Woman's name
54 Form of to be
56 River (Spanish)
57 Conveyance
58 Free from deductions
59 Stairway post
61 Cut down, as grass
63 Adherent (suffix)
64 A trembling
66 Footlike part
68 Mold
70 By
71 Caverns
73 Not
74 Flutter
77 Mechlin lace
79 Inclosing fence
83 Attention
84 Tree
85 Greedy
87 Observe
88 Size of type
90 Prattle
93 Living
95 Hairs introduced to form an issue
96 Consumer
97 Jockey
98 Brought to bay
99 Demonstrative word
100 Leg joints



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R	E	■	B	A	R	N	S	■	R	A	I	S	E	■	W	E
S	■	G	O	I	N	G	■	P	U	R	E	E	■	R	I	D
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S	E	A	T	S	■	L	I	N	E	R	■	H	O	P	E	S
T	E	D	S	■	S	O	L	E	S	■	C	A	V	E	R	N
A	R	S	■	S	E	A	L	S	■	P	O	L	E	S	■	E
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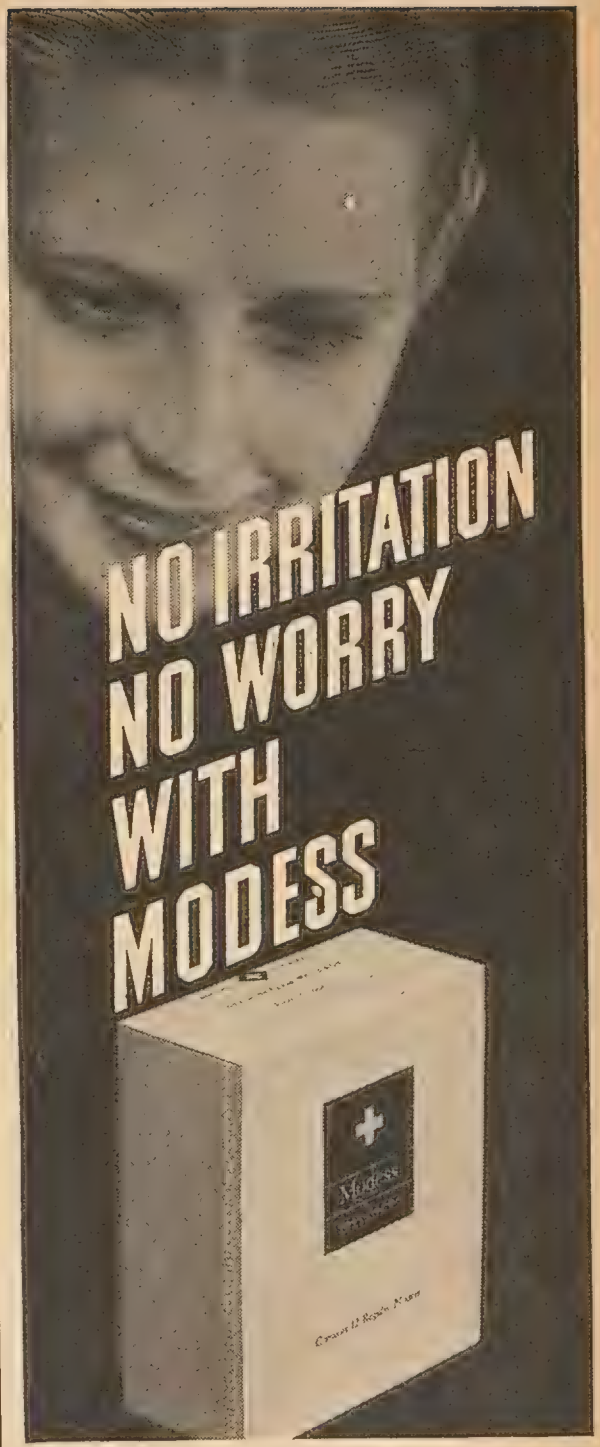
N	■	O	U	S	T	S	■	S	O	L	O	N	■	P	A	N
T	E	R	R	E	S	T	R	I	A	L		G	R	A	N	D

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Large ruminant
2 A fruit
3 Alcoholic beverages
4 To finish
5 Repose
6 Fixed looks
7 Unites firmly
8 Metal-bearing mass
9 Employment
10 Named
11 Gin
12 Jewish title
13 Battery terminal
14 A tree
15 Abounds
24 Exist
26 While
29 Large cask
31 Eternity
32 Provide food
33 Fowl
35 Wooden pin
37 Possesses
38 Aroma
39 Overlay
40 Growing out
41 Planter
43 Make neat or tidy
44 Man's name
45 Puff up
46 Refresh
49 Make into leather
51 Point
55 Leaf of a calyx
59 No
60 A son of Jacob
62 Succeed
65 Entangle
67 Legislative bodies
69 Humble
71 Floor covering
72 Drastic
74 Banquet
75 Beer
76 Angry
77 Note of the scale
78 Yes (Spanish)
80 Off the main track or way
81 Embankment
82 Ovens in which glass is annealed
84 Resist; parry
86 Gloomy; dismal
89 Digit
91 Hurrah!
92 Corroded
94 The linden

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



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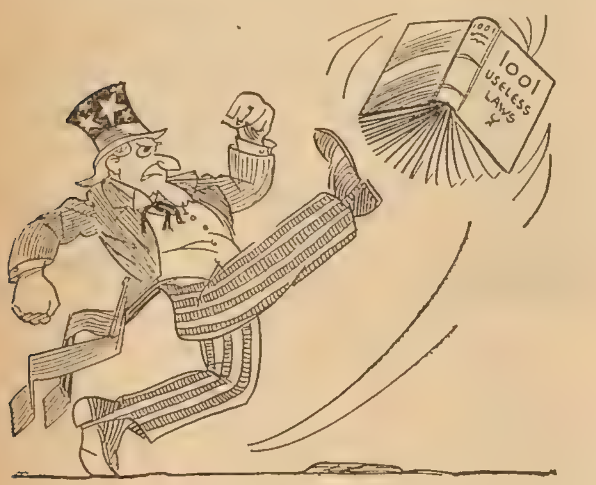
Vox

A Plea for Uniform Criminal Laws

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—If Uncle Sam would only take a tip from Liberty's editorials he'd be a calmer, happier man.

I'm referring to your editorial attacks on fanatical, foolish, and all-too-numerous laws.

What America needs is to scrap all her too numerous and inefficient laws, and take a lesson from her cousins to the North, substituting a federal criminal code making all criminal laws uniform over the entire country and the punishment for same very definite and very swift.



So that, regardless of what state one may be in, or what part of the country, one may know that one has the protection of the government of the United States, and serious crimes such as murder, rape, highway robbery, kidnaping, and so forth, cannot be committed without definitely paying the penalty, with no delay.

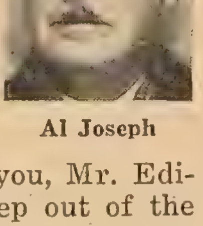
Until these steps are taken the crime situation in the United States of America will find no relief.—*Canadian Rye.*

Pfoohey, and No Pfooling

LONDON, ONT., CAN.—I am inclosing one of my photographs which registers disdain, or maybe I'm saying "Pfoohey" to some of your criticizing critters in Vox Pop.

For instance, take their destructive critical comments on the short short story, "Mother's Secret," by Do Soo Hahn, that Korean boy.

Could they write a story in Korean anywhere as good?



Al Joseph

I want to congratulate you, Mr. Editor, on your ability to keep out of the well worn editorial rut in your selection of fiction.

"Mother's Secret" was an example of your talent along the line of breaking away from a mere rubber-stamp editorial policy.—*Al Joseph, conductor of the Irish-Canadians.*

You're Not Wasting Your Time, Joe

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I have wasted so much time on Liberty, since the name contest. So, having read "The Great God Gable," by Adela Rogers St. Johns, I just had to waste some more time to write this.

I enjoyed that article—and how! I hope it gives a true picture of Gable. I can hardly believe that a guy is able to live so natural in such a place as Hollywood.

I like to be comfortable also, as this picture shows. Adela St. Johns, in her write-ups of movie people for Liberty, has given us a splendid series of articles.—*Joseph Regesch.*

Joseph Regesch

A Disagreement in News Values

NEW YORK, N. Y.—As the translator of Leon Trotsky's article, "The Manchurian Crisis and the Soviet Union," may I be permitted to register an objection to your changing the title to read, "Why Russia Dare Not Fight Japan"?

I think it would be far better in the future if no changes of this kind were made without consulting the author.—*Max Eastman.*

So Is a Nickel

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Liberty is not licentiousness, and is found only by mastering your baser self and getting more and more attuned to Cosmic Energy, Universal Mind, Causeless Cause, or whatever you prefer to call that force which operates in any man.

The more you encourage it, the stronger it becomes, the freer you feel, and that is the way to Liberty.—*A Reader.*

Mr. Helm Will Be Glad to Know This

MIAMI, FLA.—Just finished reading William P. Helm's exceedingly absorbing article, "Aladdin in Overalls," and let me say right here that I learned more interesting and educational facts in that fourteen minutes reading time than from any article I have ever read.

After reading a thing like this, I wish Liberty were a daily magazine with more such articles by Mr. Helm.—*Mavis E. Martin.*

You Give Us a Pain, Too

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Sometimes, when we are dining out, my husband eats certain foods which are distasteful to him simply because he is hungry and there is nothing else, perhaps, to dine on. Acute indigestion always results.

Sometimes, when I have nothing else to read, I pick up Liberty—with like results—*Vitta.*

This Column Reserved for the War About Peace

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The old argument about preparedness leading to peace is completely bankrupt. Europe was armed to the teeth in 1914. Did these great armaments bring international tranquillity? Well, did they?

If a man spends a lot of his time cleaning and polishing his gun, he's going to want to see what he can hit with it. It's the same with nations and their weapons.

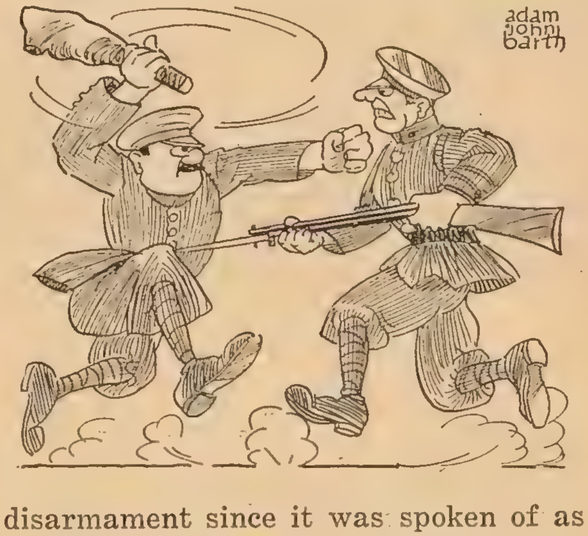
Give us more articles like "Disarm and Have Peace," by Jane Addams.—*A Sane Man.*

ST. CHARLES, ILL.—Does Jane Addams wish to abolish war? It can be done in this way only. Abolish wealth, desire, ambition, religions, racial distinctions, love—and human nature!—*Francis G. Marshall.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am against war, but not on sentimental grounds. I'm not denying that, as business propositions, many wars of the past have paid—and paid well. But I do deny that, with our present-day economic structure, war can be anything but a tragic financial and economic loss. War is now bad business. Look at the World War!—*F. Foster.*

AYER, MASS.—I was extremely interested in Miss Jane Addams' article, "Disarm and Have Peace." I myself would like to see wars, courts, and jails things of the past. But we won't see such a utopia in our day. As long as there are conflicting international interests there will be disputes. Both sides are always right. Ask any judge who settles disputes. Both act wronged and both act innocent.

Believing as I do, I have been against disarmament since it was spoken of as we came back from "over there."



When in peace prepare to defend yourself. Don't wait till the other nation has surrounded your coast, and then wake up and start throwing stones or trying to use a club against a man with a bayonet-tipped rifle. A nation does not need to be a bully if her army, navy, and air force is supreme.—*W. H. F.*

Pop

Something Lincoln Could Not Get Today

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—It was down in a Greenwich Village speakeasy that I came across it. I was leaning against the bar, declaiming, with two congenial companions, against the evils of prohibition that made speakeasies so crowded—and expensive.

I raised my glass and drank slowly with my eyes shut and my head tilted back. Blissfully I opened my eyes and gazed at the row of bottles on the shelf above the mirror. Suddenly I stared with open mouth. There, over a friendly bottle of Holloway's gin, was a framed permit entitled "An Historic Document—Abraham Lincoln's Saloon License."

My mind groped: Lincoln . . . license . . . liquor . . .

I got it! Liberty! I dived for my coat hanging on a hook. From the pocket I pulled out my copy. There, on the outside cover, the somber face of Lincoln confronted me. I hurriedly turned the pages. An interview with Uncle Abe, by George Sylvester Viereck, entitled "Our Appalling Crisis—What Would Lincoln Do?" Rapidly I read. Ah!—Prohibition.

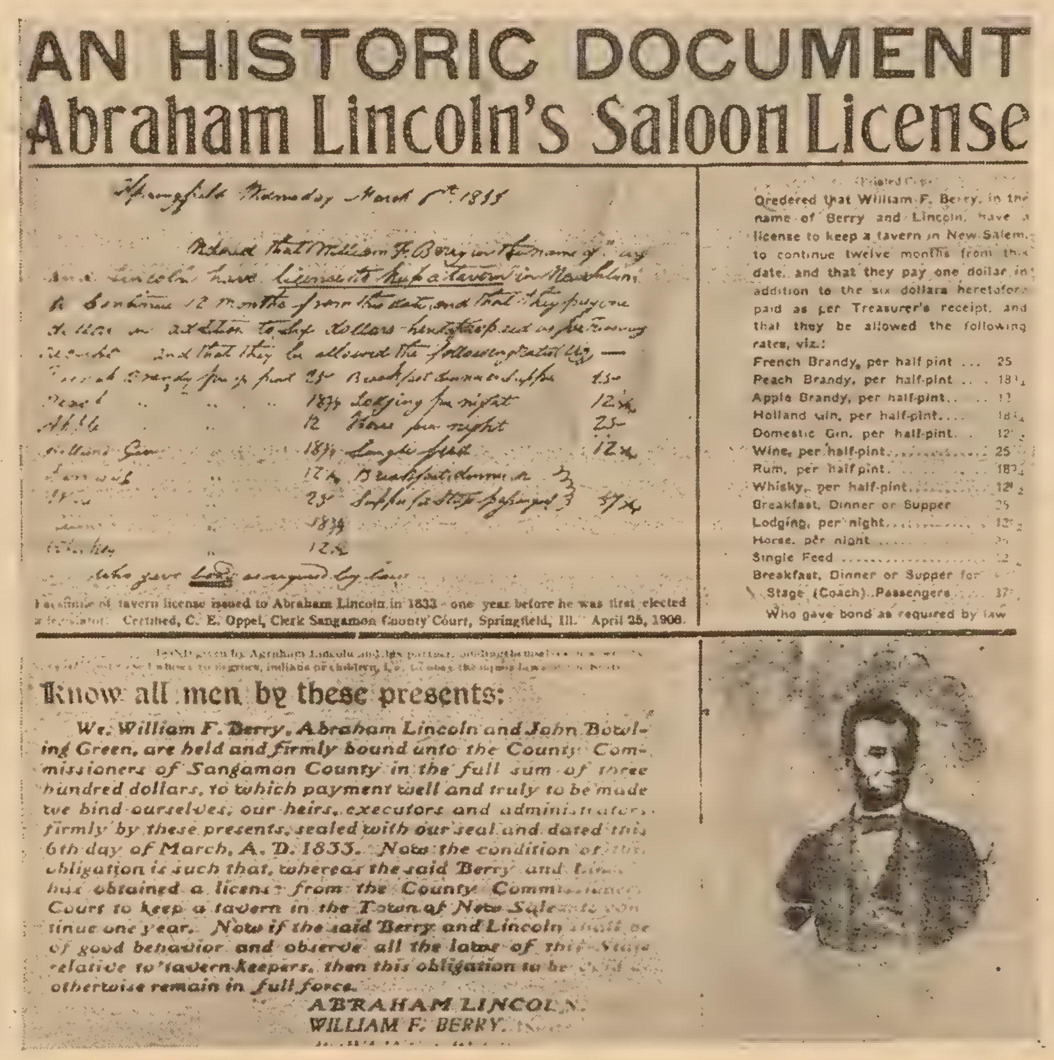
I burst into a roar at the General Grant anecdote—the story about the man who, on complaining to Lincoln that General Grant drank whisky immoderately, was told by the Emancipator: "Well, just find out what particular kind he uses and I'll send a barrel to each of the other generals."

Again I glanced up at the writing on the wall.

Well, Lincoln ought to know what was good for his generals.

I managed to get the address and name of the company which made photostatic copies of Lincoln's permit. I had three made.

One I send to you as proof of my statements, the second I keep in my bedroom for inspiration, the third I hang in my wine cellar—for aspiration!—*Edward R. Gleichenhaus.*



AN HISTORIC DOCUMENT
Abraham Lincoln's Saloon License

Facsimile of tavern license issued to Abraham Lincoln in 1833—one year before he was first elected a legislator. Certified, C. E. Oppel, Clerk Sangamon County Court, Springfield, Ill. April 25, 1908.

Printed Copy

Ordered that William F. Berry, in the name of Berry and Lincoln, have a license to keep a tavern in New Salem, to continue twelve months from this date, and that they pay one dollar in addition to the six dollars heretofore paid as per Treasurer's receipt, and that they be allowed the following rates, viz.:

French Brandy, per half pint	25
Peach Brandy, per half-pint	18¾
Apple Brandy, per half-pint	12
Holland Gin, per half-pint	18¾
Domestic Gin, per half-pint	12½
Wine, per half-pint	25
Rum, per half-pint	18¾
Whisky, per half-pint	12½
Breakfast, Dinner or Supper	25
Lodging, per night	12½
Horse, per night	25
Single Feed	12½
Breakfast, Dinner or Supper for Stage (Coach) Passengers	37½

Who gave bond as required by law

Know all men by these presents:

We, William F. Berry, Abraham Lincoln and John Bowling Green, are held and firmly bound unto the County Commissioners of Sangamon County in the full sum of three hundred dollars, to which payment well and truly to be made we bind ourselves, our heirs, executors and administrators, firmly by these presents, sealed with our seal and dated this 6th day of March, A. D. 1833. Now the condition of this obligation is such that, whereas the said Berry and Lincoln has obtained a license from the County Commissioners Court to keep a tavern in the Town of New Salem to continue one year. Now if the said Berry and Lincoln shall be of good behavior and observe all the laws of this State relative to tavern-keepers, then this obligation to be void, otherwise remain in full force.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
WILLIAM F. BERRY.

A Senator Speaks

UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—I read George Sylvester Viereck's imaginative interview with Abraham Lincoln as presented in a recent number of the Liberty Magazine. It is tremendously clever.

Many years ago, Sam Jones told me that he became very much irritated over the attitude of the newspaper reporters. He was holding a revival and was displeased by the newspaper reports.

On one occasion he called the boys together and remonstrated with them. He said, "It isn't fair for you to take a sentence here, another one there, and then string them together as if it were a verbatim statement of my views on religion and sin. I could take quotations from the Bible, and if I applied them to you," he said to the reporters, "you would not like it.

"For instance, I could say to you, using Bible language: "'Judas departed, and went and hanged himself.' 'What he did, go thou and do likewise.' 'And what thou doest, do quickly!'"

I am sure you will enjoy this story, but I do not wish to make any unpleasant application of it. It is my opinion that by these quotations from Lincoln Mr. Viereck conveys exactly what would be Lincoln's philosophy as regards the present-day problems.

The article shows a prodigious amount of research. Mr. Viereck has not perverted Mr. Lincoln's thought, but has given a very clear picture of what Mr. Lincoln would be thinking about now.

Thank you for the privilege of reading this fascinating interview.—*Royal S. Copeland.*

From Pennsylvania's Governor

GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, HARRISBURG, PA.—It so happens that my attention was called to Mr. George Sylvester Viereck's article on Lincoln just after I had finished writing a speech along much the same line, which I delivered in Springfield on February 11.

I am inclosing a copy of that speech, which I think may be of interest to you. Needless to say, Mr. Viereck did a better job than I, but I think you will agree that our sentiments on the matter run fairly close together.

With all good wishes and much appreciation—*Gifford Pinchot.*

On Letting the Soil Solve It

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE WEST—What is the matter with Liberty, that it hollers so loud about something it doesn't know anything about? Sending people back to the land!

Don't you know farmers are even harder hit than other people who pay taxes?

And how can anyone do a thing who has nothing to do it with? Neither tools nor knowledge do the jobless have.

Talk about city slums! Slums exist in the country as well.—*A Close Observer.*

WORDEN, ILL.—Oh, you dudes, dudelets, and dudelings!

Back to the farm. What a thrill! What a laugh! Diggin' up tomato vines lookin' for spuds. Lookin' for butter on butter beans; and for eggs on eggplant. Pickin' cowslips in the hope they'll grow into cows.

How many correspondence courses have you taken on farming?—*A Farm Baby.*

WORCESTER, MASS.—Don't stop giving us articles and editorials on the back-to-the-land movement, Liberty.

It is the only cure for unemployment yet advocated that is more than a mere temporary expedient.

Lots of remedies have been suggested which might cure the symptoms, but the back-to-the-farm idea is the only remedy which will cure the disease itself.—*M. Davis.*

What Is the Most Effective Cure for Snoring?

LAST CHANCE TO WISE-CRACK

FOR LIBERTY'S $500 IN CASH PRIZES

232 Chances to Win a Big Award!

WEEKLY CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
Two FOURTH PRIZES, each $10	20
Seven FIFTH PRIZES, each $5	35
Fifty SIXTH PRIZES, each $2	100
170 SEVENTH PRIZES, each $1	170
232 CASH PRIZES, TOTAL	$500

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their immediate families.

2. Each week until further notice Liberty will print a contest question. Write what you consider the most ridiculous possible answer to it. Your answer must be accompanied by a suggested question usable in a future edition of this contest.

3. Each answer must not exceed twenty words. Each suggested question must not exceed twenty words. Use the coupon, a copy thereof, or a plain sheet of paper. If you do not use the coupon, write on one side of your sheet of paper only.

4. The answer which, in the opinion of the judges, is the most ridiculous and is accompanied by the best suggested question for a future edition of the contest will be awarded the first prize. The next best entry, judged on this basis, will be awarded second prize, etc., according to the prize schedule on this page.

5. Mail all entries to ANSWERS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Entries for this week's contest must be received prior to the close of business on Monday, April 18, 1932.

MANY a difficult situation has been solved with or by a wise crack. Liberty suggests that the problem of snoring—and what a problem it is apt to be, both in its chronic and acute stages!—may react favorably to this method of treatment. So, in the interests of science, if any, it offers $500 in cash prizes for wise cracks on the subject. The exact question is, "What is the most effective cure for snoring?" The wise crack is up to you. The jury, consisting of the editors of Liberty, will make the awards on the basis explained in the rules.

The best entry will be awarded $100 in cash. You may win it! Or you may win the $50 second prize, the $25 third prize, or any one of the more than two hundred other cash prizes scheduled. Certainly it's worth a try. Appoint yourself a clinic of one and go into this thing in a serious manner. Solve the snoring problem once and for all, win the undying gratitude of countless sleepless citizens, and, if you must be material, win a worth-while cash prize for yourself.

THIS COUPON IS FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

What Is the Most Effective Cure for Snoring?

Answer ....

....

....

New Question ....

....

....

Name ....

Address ....

City ....

State ....

SPECIAL NOTICE TO CROSS WORD PUZZLE SOLVERS! NEXT WEEK LIBERTY BEGINS A DELIGHTFUL SERIES OF CROSS WORD CONTESTS OFFERING $500 IN CASH PRIZES EACH WEEK. DON'T MISS IT!

Psychoanalyzing the Barking Dog February 27 Wise-Crack Winners

JUDGING of the wise cracks filed in answer to the question, " Why does a dog bark at the moon? " which appeared in Liberty of February 27, results in the awards listed below. Incidentally, in this issue there's another chance to win cash money with a wise crack. See opposite page. Are you listed among these prize-winning solvers of the mystery of the barking dog?

$100 FIRST PRIZE

Because that's his racket.

Agnes K. Alway, Buffalo, N. Y.

$50 SECOND PRIZE

Because it bothers him and he can't scratch it.

Anna K. Breisinger, Bucyrus, Ohio.

$25 THIRD PRIZE

'Cause he's a rum hound, full of moonshine and no light whines for him.

William E. Wilson, Detroit, Mich.

$10 FOURTH PRIZES

J. T. Tarpey, Chicago, Ill.; Dorothy C. Banning, Washington, D. C.

$5 PRIZES

Kenneth Hackley, Stanley, Va.; Adreon R. Dolan, Houston, Tex.; J. E. Jay, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. C. H. Dunn, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. D. W. Bartoo, St. Albans, W. Va.; Austin M. Brown, Plymouth, Conn.; Mrs. Louis Atwater, Bridgeport, Conn.

$2 PRIZES

H. H. Daniel, Webster Grove, Mo.; Ralph W. Getty, Congers, N. Y.; M. R. Savauge, Seaforth, Ont., Can.; Victor East, Hathaway, Mont.; E. M. Hart, Cleveland, Ohio; Marion W. Cron, Piqua, Ohio; Frances Matthews, Ozone Park, N. Y.; Lena McLin Boggs, Fairfield, Ill.; Frederick Sullens, Jackson, Miss.; Maybelle Fall, Charles River, Mass.; Miss H. M. Herster, Easton, Pa.; James Locke Muir, Shelburne, N. S., Can.; Richard B. Smith, Honesdale, Pa.; Kenneth Thompson, San Leandro, Calif.; Miss F. List, Asheville, N. C.; J. F. Edmonds, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Robert Durham, New York, N. Y.; J. R. Middebrooks, Tampa, Fla.; Sol. Katz, New York, N. Y.; Frank J. Cantwell, Buffalo, N. Y.

Roylston Markham, St. Petersburg, Fla.; H. A. Cheek, Greenville, S. C.; Anne Blasig, Brady, Tex.; Mrs. C. R. Driskell, Raymond, Ill.; Mrs. Eaton B. Northrop, Jr., Minneapolis, Minn.; Cecil O. Bray, Montgomery, Ala.; F. C. Sorenson, St. Paul, Minn.; Elmer D. Bushnell, Evanston, Ill.; Ray Hazlitt, Philadelphia, Pa.; Genevieve P. Lordan, Cambridge, Mass.; M. E. Cutler, Schenectady, N. Y.; Jim Bettersworth, Beaumont, Tex.; W. L. Murphy, Merced, Calif.; Carl A. Blasig, Brady, Tex.; F. L. Elder, Lakewood, Ohio; Judith Enright, Oakdale, Ky.; Marion Schneider, Winona, Minn.; Emmet J. Foley, Columbus, Ind.; Mary M. Eno, Des Moines, Ia.; Max Van Duzer, Cleveland, Ohio; L. James Ward, Lockport, N. Y.

A. D. Arp, Davenport, Ia.; S. E. Holton, Barry, Ill.; E. L. Ferguson, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mary C. Lee, Newport, R. I.; Mildred Dilhman, Hutchinson, Kan.; Frank Schuster, Ft. Smith, Ark.; Schuyler C. Hodge, Miami, Fla.; Mary A. Ahern, Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank McNulty, Hollywood, Calif.

$1 PRIZES

L. H. Nielson, Vernalis, Calif.; Alice H. Taylor, Cleveland, Ohio; Sam Catlow, Willoughby, Ohio; M. F. Sheeley, Waterloo, Ia.; Fred J. Benson, Alameda, Calif.; Mrs. Agnes W. Mansur, Westminster, Mass.; Fred R. Hines, Port Chester, N. Y.; Mrs. Amy C. Hartwell, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. A. B. Arnold, Terre Haute, Ind.; Hilda Schloss, Baltimore, Md.; Agnes May Weschler, Brookland, D. C.; Maurice Welds, Seattle, Wash.; Andrew Currie, Shreveport, La.; Eva Abel, Slidell, La.; B. M. O'Gara, South Gate, Calif.; Alvadeen Horn, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Ray Madison, Blanca, Colo.; Earl Adams, Tulsa, Okla.; J. Milton Wigley, Birmingham, Ala.; Flora J. Iliff, Stewart, Nev.; George W. Lewis, Waterville, N. Y.; E. Werner Talo, Nagaunee, Mich.; Mary Harvey, Baltimore, Md.; Walter C. Garges, Roswell, N. M.; Carrie Timmerman, Cortland, N. Y.; Manford C. Larson, Minneapolis, Minn.; P. L. King, Houston, Tex.; W. H. Miller, Rochester, N. Y.; Margaret Toal, San Jose, Calif.; Emil Weinfeld, Eau Claire, Wis.; Geo. B. Talbot, Nashville, Tenn.; Jack F. Laidlaw, Calgary, Alba., Can.; Mrs. S. J. Kennedy, Cicero, Ill.; J. R. Yeo, Toronto, Ont., Can.; Mrs. Charles H. Dale, Toledo, Ohio; Alberta Kaylor, Charleston, W. Va.; G. F. Brooks, Los Angeles, Calif.; Florence Adams, West Albany, N. Y.

Willa J. Orr, Barker, N. Y.; D. R. Gillis, Winnipeg, Man., Can.; William Popper, Chicago, Ill.; Josephine Brock, Orchard Lake, Mich.; S. S. Burgess, Marion, Ohio; W. J. Malone, Augusta, Ga.; William Zahn, Albany, N. Y.; Mabel Stanton, Joliet, Ill.; Harry Lenzer, Cincinnati, Ohio; C. B. Knight, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mary Cullum, Hamilton, Ohio; Einar J. Myrdal, Edinburg, N. D.; E. C. Holt, Seattle, Wash.; W. J. Goodwin, Ottawa, Can.; George Dewees, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Arthur W. Pigott, Seattle, Wash.; W. E. Shackelford, Duluth, Minn.; Alea Kranzthor, Chicago, Ill.; Minette Carmichiel, Seattle, Wash.; Raymond Goforth, Dallas, Tex.

Roy H. Fricken, Philadelphia, Pa.; William Donaldson, Chicago, Ill.; Henry Hauge, San Francisco, Calif.; Florice Johnson, Moorhead, Miss.; Mary C. Pearson, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. V. Rose, Norfolk, Va.; Gladys Hirdler, Faribault, Minn.; Will F. Vierling, Shelbyville, Ind.; M. S. Woodard, Portsmouth, Va.; Charles G. Crago, Wheeling, W. Va.; Frank J. Cummings, St. Paul, Minn.; John C. Noble, Battle Creek, Mich.; I. Hadfield, Los Angeles, Calif.; A. Garnett, York Village, Me.; Paul S. Wallace, Denver, Colo.; Edna Strous, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Bert L. Black, Austin, Tex.; J. M. Benedict, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. J. D. Cooper, Hawesville, Ky.; Eleanor Powers, Hawesville, Ky.

George Morgan, Norfolk, Va.; Audrey Lewis, Los Angeles, Calif.; Harold Wolff, Peetz, Colo.; Arthur S. Davis, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; J. H. Kuhlman, Loudonville, Ohio; John T. Hathaway, New Bedford, Mass.; T. W. Sharpe, Chapman Ranch, Tex.; Webster W. Hall, Leeds, Mo.; Harry A. Kehoe, Elizabeth, N. J.; Ada Goetz, Dallas, Tex.; G. L. Pray, Saco, Me.; Jan Hartnett, Milwaukee, Wis.; D. K. Carroll, Miami, Fla.; Arlene Putnam, Harmonsburg, Pa.; Forde Bero, Spokane, Wash.; E. E. Packard, Pittsburg, Calif.; Gilbert W. Fincher, Daytona Beach, Fla.; Stanley E. Elstad, Minneapolis, Minn.; H. H. Brice, Washington, D. C.; L. J. Hart, Bridgeport, Conn.; Andrew Olender, Toledo, Ohio.

William T. Harris, Indianapolis, Ind.; Louise Roney, Chicago, Ill.; Nellie Elgan, Klamath Falls, Ore.; K. B. McIvor, Stettler, Alba., Can.; Ernest M. J. Keller, New Orleans, La.; G. A. Walter, Green Bay, Wis.; George L. Franks, Mt. Vernon, Ia.; W. Evans, Norfolk, Va.; Grace M. Stark, Cleveland Heights, Ohio; J. M. Kirby, Paragould, Ark.; H. V. Pettibone, Worcester, Mass.; Roy W. Burgess, Worcester, Mass.; E. Weston, New York, N. Y.; W. P. Carr, St. Louis, Mo.; J. Simmons, Galveston, Tex.; Dr. E. A. O'Donnell, Gardner, Mass.; C. F. Grosch, Hagerstown, Md.; Lyle Gann, Joplin, Mo.; Chris P. Skilton, Carbondale, Pa.

Wilmer Culver, Seattle, Wash.; P. R. Nickinson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; George W. Ackerson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. Luke Thurston, Johnson City, Tenn.; Robert Scott, Saltsburg, Pa.; M. J. Harrington, Logansport, Ind.; Marcelle Carbaugh, Moline, Ill.; Olin E. Flisram, Monroe, Wis.; H. A. Fischer, Dupo, Ill.; Mrs. S. A. White, Brooklyn, N. Y.; C. B. Stanton, McAlester, Okla.; Mrs. R. N. Wolfson, Lawrence, Kan.; J. E. Hannah, Jr., Newnan, Ga.; Audley W. Brown, Mars, Pa.; Mrs. Lee Cox, Merriam, Kan.; Ruby M. Miller, Zero, Mont.; John Finnigan, New York, N. Y.; Francis J. Lippell, Buffalo, N. Y.; H. F. Anderson, Kirksville, Mo.; Miss W. Gross, Buffalo, N. Y.

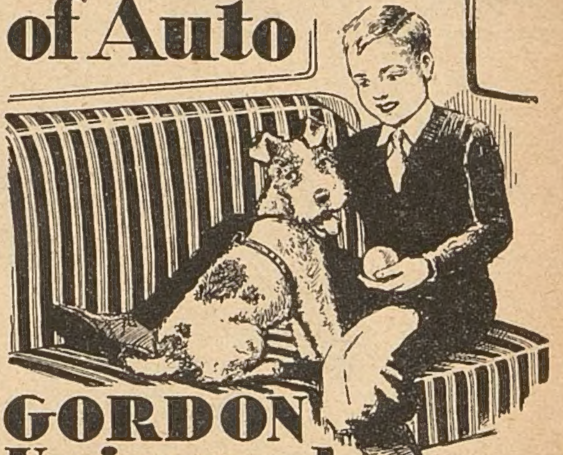
W. Irwin Berryhill, Raleigh, N. C.; L. B. MacManus, New York, N. Y.; Sydney G. Slusher, San Francisco, Calif.; J. Elmore Smith, Haskell, Tex.; Walter F. Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mary E. Snell, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. S. J. Craven, Winston Salem, N. C.; E. J. Ryan, Erie, Pa.; Marelia Williams, Clover, Va.; Jeanne Rubin, Wortendyke, N. J.; Fred E. Stadler, Absecon, N. J.; R. F. Baldwin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. E. H. Smith, New Bern, N. C.; Joseph W. Crocket, Carneys Point, N. J.; B. A. Allen, McFarland, Wis.; Stockton Hopkins, Jr., Keyport, N. J.; George J. McGraw, Newark, N. J.; Walton Cheesborough, Asheville, N. C.; Mrs. O. R. Cunneen, Bogota, N. J.; W. J. Hampson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Harry Kunz, Turlock, Calif.; Claudia C. Briggs, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. C. White, Indianapolis, Ind.; Walter Bitterling, Tulsa, Okla.; Mrs. M. H. Gwynn, Terrell, Tex.; Wilfred E. Bray, Springfield, Mass.; Rupert D. Jones, Salisbury, Md.; Josephine Harris, Great Falls, Mont.; Arthur P. Kelly, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Lorraine Erikson, Madison, Wis.; Anna I. Rawlinson, St. Paul, Minn.; Howard Plummer, Kingston, Mass.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 29

1—Lansing.
2—Through water.
3—Lake Michigan.
4—A South African gazelle.
5—Smoke-cured haddock.
6—Fragrant volatile oil obtained from flowers.
7—Paris.
8—Zero.
9—Any warning signal.
10—The rim.
11—Alaska.
12—An elephant keeper and driver.
13—Chemical decomposition by the action of an electric current.
14—Ogden L. Mills.
15—The science of earthquakes.
16—A very pure white clay used in making porcelain.
17—A coral island.
18—The mother's side.
19—The science and practice of growing fruit.
20—Yeddo.

Protect Cushions of Auto



GORDON Universal Seat Covers

INSTALLED IN FIVE MINUTES

PRESERVE upholstery and clothes, save cleaners' bills, increase car's resale value. Durable, hard-surfaced, washable materials to which garments won't adhere. At department stores, auto dealers or order direct C. O. D. parcel post. Give car name, model, choice of tan or gray materials. Money refunded in full if not satisfied.

Coupe or Roadster $2.50 Coach, Sedan, Touring $5.00

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COLUMBUS, OHIO

HEADACHES!

Phenyo-Caffein safely dispels the worst headache in 15 minutes or money refunded.

VANISH OR MONEY BACK

Prescribed by doctors since 1888. Phenyo-Caffein must be good! 3 sizes 30¢, 60¢, $1.

PHENYO CAFFEIN

BRING COLOR TO FADING HAIR

[TEST BOTTLE FREE]

You need not have a single gray hair. To prove it, we'll send you the famous FREE Test Outfit that we have sent to 3,000,000 women. You can try it on a small lock snipped from your hair. Gray disappears and color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. No "artificial" look. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing. Clear, water-white liquid does it. Entirely SAFE. Hair stays soft—waves or curls easily. Mary T. Goldman's is obtainable at drug and department stores everywhere.

FREE TEST Or you can try it Free on single lock. We send complete test. Use coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
4037 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name________________
Street________________
City________________State______
Color of your hair?________________

To the Ladies!

Picture by
GEORGIA WARREN

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

BOYS mind their parents even today in the old Basque country where Jean Borotra comes from. He's a French tennis champion, you know; but tennis is not in my line, so we talked about other things.

"In my country," he said, "you can hear dignified grandfathers ask *their* fathers for permission to go downtown, and they tease for twenty-five cents spending money. Our old folks run the family to the end of their days. No matter how old they get to be, all the family funds go through their hands."

Jean Borotra

Jean Borotra approves of this system of family discipline. He's head man in his family now, although he's only thirty-three. From the 300-year-old Borotra homestead near Biarritz, he stands master of endless family acres, farms, villages.

When he was six years old his mother told him she wanted him to grow up and be an engineer. Obediently he grew up and became an engineer. It was only after the war that he went in for tennis. Besides playing tennis, he now keeps enormously busy making money in business. Doesn't smoke, doesn't drink.

Speaks Basque, French, Spanish, German, and excellent English. Croix de Guerre in the war. Reads biographies by preference, dislikes personal questions, sleeps five hours a night. Never sick. Eats everything. Jean Robert Laurent Borotra is a bachelor.

FROM Tuscumbia, Alabama, comes a grand alibi for those of us who once were dumb at school. Bad lighting, they say, is what makes school children dull.

So a photoelectric contraption now regulates the light in Tuscumbia schoolrooms. Along comes a cloud to darken the scene, and the vigilant thing turns on more lights. Presto! the kids are saved from eyestrain. They don't get drowsy.

FEET make me hopping mad. This is neither a pun nor a corn complaint. What riles me is the clumsy, frumpy way so many women use their feet. I have just been looking at photographs of a very swell wedding, and out of the seven elegant ladies shown, just one knew how to stand correctly.

She places her feet together. All the others stand with their feet spread apart—like obstinate cows.

In this day and age there is no reason why any woman should be such a ninny as to spoil the entire effect of her appearance by foot ignorance. Girls who go on the stage are taught, first of all, how to stand.

The rules are not hard to remember. Here they are: *Keep your heels together.* Point your toes out a little —six inches from toe tip to toe tip is about the right angle.

For variety you may sometimes place one foot a couple of inches ahead of the other. When you do this, make sure that the heel of the forward foot fits snugly into the inner curve of the other. Point the forward foot out a little more if you like.

Keep your knees together when you are sitting down. If you cross your legs, keep both feet on the ground, as a rule. When your legs are crossed with one knee over the other, keep the foot of the top leg pointed straight down. Actresses *never* break this rule. It may be a strain, but it's worth it. If you can't keep that top toe down, don't cross your legs that way.

CROSBY GAIGE, the play producer, tells this story on himself. He likes rare books, cats, quiet walks in the country. A while ago he and his favorite cat, upon one of their rural jaunts, discovered a fine Colonial mansion. The owner, an aged lady of genteel kindness, saw them admiring her house and invited them in. The place was delightfully packed with antique treasures, especially the library, where book-loving Mr. Gaige beheld hundreds of choice volumes not to be had for love or money.

"Yes, they're priceless," said the lady. "I have a dreadful time with book thieves. The most respectable-looking people! They come to see my books, and after they go I find one missing. Isn't it wicked of them?"

Mr. Gaige turned cold. Suddenly he remembered that he had at that very moment in his pocket a rare old volume *from his own* library of first editions. What would the lady think if she spied it? He couldn't endure the prospect. Out came the book. "Will you allow me," he said, "to make your splendid library this contribution?" The lady said thank you.

Mr. Gaige and his favorite cat then went home—feeling greatly relieved after their narrow escape.

WHITE hats crop up every year in the springtime. They are with us now. The other day I saw Mrs. Jesse Lasky wearing a tiny white pancake hat perched on her auburn hair. It looked charming with her piquant features and lovely complexion. But unless you have that sort of coloring a white hat is hard on the face. However, there are tricks which help.

Buy your white hat with a brim, and have the brim lined with black or dark blue. Or have the brim dark inside and out, and add a perky white bow to match the white crown. If you must wear a brimless hat, have it half white, half dark, and let the dividing line cut across diagonally. See that the light half is worn on the side you call your best profile. Wear your white hat at a jaunty angle.

AN earnest young man caught in the toils of marriage and modern city life. That's the subject of Warren Spencer's novel, Forever and Ever. (Published by Alfred H. King.)

Is 29 an age to DREAD?

Screen Stars know the Secret of *keeping* Youthful Charm

TWENTY-NINE — nearing thirty! Is that an age to dread? The screen stars say no!

"I'm 29," says Anita Stewart. "But I don't dread my next birthday a bit. No woman needs to look old if she is willing to take sensible care of her skin. Since I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I never worry about my skin."

"I'm 29," says Esther Ralston. "No one need fear birthdays. Women on the screen, of course, *must* keep their youthful charm. And a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary! For years I've used Lux Toilet Soap and I think my complexion is younger looking than ever."

Countless other lovely stars agree with these two favorites!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of Hollywood's 694 important actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant soap, which is so beautifully *white* no other soap can rival it! It is the official soap in *all* the big film studios. You will want to try it.

"I am 29.."
Esther Ralston

Photograph by Russell Ball, 1931

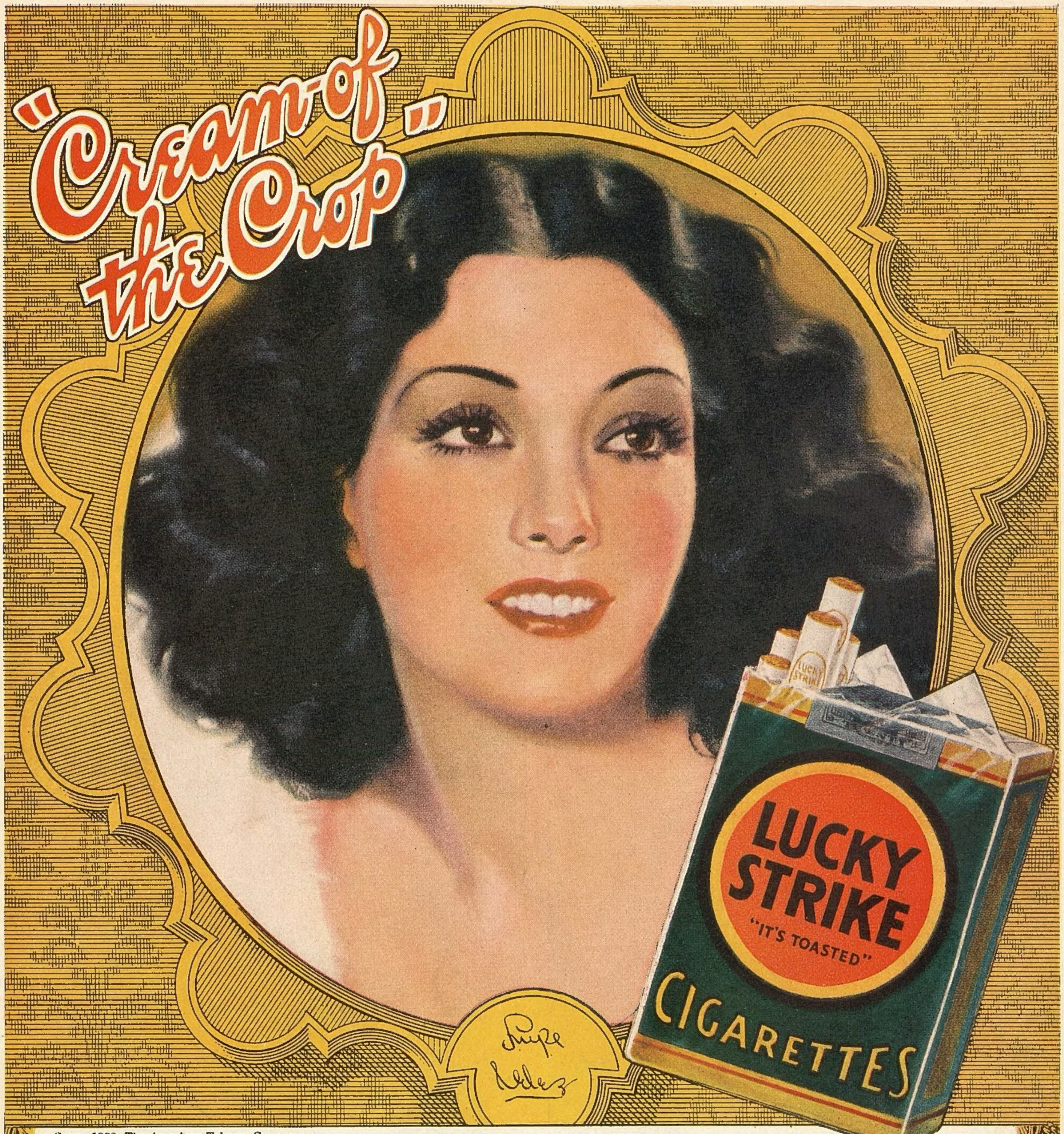
ESTHER RALSTON, the lovely star who owns Esther's Beauty Salon in Hollywood. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary," she says. "That's why I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

"I am 29.."
Anita Stewart

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, 1931

ANITA STEWART, charming screen favorite, says: "From the day I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I've never worried about my skin. With this nice white soap I keep it smooth — so easily!"

Lux Toilet Soap — 10¢



Copr., 1932, The American Tobacco Co.

"Luckies are certainly kind to my throat"

HOT TAMALE!

Lupe landed in Hollywood with one lone dollar and no part to play ... But now she has nine fur coats, 15 canaries and the world's loudest lounging pajamas. We hope you liked her in the M-G-M PICTURE, "THE CUBAN LOVE SONG," as much as we did. Lupe's been a LUCKY fan for two years ... There was no — what is politely called "financial consideration" for her statement. *Gracias, Lupe!*

"No harsh irritants for Lupe. I'm a Lucky fan. There's no question about it—Luckies are certainly kind to my throat. And hurrah for that improved Cellophane wrapper of yours—it really opens without a tug-o'-war—thanks to that tab." Lupe Velez

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh